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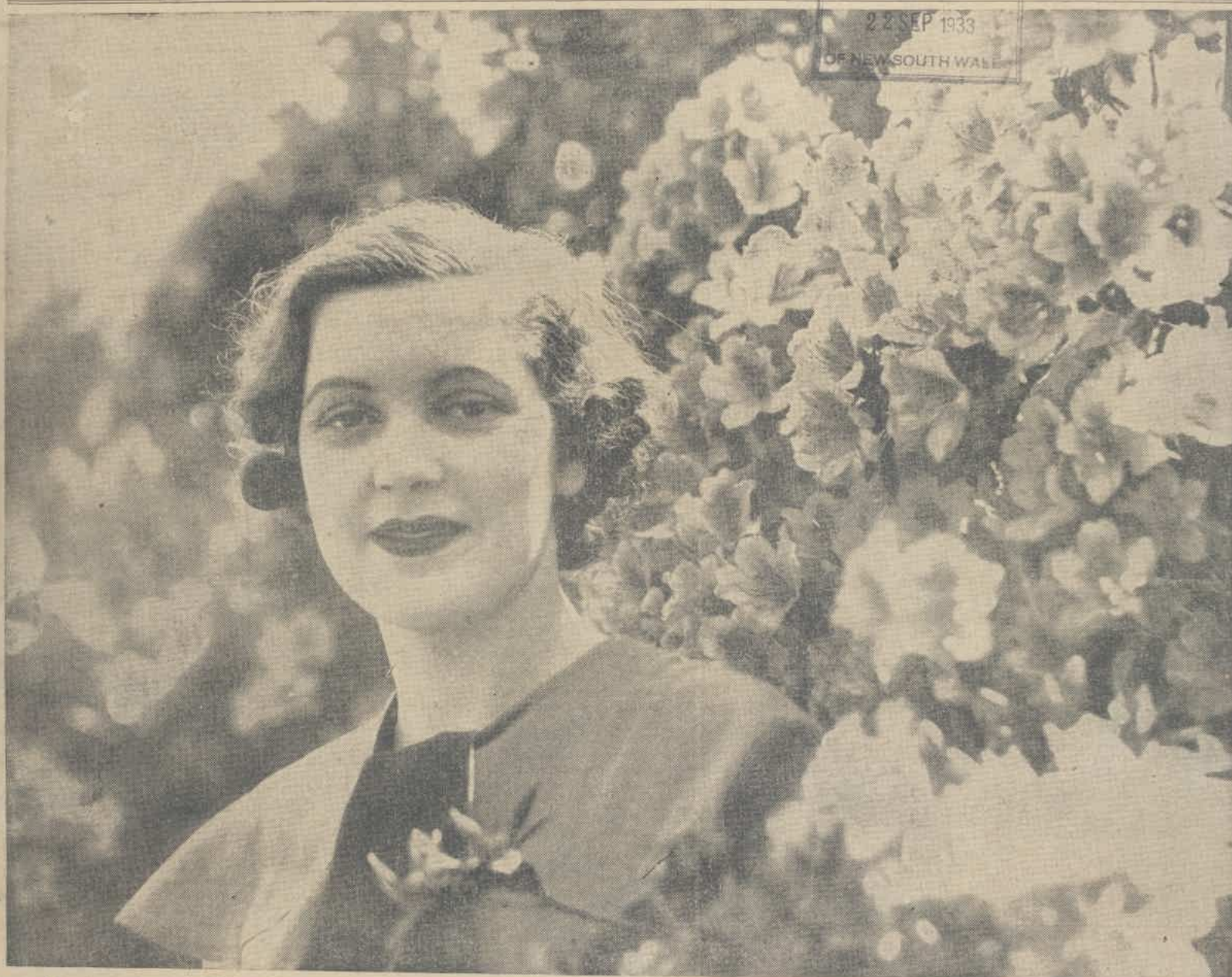
Vol. 1. No. 16.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1933.

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44 PAGES



A lovely camera study of Gwen Munro, of Melbourne, who won the Paramount "Search for Beauty" film quest. First thing she wanted when she arrived in Sydney, on her way to Hollywood, was to see the azaleas in the Botanic Gardens, which are now a blaze of color. The Australian Women's Weekly co-operated with Paramount in N.S.W. in the quest.

—Women's Weekly photo.

MILLIONAIRES for Two Days

Film Quest Winners' Send-off

Australia's chosen film girl and man, Gwen Munro, of Victoria, and Brian Norman, of New South Wales, lived like a couple of millionaires for two and a half days this week, while waiting for the "Monterey" to sail with them to America—and Hollywood—on Wednesday.

MISS MUNRO and Mr. Norman have won the Paramount "Search for Beauty" film quest, conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Now they have commenced to enjoy the fruits of their victories; return passage, first class, to Hollywood, all hotel expenses, and five weeks' engagement at Paramount studios during the filming of the "Search for Beauty."

All the lucky people who have met Miss Munro have been captivated with her charming and lovable personality.

She arrived in Sydney on Monday. When the "Monterey," which brought

her from Melbourne, berthed at half-past seven, Paramount executives, The Australian Women's Weekly representative, and Mr. Norman went aboard to give her a hearty welcome.

THE "Search for Beauty" winners found a magnificent Studebaker limousine at their service. They visited various beauty spots, and then, after attending a fashion parade at David Jones, they were brought to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

In the afternoon the two lucky young people attended a reception arranged for them at Bebarfeld's Hollywood bungalow, where Miss Munro was presented

WILL Write

Both Gwen Munro and Brian Norman will send us articles from Hollywood describing their experiences.

with a beautiful bouquet. A large number of women had arrived to welcome them. In the evening they spoke over the air from Station 3GB.

On Tuesday morning the winners attended a civic reception in their honor at the Town Hall.

They spent about twenty minutes discussing their trip and receiving the good wishes of the Lord Mayor, Alderman Hagon.

They were then taken to Romano's, where they were guests of honor at a magnificent banquet by Paramount.

The night's programme consisted of a public presentation to Sydney people at the Prince Edward Theatre, when Miss Munro and Mr. Norman were handed over travelling trunks from Bebarfeld's, and cutlery by Viner and Hall.

Two more worthy representatives of Australia have never been chosen to leave these shores.

What Dr. Angus REALLY TAUGHT

By A CLERICAL OBSERVER

THE only settled thing about the theological controversy that has been raging in Melbourne round the name of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Angus is that it is not going to be settled. This is so, no matter what may have been said and done.

The controversy will run its length and stop. But truth itself will go on. Also, the truth will continue to be one thing to one generation, and another thing to another.

In any case, points of doctrine could not be settled by the methods employed at the outset of the debate.

Strong men in tears, stories of mothers praying all night for the restoration of their daughters' faith—these things do not touch the question, which relates to whether the teaching of Dr. Angus is right or wrong, true or false.

Even that question, Dr. Angus maintains, is not to be settled by formal inquiry, but out in the great field of life, conduct, character. He takes his stand by Christ's dictum, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Exactly what did Professor Angus say about the personality and teaching of Jesus that has thrown the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches into heated disputation?

The doctrinal points are abstract and difficult. But I have obtained the notes of an address given by him some time back in Sydney.

This address, to which reference was made during the discussion of the case in Melbourne, sets out his views in clear terms.

Confessedly the subject is difficult. It is abstract—more than that, it is abstruse, extremely so. It is all so unfamiliar to the ordinary person.

Unfortunately, too, Dr. Angus' style does not lend itself to a ready popular understanding. He is a scholar, he is academic—he has not had the advantage of fulfilling an ordinary church ministry, and his language is apt to take a technical and academic mould.

Please turn to Page 2

£100 a WEEK in Prizes for READERS

£100 will be given away each week to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly in novel competitions and special features.

There is absolutely no entrance fee. You do not have to send any money or stamps.

Of this amount £75 is to be won in prizes for the easy and amusing Couplet competition on page 19. A first prize of £50 can be won by writing a few simple words, and £25 will be paid in consolation awards. And there's another £25 to be won in other ways, making £100 a week in all.

An innovation will be 10 £1 prizes for short 50 word letters from readers on topical controversial subjects, articles which have appeared in the paper, or comments on other readers' letters when these appear. If you have a gripe, air it in this column, under the heading of "So They Say."

To qualify for one of the £1 prizes, each letter must bear a short descriptive title and an "S" coupon clipped from the competition entry form on Page 43.

Best Recipes

Here is easy money if there ever was. Every woman has a good recipe up her sleeve. It has been decided to give away five £1 prizes each week for these. Consolation prizes will be awarded if any other entries are used. Particulars appear on Page 35.

Full details of what to do, and how to enter, appear with each individual feature and competition.

DURING this £100-a-week prize-money offer £1 first prizes and 5/- consolation awards will be paid for entries to "Brainwaves," "Clever Ideas," and "Things that Happen."

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In the Children's Section, £2 will be distributed in prize-money.

Entries in every section must be accompanied by the appropriate portion of the coupon on Page 43.

To give people all over Australia a chance of competing for the £75 to be won in the Couplet competition, two full weeks will be allowed for each series of couplets. Closing date for this week's will be October 7.

Results will be published from week to week, commencing October 14.

There will be no closing dates for the other competitions and features. All entries, no matter when they are sent in, will receive full consideration.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY RE-UNION

Representatives from all parts of Australia visited Melbourne to attend the conference on Tuesday of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Union, held in connection with the Federal Assembly.

ONE of the most interesting of them was Mrs. Ward (N.S.W.), who spent 26 years in the wild country in Cape York Peninsula, 120 miles south of Thursday Island. She was the first white woman to go there, more than 40 years ago.

In her address she said that just prior to her arrival the cannibal black children had helped to eat two white men.

Now their grandchildren attended the schools in the Presbyterian settlement, learned gardening, carpentering, and blacksmithing, and were learning to be self-supporting. During the war the aboriginal girls helped the Red Cross with knitting and sewing.

There are four mission stations in the Gulf country, three near the coast on Cape York Peninsula, and one on Mornington Island. About 400 aborigines are settled near each of the four stations, and other tribes keep in touch with them. There are usually about 80 children at the boarding schools.

The N.S.W. branch keeps about 20 missionaries in India, and there are others in the New Hebrides and among the Chinese in Sydney and Newcastle.



HOLLYWOOD THEIR GOAL!

Gwen Munro and Brian Norman, winners of the Paramount "Search for Beauty" contest, photographed on board the "Monte-rey" prior to sailing to America.

—Women's Weekly study.

"SINFUL SYDNEY" Stigma RESENTED

N.S.W. Presbyterian Protest

While Presbyterians from all over Australia are discussing in Melbourne the grave issue raised in Sydney concerning the teachings of Prof. Angus, a second minor bombshell has been fired by the N.S.W. Church.

This is a very outspoken protest by the official organ of the Church against the charge that Sydney is sinful.

"Sydney is freer from the catalogued seven deadly sins than any capital city anywhere," it declares.

THE N.S.W. Presbyterian protest is directed primarily against "Stop-a-day tourists" from overseas.

Here are extracts: "Feted and feasted as they are, in a fashion characteristically Australian, and that means the last word in good nature and good-will, these supercilious globe-trotters rhapsodize over the beauty of our harbor, extol our glorious sunshine, eulogise the 'bonhomie' of our people, but—this is a script—usually appended when outside Australian territory—Oh! the wickedness of the women and the malice of the men. Oh! the sinfulness of our sport and the profligacy of our pleasures!"

"Sodom, Gomorrah, and Babylon, it would seem, had nothing on Sydney in the sin business."

"Recently a missionary declared there was more gambling in Sydney than in any part of China. We deplore the growth of this scourge, but it is an exercise on our national life, whereas in other countries it is a chronic national disease."

"Political economists tell us we are over-governed, badly governed, extravagantly governed. All are in a measure true, still we are first among the nations on the road to reconstruction."

"An American boost says our girls 'make up' much more than our American cousins. May be, may be not. But they certainly have less need to improve on Nature's dower."

"Our lawlessness and crime is the burden of another's dirge. A city of its size and freedom having less than Sydney must be a population of police or saints."

"Of course, we have all the sins common to humanity, and incidental to city life, but Sydney is freer from the catalogued seven deadly sins than any capital city anywhere."

"Most of this libellous criticism is based on the doctrine that some sins are more heinous in the sight of men than

others. And oft, but half-truths, the vapors of those who, with a beam in both eyes, see a mote in Sydney."

"We make no claim to perfection, national, civic or individual. We are not as free from sin as we could wish and would desire. There are spots on our sun and moles in our sunbeams."

"We gamble and are encouraged so to do by the facilities offered by politicians."

"We love pleasure, enjoy sport, drink and swear, yet, despite all, which we frankly admit, we challenge comparison in national righteousness, civic probity, political honesty, commercial integrity, individual purity, with any country or city."

"Sydney is too full of sun to become full of sin, and we deserve and appreciate better the more appropriate designation, 'Sunny Sydney'."

Night Life of Our City

THE Presbyterian ministers from N.S.W. who are in Melbourne for the Assembly will no doubt find generous endorsement of the protest against Sydney being classed as sinful.

When it is all boiled down the sinister reputation of Sydney probably rests on the greater bathing facilities offered by its beaches, and its so-called night life.

After all, however, this "night life" of Sydney consists merely of later trains and later restaurant and cafe hours.

Dances in Sydney may continue till 2 o'clock in the morning, or even later, and there are always trams and trains to go home by.

In Melbourne public dance cafes must close at midnight, and on Saturday nights at 11.30 p.m. Even if they were allowed to remain open later the patrons would be unable to get home, except by walking or by car.

In a criticism of this early closing hour (socially speaking) the Melbourne "Herald" recently remarked:

"No moral question arises. To argue that we cannot maintain the decency and decorum of social pleasures after

50,000 Daffodils

FIFTY THOUSAND daffodils, golden and beautiful, have been given by Mr. R. M. Pitt from his lovely Wentworth Falls garden, to be sold in connection with the floral festival for the Blind Institution.

Miss Lorraine Smith has organised the selling arrangements, and has been given the use of the Theatre Royal vestibule, where the daffodils will be sold on Monday morning. Lady Maitland will be assisting.

DR. ANGUS

(From Page 1)

IN the course of the address referred to on Page One, Dr. Angus is reported, among other things, to have thus expressed himself:—

"God can give something for nothing. He did not need the death of Jesus to make it possible for him to forgive."

"God needs no intercessor. God only needs our need as the motive of His Love."

"Jesus taught immediacy. In three years His Church taught the need of a Mediator. God's love does not need to be moved by any interposition."

"Our doctrine involves unworthy views of Sin. Who has the right to forgive? Only the injured one has that right."

"A boy blinds another at his play. Has anyone but the injured boy the right to forgive? The only forgiveness possible is by Love casting out sin."

"Since the Second Century Christianity has become a Book Religion, and is now a Credal Religion, with creeds formed in different conditions to those obtaining to-day. Members of churches must subscribe to a creed. This is against Christ's idea. Jesus never laid down a code."

"Paul's epistles were not intended for general use, but only for one generation, and that was expected to be the last generation."

"Paul never pretended to be infallible, but we have made him so."

"Let us go back to Jesus, and not enthroned a God Who is unbelievable. Accept the religion of Jesus instead of Christianity, and soon there would be a new heaven and a new earth. This would be a painful experience to the Church, but it would be worth while."

"Christ's death was that of a martyr, and His Disciples were urged to imitate Him. 'Ye ought to lay down your lives for the brethren.'"

DR. ANGUS' idea of the Church is that it is not an association or a club for the preservation of doctrine, but a spiritual fellowship and agency for the dissemination of the spirit and life of Christ in the life, character, and experience of men and women.

All ministers believe that, of course, but Dr. Angus lays a special emphasis on the comparative disparagement of mere doctrines.

midnight, at public cafes or elsewhere, is to offer the community an insult."

The fact is that Australians are Australians no matter what part of the Commonwealth they happen to live in. Nobody would select the late "Squinty" Taylor as a representative Melbourne citizen. And nobody would set up the Queen of the Underworld as being typical of Sydney.

The N.S.W. Presbyterian declaration would apply equally to all our Australian capitals.

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Smart metal container . . . 1/6
Dressing-table jars . . . 2/6

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Let's Talk Of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .**



MRS. LOUIS MONOD

MRS. LOUIS MONOD, wife of the secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, Melbourne, is, for the second time, stewardess-in-chief for the women's industries section at the Agricultural Show, Melbourne. Mrs. Monod and her seven assistants begin work long before the Show opens, sorting and grouping the entries for the judges and re-sorting and arranging them for exhibition afterwards. The work is honorary.

Before her marriage Mrs. Monod was a nurse, having received her training at the Homeopathic Hospital.

Having been a nurse, Mrs. Monod feels that working on a hospital auxiliary is too much like a bus-man's holiday, so she has made work for children one of her interests. In her spare time she makes clothing and collects it for the Children's Welfare Home at Royal Park or the Sutherland Homes.



MISS CONSTANCE AUSTEN

MISS Constance and Ethel Austen have set themselves up in London as pearl doctors, for not only do people and dumb animals need specialists to attend them, but precious pearls which are losing their lustre need experts to restore them, too.

They have chosen a back room in Hatton Garden, which is London's street of jewellery, and here the two sisters work indefatigably. Their position is a very responsible one, for they handle at least £2,000,000 worth of gems each year, they have estimated, and must not let even one tiny pearl roll away into obscurity while strings are being cleaned, re-strung, or re-graded.



MRS. REID

MRS. REID, wife of the Right Rev. Dr. G. R. S. Reid, the newly appointed Moderator-General of the Presbyterian Church of Australia. During the moderatorial year when her husband was State Moderator for N.S.W., Mrs. Reid carried out her duties in such a graceful manner as to endear herself to all, and the Church will look forward with confidence to her wider service as wife of the Moderator-General.

A daughter of the manse, with a Scottish ancestry, Mrs. Reid has a love of the church, and in the quieter life of parish work she has ever exercised a wide influence.

Mrs. Reid graces the manse at Roseville, Sydney, of which parish her husband is in charge.

Amazing INTELLIGENCE TEST Human Baby Brought up with Chimpanzee

One of the most extraordinary experiments in scientific history was concluded at Bloomington, Indiana, in the United States recently. Dr. W. N. Kellogg, associate professor of psychology at Indiana University, and his wife decided to bring up a baby chimpanzee with their baby boy, Donald, to see which of the two would develop quickest.

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THE experiment took place at Dr. Kellogg's bungalow in Orange Park, Florida, for a period of eight and a half months. During this time the chimpanzee, Gua, was treated exactly like a human child. It wore the same clothes, ate the same food, was given the same training, and both Gua and Donald were submitted to the same intelligence tests.

At the end of the experiment Gua was found to be far superior to Donald in memory, co-operative spirit, and the ability to



GUA AND DONALD KELLOGG in their woolies, ready for bed. Gua, the chimp, was 18 months, and Don 18 months, when this photo was taken.



GUA AND DONALD walking together in Orange Park, Florida. Donald, who has been brought up with Gua, is too young to see anything strange in his unusual companion.

When Donald pushed away his rice pudding, so did Gua. Their general reactions to a set of building blocks seemed similar, in so far as both wanted to examine them and eat them.

Regular rides in the pram formed part of the daily schedule. When the pram was being prepared, Donald would run to the carriage and hang on it, while Gua would climb in and sit down in his allotted space.



DR. W. N. KELLOGG, of Indiana, who, for scientific research, adopted a baby chimpanzee as foster-brother for his young son.

Donald's and for that reason the ape matured faster. On the other hand, the human baby took longer to assimilate knowledge, but retained it for a much longer period of time.

WHEN the strange experiment began, Gua was seven and a half months old and Donald was ten months.

At the end of the testing period the chimpanzee behaved in almost all respects like a human child.

Both child and monkey understood almost equally well the simple things they were told to do. But while the child was slowly learning to talk, the chimpanzee could not even imitate the sounds he heard.

Both responded in similar degrees to various things, such as food-tastes, play, and funny situations.

These strange playmates derived the same enjoyment when tickled in the ribs, and were quite happy together during their period of nursery life.

Dr. Kellogg's experiment is a very interesting contribution to the scientific data which has been collected regarding the animal mind.

There are some psychologists who declare that animals can, and, in fact, do, think, in the same way as human beings, but that owing to their lack of development they develop only up to a certain point.

At the same time, this point of intelligence saturation is slowly but surely growing, and some day it may stand where human intelligence stands to-day.

By that time, however, human beings will have advanced so much further that



"CUT OUT the rough stuff, Gua," says Donald. "You aren't in the jungle now." Jungle or no jungle, thinks Gua, it's grab as grab can between you and me and these blocks.



"BETWEEN YOU AND ME," says Gua Kellogg, the chimp, to his foster-brother, Don, "I'd rather be swinging among the branches of the trees." "So would I," says Don.

the animal mind will still be a long way behind.

The most notable experiments which can be compared at all with Dr. Kellogg's work were those undertaken in Germany, before the war, by various scientists and psychologists, on the Thinking Horses of Eber.

These horses had been trained when

they were young, and could understand the spoken word well enough to reply to questions by spelling out letters with hoof-taps.

They could also perform the most amazing mathematical tests, working out, mentally, and correctly, complicated problems which puzzled ordinary mathematicians.

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CUSTODY of CHILDREN and Marriage of MINORS

New Legislation in N.S.W. Gives Lead to Australia: Vital Clauses

The attention of women throughout the Commonwealth is focussed at present on the New South Wales Parliament, which has before it legislation which aims at giving equal rights to women in regard to the custody of and access to children of their marriage, and also in respect of the appointment of posthumous guardians to succeed them in their parental responsibility.

THE Common Law of England, which is also the law of every State of the Commonwealth, was that the father had the office of guardian of his children vested in him, first of his heir by nature until the heir attained the age of 21 years; secondly of his children by nature until they were 14 years of age; and thirdly of all his children by parental right up to the age of 21 years. The right of the father to the guardianship was absolute, unless he by some misconduct forfeited that right.

The agitation of women's organisations throughout New South Wales, following on the famous law suit some years ago over the custody of the infant daughter of Emilie Polini, the famous actress, was responsible for the present legislation, which it is claimed places New South Wales as the first country in the world to recognise that the mother has equal rights with her husband and equal responsibilities in regard to the welfare of the children of their marriage.

The Guardianship of Infants Bill, which enacts this much-discussed and much-needed reform in domestic legislation, has now passed its second reading in the Assembly, and will shortly be added to the Statute Book.

THE vital provision of the measure, introduced by Mr. L. O. Martin, Minister for Justice, is that giving equal rights to women in regard to the custody of, or access to, children of their marriage.

Provision is also made in the legislation for the appointment of guardians of children by either the father or mother, such guardian to act jointly with the surviving parent.

An important amendment of the Marriage Act is also included, giving power to police magistrates to consent to the marriage of minors in certain cases where the consent of the parents cannot be obtained.

The question of the custody of children and the right of access thereto in the case of domestic differences in a home will, under the amended law, be settled by the Equity Court on the application of the mother.

In considering its order that court will be guided in the first instance by the welfare of the child, which the Legislature considers the paramount question, and also by the conduct of the father and mother and the wishes of the mother will be considered on the same basis as those of the father.

Extraordinary public feeling was aroused in N.S.W. some years ago by a decision of the Court of Equity, when Emilie Polini, the famous actress, was deprived of the custody of her baby girl because she proposed to take it out of the jurisdiction of the court.

The untimely death of this gifted woman is generally attributed to her enforced separation from her little girl, and it was this case which stirred women's organisations into a determination to have the law amended.

THE new bill provides that the fact that a parent contemplates leaving

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

Mary Brian
GENERALLY CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN THE FILM COLONY, HAS NEVER BEEN ENGAGED!

Richard Arlen IN HIS FIRST WESTERN PICTURE, HAD TO BE TIED IN THE SADDLE—HE COULD NOT RIDE A HORSE!

Lewis Stone COMMUTED IN AN AIRPLANE BETWEEN CATALINA ISLAND AND CULVER CITY IN ORDER TO WORK SIMULTANEOUSLY IN TWO PICTURES.

THEIR TRUE NAMES—
ANITA PAGE IS ANITA POMARES
FORD STERLING IS GEORGE STITCH

SPORTSMEN and Singers as WORLD'S Peacemakers

Political snapping and diplomats' tales; that's what international goodwill is made of... or so we have been led to believe, but now comes Miss Elsie Bennett, of the Y.W.C.A., fresh from a trip round the world, with a different story. People like Don Bradman, Babe Ruth, and Clara Butt do more for peace than statesmen, according to Miss Bennett.

"I HAVE come back more than ever convinced," she said last week, "of the importance of sport as a sound basis for international understanding... and with it singing."

"When I went to America I had two ambitions—to see the Stock Exchange and to see Babe Ruth play baseball. I realised them both. At the Stock Exchange there was complete hysteria over the rise of United Steel during the Wall Street recovery after the big slump. A group of hysterical women was nothing to it!

"Babe Ruth was the idol of the crowd. I liked his easy stance. The Yankees were playing Detroit, who were two runs in the lead. There was a man on each base, and Babe came on to bat. The whole crowd of 45,000 was on its toes—and then Babe hit—a catch! I noticed there is a sort of ritual in the crowd at the end of the first half of the seventh innings. They all stand up, rub themselves down, and sit down again."

"I have come back more than ever convinced of the importance of sport as a sound basis for international understanding—and with it singing."

"I ATTENDED an international students' camp of 14 at Mt. Arbolise, near Mt. Blanc, and found that girls' camps are much the same cheery institutions the world over."

"We were returning from the snow-fields very tired one afternoon, and started singing to help ourselves along. I started singing, 'Oh, How Lovely is the Evening.' The German girl, knowing the melody, joined in. The Italian girl knew it as an old folk song. The French girl knew it. And the American girl had heard it at home."

"So we sang our way home in five languages."

"I have heard some of our Y.W.C.A. song, sung by Egyptian children, and by a little Chinese friend of mine who is now in Singapore."

"Through sport, singing, interchange of photographs and letters I feel sure that young people, in this simple, direct way will do much more towards international friendliness than is possible with the academic lecture."

"I WAS very much struck by the tremendous popularity of cycling in Great Britain and America, and on the Continent. It seems to have taken the place of hiking."

"The roller skating craze in America amused me, and also impressed me as a sound idea. It is good exercise, and the skaters are out in the open most of the time."

"In Europe I saw exponents of several of the new schools of eurhythmics and gymnastics."

"THEN I saw a big demonstration of the Sokol gymnastic movement which has most of its followers in Poland. It is very military in spirit. I saw 10,000 people—men, women, and children doing simultaneous movements."

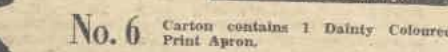
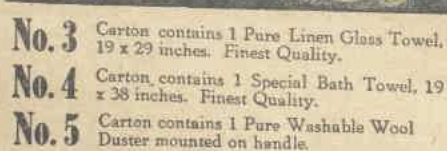
"The best physical work I saw was in Great Britain, by a visiting team from one of the Universities. There is a course for women physical directors on the Nils Busch system. One of its basic theories is that stopping a movement, then starting another one, uses more energy than passing from one action to another with a period of relaxed movement in between. I saw them work continuously for three-quarters of an hour without any signs of fatigue."

HORT Holbrook says: My Anchovy Paste makes neat, tasty sandwiches. Tasty morsels for the Bridge Party.***

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An AUTHOR On Wheels

MR. ARCHER RUSSELL, the author of "Sunlit Trails," is very enthusiastic about caravanning with Will Ashton. Both artist and author set forth joyously, as one had sold a picture and the other received before his departure a cable message that his publisher in London was bringing out his latest work.

Archer Russell said, "I have journeyed by coach, car, camel, plane, and bicycle, including all the ordinary modes of progression, but this will be my first experience in a caravan, and I am looking forward to the quietude to write in, while the artist chaps is painting."

Both the caravanners had thought of all contingencies, including washing day, and proudly displayed a contraption of clothes-pegs and line in one. When tired of their own cooking they could "stop at a pub," as they were not leaving civilisation, but travelling leisurely down the South Coast with the hospitable homestead of Mr. E. J. Brady, of Malacoota West, as their objective.

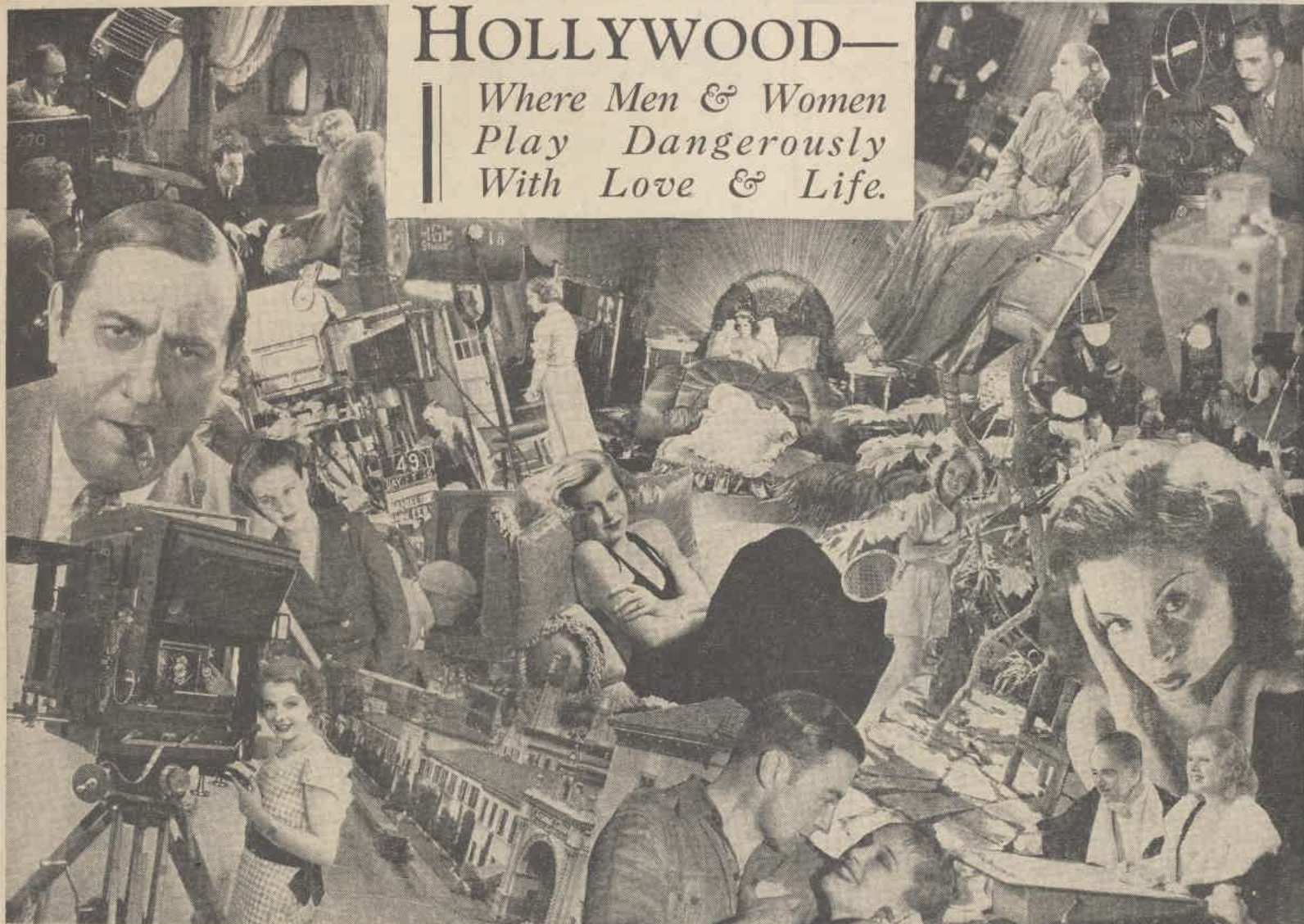
CHALLENGE CUP

TO encourage branches in the enlargement of their memberships, Mr. Charles Lloyd Jones, at the last annual C.W.A. conference, proffered a Challenge Cup to be competed for by the branches. The branch which shows the greatest increase in membership from January last to December 1933 will win the cup.

Next Wednesday Mrs. Matt Sawyer (State president, C.W.A.) will be presented with the cup by Mr. C. H. Jones. It will then be kept at the head office until the winning group has been announced.



MISS ELSIE BENNETT, who was chosen for the Janet Keltman bursary by the world office of the Y.W.C.A. in Geneva, has returned to Melbourne after a world trip. See story, column 5.



HOLLYWOOD—

Where Men & Women
Play Dangerously
With Love & Life.

HOLLYWOOD is a happy-go-lucky city. Its streets and homes are inhabited by the handsomest men and the loveliest women.

A hundred jazz bands play at one and the same time, day and night. Everything can happen there. No great happiness is absolutely unexpected. And no great sorrow runs very deep. No one cries any more.

Laughter is the rule. People make little witticisms about great sorrows.

Take BILL TURNER, chief of the Phoenix Picture Corporation. Phoenix Picture Corporation is on the verge of bankruptcy. But it is not just because Bill wanted to do the heroic thing that he worked so feverishly, stepping even over corpses!

Or take little JOE RAY of the publicity department, sweating and running around. He, too, has a painful secret. He left his last job in a department store with a goodly sum of money that wasn't his own. Should he become a millionaire everything will be all right again.

What about OLIVER DENT, whose real surname was Drake? He is the handsomest man in the world. Millions of women of all nations, ages, and sizes, have loved him and worshipped at the steps of his altar, the silver screen. Oliver conquered the world, but he has not conquered himself. . . . He has just completed the star part in the new film, "Hardogan."

And then the "Falling Star" herself, DONCA MORESCU. In love with Oliver, passionately in love, she is presented with a hard problem by life. She has the chance of making a "come back" on the screen, or going to

Falling STAR

By VICKI BAUM
Author of
"GRAND HOTEL"

This enthralling new novel, by one of the world's greatest authors, has been secured for exclusive publication in Australia by the Australian Women's Weekly

help Oliver, who needs her badly.

To make Donca's position even harder, RIA NARA, her rival in fame and love, is free to go and do what Donca feels she should be doing herself. RIA Nara, who leapt into fame with the talkies. The woman who was Oliver's lover, and who starred with him in the great film, "Hardogan," now about to be shown for the first time to the critical Hollywood first-night audience.

Look at red-haired girl SMITH? Script girl to the great director. Eisenlohr: oldish and faded as she looks, she is the daughter of a still youngish and handsome mother. But there is a stepfather in the house. . . . a young boor who has sold himself. The Smith girl is urged by her mother to make love to him, and she thinks of him all the time while listening to her chief's dictation on the sets. Yet everyone thinks she is detached, untouched, a stenographic machine.

And EISENLOHR himself. . . . the giant who seems to collect all the dirt in the studio on his face and clothes, although he arrives each morning as

clean and fresh as a new born baby. He divorced his wife nine years ago and has not been able to go to see his little daughter since. When he is alone and very tired, when the racing motor within him slows down for a while, he sits and reads a few letters written in a childish scrawl, letters that he knows by heart, and he feels as alone as an outcast dog. Well, no. . . . no one knows how he feels. No one knows.

No one knows anything about FRANCES, the extra girl. She comes from a good family, a family with a pedigree. She is well bred, but she won a beauty competition and came to Hollywood to win film fame. She is a moth flickering around that ruthless flame. Her wings are already a little crumpled when she meets Aldens. She has still the strength to keep within the glow of that dreadful flame, without being burnt, but Aldens saps the last shreds of it. And then she enters a telephone booth and calls a number that girls call when they are down and out.

ALDENS is not a bad sort of fellow. A German actor, brought over to America by his friend Eisenlohr. He has proved too phlegmatic for talkies but has managed to keep his head above water at extra work and doing "stand in" jobs for Oliver. He hates Oliver as only a "stand in" man can hate the star he works for.

Phoenix Film Company down to the lowest office boy, you find, when you look behind the scenes, that life is a series of ups and downs.

There are moments of success and moments of failure, periods of happiness and periods of grief. . . . and above all fat times and lean times.

When the extras look at GRANNIT they think that here is a man who is made. In the silent days he was a famous producer. He has not been able to hang on to that reputation, it is true, but his work is so valuable that he holds a responsible position as casting director. He walks with the Gods of the Film World, but at home he has an unfaithful wife. . . . and an unfaithful wife can undo any man.

All these people have been eagerly awaiting the premiere of "Hardogan." This is the film that will pull the Phoenix out of the mire.

A premiere is the occasion for an important social function at Hollywood. Everyone turns up.

Enthusiastic hero-worshipping crowds have collected outside the entrance to the Phoenix Picture Palace. They are waiting eagerly to see Oliver Dent and RIA Nara arrive in a car together. But they are due for a surprise. Now commence the story.

First Night

"ST Papa Krull go!" said one man in blue overalls to another man in blue overalls. They were standing, both, on top of the heavy searchlight-car, facing the Phoenix Picture Palace, and sweat-beads rolled over their young, handsome faces. "Papa Krull," the largest of the searchlight-cars, had a name, just as every other searchlight-car in Hollywood had; and his family was with him on the same wagon—

—Studio scenes from Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

What Frances does not realise, what Aldens cannot grasp, what everyone who is at the bottom cannot understand about the people at the top is that success is only relative.

From Bill Turner, chief of the lowest office boy, you find, when you look behind the scenes, that life is a series of ups and downs. There are moments of success and moments of failure, periods of happiness and periods of grief. . . . and above all fat times and lean times. When the extras look at GRANNIT they think that here is a man who is made. In the silent days he was a famous producer. He has not been able to hang on to that reputation, it is true, but his work is so valuable that he holds a responsible position as casting director. He walks with the Gods of the Film World, but at home he has an unfaithful wife. . . . and an unfaithful wife can undo any man.

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H-A-R-D-O-G-A-N.

H-A-R-D-O-G-A-N.

The letters hung and trembled in the sky.

"Shall I turn 'Baby' on?" the younger electrician asked the older one, as the crowd began to throng the entrance of the theatre.

"Sure. The one in the red dress, that's 'RIA Nara,' the older one replied.

"Baby Krull" threw its beam out, like an explosion from the dark, the moment the contact was made. The light-beam cut out sharply the bodies of the two men who stood over the heavy red-painted searchlight-wagon. The light rose above the file of policemen that barred the street, enveloped a handsome woman who had just stepped out of a car, and then ascended to the sky, stopping against a tall building and breaking out in letters of light with the name of the film: "HARDOGAN."

(Please turn to page 7)

Beautifully Waved

ANDREE
WAVE, 15/-

An actual photograph of beautiful Kay Marsh, showing one of our Andree Waves. It depicts the new mode for coiffures of dozens of tiny ringlets clustering around the nape of the neck. Under the skillful treatment of our expert operators, we can give you a perfect wave with the same attractive effect. The hair is waved into soft, deep, undulating waves, falling into masses of clustering ringlets, so deceptively natural and of lasting permanency. Satisfaction or complete refund is given with every wave.

Shingle Heads 15/-
Ringlet Ends—as illustrated £1/1/-

New Plastic Mask
TAKES YEARS AWAY

"No one cares about your age, if you look young!"—and owing to our having secured the secret formulae rights of a famous Plastic Beauty Mask, we can now positively take away those crow's feet and age-telling wrinkles. This process is quite new, and a great improvement on the old "Chemical Peeling" method. It is absolutely painless, and you will notice remarkable results even in one treatment. Massage and special nourishing skin applications are also part of treatment. INTRODUCTORY OFFER, 5/3 per treatment.

Have a chat with our Sister Louise, who is recognised as one of Sydney's most highly qualified beauty specialists. . . . She can give you lots of hints that will give you added charm and beauty. Her advice will . . . you nothing.

MOLES — Guaranteed
removed 10/6
FACIAL HAIRS—5/- per
treatment—Course, £1/1/-
CORNS — Painlessly re-
moved 1/-

Buckingham's
OXFORD STREET

ABSURD STORY

RIDICULOUS STORY OF TAPEWORM IN
PATENT MEDICINE

It is a long time ago now since the "tapeworm" story was first heard. It was first invented by a wag in England to the effect that a certain patent medicine contained tapeworms, and this libel was pinned on to a number of well-known medicines over there.

Ridiculous as the story may appear to the intelligent, many people believed it, and repeated the story so often to their friends that eventually they began to believe that they had actually seen the tapeworms themselves. Doctors in England, when they found that the credulity of many innocent people was being played upon, investigated the story, and attempted to trace it to its source.

Not one person who could swear to actually seeing the tapeworms could be found. It was always . . . "I heard that Mrs. So-and-So saw them." But

invariably Mrs. and Miss So-and-So had in turn heard that . . . "someone else had seen them."

Last year the story came to Australia, following upon the showing of a sensational American film drawing upon the imagination with a similar theme to help its story. The "tapeworm" story was eventually brought under the notice of the Health Authorities, who ridiculed it as the product of an imaginative joker.

The fact is that all patent medicines on the market are regularly examined by the Health Department, and, even if a manufacturer wished to do so, it would be impossible for him to put worms, or any other deleterious matter into his product. The well-known patent medicines sold here are prepared generally by chemists of the highest skill, and exact in purity and strength any home-made substitutes.

The bones who tell this story to cause a sensation at the club or at bridge deserve all the contempt that intelligent folk have for them, and in future, if anyone tells you that he or she "found a tapeworm" in a capsule, or that "the tablet crawled along the floor"—treat them kindly and advise them to see a brain specialist.



McPHERSON COLLEGE, MELBOURNE.

Where the Question
"What CAN I DO?"
Is Answered

By G. M. MILLS

"WHAT qualifications have you, and where were you trained?"

Those are the questions that every applicant for a position is asked, and those who can answer "I was trained at the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy, Melbourne," give a testimonial in one sentence that is a guarantee of efficiency in itself.

For twenty years the old College of Domestic Economy stood in Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, but seven years ago, a generous gift from the late Sir William and Lady McPherson made possible the building, on the site of the old Melbourne Gaol, of a new college, at the opening ceremony of which her Royal Highness the Duchess of York was present.

The college building is indeed a rather palatial one, the handsome appearance of which does not belie the excellent and varied work which is accomplished within its precincts. At present more than 1200 students are enrolled, and to teach them nearly 40 expert teachers are engaged.

"And what are they all doing?" you will ask.

The answer will surprise you, for their studies, were you to visit the college one day, would be found to be extremely varied. Your casual observations would soon reveal the fact that among the subjects being studied are dressmaking, needlework and needlecraft, millinery, cookery, housewifery, dietetics, tea-room baking, as well as household and institutional management.

But that would be only a cursory summary, for in reality the subjects are almost innumerable, and the professions and trades for which successful students qualify are equally beyond computation. Let us go into details.

Do you aspire to be one of those competent institutional managers, a matron or sub-matron, a laboratory worker with a commercial firm, a demonstrator of commercial food products, or of gas or electric cookery, a school-teacher of domestic science, a hospital dietitian or a professional hostess, a research worker on economics, or anything similar?

You do? Then take the three-year course for the diploma of institutional management at the college, and you can be each and all of these.

Take Your Choice

WOMEN who feel they are not so scientifically minded are attracted by the diploma of needlework course, which, when completed, enables them to fill any of at least six positions such as dress-cutting, dress-designing, teaching or demonstrating the same, managing their own shop or business in children's clothing, window and showcase dressing, or planning and arranging rooms.

Girls with a "flair" for form and color naturally gravitate towards this course, and they love it, too, for it brings out all latent artistic ability, including as it does drawing from nature, leather work, stencilling, hand weaving, water colors, as well as the more mundane subjects.

Full courses may also be taken in millinery, needlework, training to be a cook, and dressmaking, the time of study for these being only two years, while in one

ARE YOU LUCKY?

How many times have you been asked this question? You cannot expect to be lucky unless you take advantage of opportunity. By sending a Postal Note for 1/- with stamped and addressed envelope to the Distributing Office, Ambulance Station, Coogee, N.S.W., you will receive two tickets in the Diamonds Art Union. The prizes (Guaranteed Full Value) are Diamonds, £500, £250, £150, etc., etc. Remember that the 1/- will give you two separate tickets and therefore two chances to win a big prize. Full book of Tickets, 5/-. Every Ticket sold will help the N.S.W. Ambulance Transport Services throughout the State. Why not try your luck NOW!!!

When
Readers
Ran

OWING to the big last minute rush of entries for the "Embarrassing Moments" competition, it has been decided to award additional prizes.

Consolation prizes of 10/- each will be paid to the following readers who sent "Moments when I had to run" entries:—

Mrs. W. Sales, 29 Abbot Street, West Maitland:

"I went out to the front verandah one morning, and there playing on the road was my little boy and a motor car coming down the hill like the devil—did I run? I saved him."

Miss Rita Jones, "Karimba," Grenfell, N.S.W.:
"The time I ran the hardest—I had been ironing in an upstairs flat, and

Craft Club Work

THAT women of all kinds of life have artistic ability which can be turned to good account is again to be forcibly demonstrated by the Ultimo Craft Club of the Women's Loyalty League at their sale of work arranged for Saturday at the Presbyterian School Hall, Quarry Street, Ultimo.

on going down to get the letters, the front door blew shut behind me. Horrors! My sister was up town with the only key we possessed in her bag, and the iron still on. I had to sprint down the street, find my sister, grab the key and race back—the iron was red hot."

Mrs. E. Hubbard, 7 Canberra Street, Hurstville Park, N.S.W.:

"My girl friend and I spending holidays at Crookwell strolled through the bush one moonlight night, deep in conversation and utterly oblivious to our surroundings, when a dark object suddenly arose amidst great rattling of chains. We stood petrified with fright, then ran, reaching home exhausted. Was calmly told it was a hobbled horse."

Now try your skill on the complete competition on page 19.

Famous for the Best
"HIGH LIFE"
BEAUTIFUL LADIES SHOESK
I
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T.

Macnaught

See Spring Window Displays.

PIMPLES FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD.



For years I was worried to death with unsightly freckles and abominable pimples and blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these distressing blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realising that there must be thousands of women both young and old, who are to-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 2/- in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all traces of freckles, pimples, blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth, young skin, as do the thankful thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA B. CHALMERS, 258 Pitt Street, Sydney.

FREE COUPON

Cut out this Coupon if interested and post with 2/- stamp and name and address to: MISS A. B. CHALMERS, 258 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Falling STAR

(Continued from Page 5)



BELOW, on the boulevard, some of the policemen were smiling, but the faces of others were grimly set. They had roped off a section of the street to keep the crowds back, but the people threatened again and again to break through in clamorous surges. One policeman, strong and big as a monument, stood in front of the cars that were slowly coming down La Brea Avenue.

Suddenly the crowd broke loose again, and it seemed for a moment that the handsome woman in red velvet would be torn apart by them; but it was only their manner of greeting the star, Ria Nara, who smiled happily and waved her red gloves at the mob.

Under the marquee of the Phoenix Picture Palace the light was so white that faces and bodies ceased to have either shadows or lines. A pale, tall man in full dress jacket, while keeping a serious face, into the two microphones that hung at a correct height for his lips; while another man, still taller, separated with brusque movements but with smiling lips a couple that had just come out of a car into the shadowless white glare. These two men had names. One was Mr. Keller and the other was Mr. MacOrlathan, of the publicity department of the Phoenix Picture Corporation. They dragged after them sometimes a woman and sometimes a man to the microphone, as if they were booty which had been seized.

AT every presentation, the crowd roared and a new beam of light shot into the sky in salute. The air was heavy with the smell of burned magnesium. Two loud-speakers added their noise to the confusion. From the eighth floor a loud-speaker belted some music. The loud-speaker over the crystal roof of the canopy repeated in a deep bass voice what Mr. Keller and his captives had just said into the microphone. At a side entrance, facing the park place, was an ambulance station. Though the showing hadn't yet begun, five people had already fainted—two men and three women. One of the men had had two ribs broken in; he was spitting blood.

"The ribs have probably perforated his lungs," the doctor judged after a hasty examination.

"Any danger?" asked little Joe Ray, also of the Phoenix Picture Corporation publicity department, making notes.

"No," assured the doctor. "You're sure?"

"Sure." "Thank God!" said Joe Ray, but the movement of his shoulders seemed to say: "Too bad!"

From the standpoint of the publicity department, a man dead in the crowd in an attempt to see the stars coming for the premiere was worth more than a man with a few ribs caved in—a casualty that happened at the first night of every other picture. And "Hardogon" wasn't just another motion picture. It was the most important production of the year for the Phoenix Picture Corporation. It had cost them two millions. They had used two stages crowded with costly sets. They had worked nine months on the script, seven weeks on the film, and fourteen weeks on the finishing-up. The picture was "Hardogon," starring Oliver Dent and Ria Nara!

Joe Ray closed his notebook and followed disappointedly the not-too-dangerously injured man to the ambulance. Just as the ambulance disappeared around the corner and the last prominent people were entering the main doorway, trouble arose. The crowd was stronger than the police. The rope broke, and the "cops" after opposing the crush for a while, stood aside, smiling, looking on at what was happening.

Oliver Dent had arrived!

Oliver Dent! The "handsomest man in the world." The publicity department



A Drama of Hollywood, and its Life of Lies

By the author of "Grand Hotel"

"Folks!" he cried out enthusiastically. "Think what a surprise Oliver has brought with him! The lady on his arm is Donca! Donca Morescu! Donca, who has returned to Hollywood to devote herself to the talkies, to the talkies she has neglected! Beautiful and interesting as she has always been! With coal-black hair that fits her much better than the red hair she has worn before. She is wearing what I think is green chiffon trimmed with Russian sable, and her celebrated jewels are all on her lovely neck. And now she herself will speak to you. Miss Morescu, would you be so kind? A few words."

Nothing that had happened in those few seconds had escaped Donca Morescu. The exchange of glances between Keller and his employers, the manner in which MacOrlathan kissed her hand as he led her to the microphone; and now Oliver taking hold of her elbow and whispering:

"You've got to say a few words, darling."

In one moment the routine of the popularity-technique had come into being again.

"Hello, everybody! I am so happy to be back in Hollywood again. I am going in to see for the first time since I am back a premiere. I have come to see our Oliver as 'Hardogon.' It's going to be a great night. I will see you again, my friends."

The loud-speaker over the crystal roof repeated her words, and all the loud-speakers in Hollywood echoed them.

The two gentlemen disentangled themselves from the crowd to greet Donca—Bill Turner, and a giant with thin hair and an enormous blonde head, the director Eisenlohr. Then came a number of gloved hands, and kisses from women. Some one asked in an astonished voice:

"Has she learned to speak? See, she speaks!"

"Oliver has been her teacher. I suppose," someone said jokingly. "She has an English accent instead of a Balkan one."

Oliver took Donca's arm in a protective manner. He felt her tremble. He loved her for that. She had advertised her relation to him. She wanted to advertise it, and he knew she wanted to. Was it a crime for her to be beside him? He was happy that she had triumphed, after the many recent failures of her spendthrift life. God bless her!

"Come, darling," he said softly, and set her in motion over the strawberry-colored runner, walking like a couple entering the run of life as watched by the eye of a camera.

"This time your name is on top," Donca observed as they walked. She referred to the posters outside, announcing his name in larger letters, and above that of Ria Nara. Oliver had acted with Ria Nara in three films, and had been her lover for half a year before Donca had caught him in Paris, conquered him, and kidnapped him to the island of Rhodes.

"Yes," he said. Donca's face wreathed itself in an innocent and intoxicating smile.

"You should think of Rhodes now," she whispered.

"Yes! I would sooner be there than here."

"Oh, I love it here!" she said.

The searchlight was following them till they disappeared into the depths of the hall.

THE inside of the Phoenix Palace was built like a Spanish church. Oliver showed his tickets to a page in Scotch kilts, who now preceded them. All the pages were dressed in Scotch kilts and tam o'shanter, to lend the proper atmosphere to "Hardogon."

"Hm," Oliver mumbled, taking hold again of Donca's elbow as they were passing the row at the edge of which sat Ria Nara in her flaming red-velvet costume. He felt as if he had to protect Donca when they passed her by.

Donca's nostrils fluttered as they passed through the wave of perfume that rose from Ria Nara's clothes. She greeted Ria Nara smilingly. Ria acknowledged the greeting with a smile. A thousand opera-glasses enjoyed the comedy.

"I love the grip with which you are protecting me. In that grip are all the old lords of your family, and Oxford, and you yourself."

"What a snob you are, my princess!" Oliver said, smiling, waiting until she had sat down, then taking his place beside her. One of Morescu's husbands had been a prince.

(Please turn to Page 8)

Donca Morescu—Her face was white-hot like molten metal. Her green, slanting eyes were shaded by heavy brows that ran in a straight line and gave her face an extraordinary character.

getting out of the car and smiled into her eyes, which looked into his with admiration. The lady was Donca Morescu, the great star of silent films in a day gone by—a day which, for the short-lived memory of Hollywood, was very long ago indeed. She had quit Hollywood some two years before, after an unfortunate attempt in the newly emerged "talkies." Yet here she had appeared again, very much changed, at Oliver Dent's side! There were many who didn't recognise her, and many who had completely forgotten her. The mob looked at her silently, and some asked indifferently:

"Isn't this the Morescu?"

She stood there in her silver slippers, the high heels incrustated with sparkling green stones, waiting for Oliver to take her into the theatre. Oliver Dent was a top-notch; Donca Morescu was on the decline. That was all.

Her face was white-hot like molten metal. Her green slanting eyes were shaded by heavy brows that ran in a straight line and gave her face an extraordinary character. Oliver, who loved Donca and had spent two months in a consuming and almost inexplicable adoration of her, joined her quickly. She looked so forlorn and finished, waiting there for something to happen that did not happen. From both sides the lobby filled with Hollywood society, with all those who "belonged," and swallowed sensations. And this, to-night, was a sensation!

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MR. KELLER hesitated for a second before the microphone, and exchanged a glance with Bill Turner, president of the Phoenix Picture Corporation, a grey-haired, red-

American knock of remembering names.

"Hello, Aldens—give me a hand."

"Hello Ol!" the young man returned the greeting; and as he emerged, it was seen that he was exactly the same height as Oliver.

"Can you help me out of this without killing a few of the young ladies?" Oliver pleaded.

"If you will give this young lady your autograph," Aldens said, pushing forward a small platinum blonde.

THE next moment Oliver Dent was surrounded by hands holding fountain pens. He used the back of one man as a writing-desk and began to sign his name. The man who had offered his back was only too willing, even overjoyed, to be of use.

It was fifty-nine minutes after the hour announced for the opening. Mr. MacOrlathan broke through.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he roared. "You have got to let our Oliver live. The performance won't begin until he comes in."

Helped by the young man Oliver had greeted as Aldens, Oliver broke through to the microphone. With the glare of three searchlights on him, to help the Press photographers, Oliver spoke into the "mike" the stereotyped words for such occasions:

"Hello, all! I'm going in to see 'Hardogon,' the greatest picture of the year. I have played my little part in it, but I am terribly nervous, and very curious to see it. I thank you and wish you good-night."

And having shaken hands with the two publicity men, he waved his silk hat to the mob, folded it, turned toward his companion, the hesitant lady, who had in the meantime succeeded in

had convinced the world that he was the handsomest man since Valentino. There was nothing of the collar-ad beauty in the real Oliver Dent; but he filmed well. The public, hungry for the fulfillment of dreams, adored him without knowing why. And the critics always employed the same adjectives when they talked of him; always with something of light in their praises—"brilliant," "illuminating," "sparkling." The crowd howled the moment he got out of his car. Mr. Keller rushed forward to receive him, but the star was torn from his publicity man.

Oliver stood for a moment on the running-board of his car, his clear blonde face half turned toward the crowd, while his right hand was extended to help a hesitating lady out of the car. He smiled a little shyly, astonished—although he was accustomed to such ovations and did not particularly like them—as he was surrounded.

It looked as though he would be kidnapped by the crowd. But he was taller than any of them. Mr. Keller rushed back to the microphone.

"Listen! Listen, folks! The noise that you hear means that Oliver Dent has arrived! I wish you could see what's happening here. The cops aren't strong enough to hold the crowd back. A very old lady runs across the street to have one last look at him before she dies. He distributes autographs; he laughs; he says a few words. Wait! If we could only get him over here! If we could only get him away from that swirling crowd for a minute and have him talk to you! Wait!"

In reality, Oliver was telling the crowd that surrounded him:

"Don't be so crazy, folks. You're tearing me apart. Look out! My new dress coat! I can't give you any autographs. I've got to get into that theatre. Now be nice, folks. Be nice. Be good girls and boys. I love you."

His broad shoulders and his laughing face awayed the multitude. He did his best to be gracious. He tried to get free from the crowd without stepping on them or hurting them, although they stepped on his feet and pushed themselves into him.

At a little distance from him, Oliver Dent saw a face on the same level with his, a face that he knew. Although he was English he had acquired the

NOW

Oh, love them while they're here, not when away. And you will never have a yesterday. That you regret, no moment you recall. When you, who had so much, gave not at all. Speak kindly when the loved are here to hear. And you will never look down some long year. Or year of years, and wish that you had said. The words that might have cheered or comforted. —F.B.

By **VICKI BAUM**

faced gentleman who stood aside. Bill nodded. The gentleman with whom he was in conversation, also grey-haired, a director of the Phoenix Picture Corporation by the name of Sam Houston, made a slight sign with the middle finger of his left hand. Donca Morescu was still standing before the lobby, under the glass roof, when Mr. Keller whispered to MacOrlathan, then turned quickly to the microphone.

"If you ask a woman why she is in love with a certain man, you will hear nothing but foolish answers," Donca remarked, opening the programme and noting with pleasure that there, too, his name was first, and in the largest letters. "I, for instance, would say that I am troubled by the manner in which you sit down and raise your trousers at the knees."

"Well—troubled!" He began to laugh.

They were both speaking as in a comedy. He was grateful to her that she allowed him to laugh, grateful that she permitted him to exhibit from time to time his celebrated laugh. All Hollywood was there. All Hollywood stared at them through mascara-shadowed eyes, from under artificial brows, from behind forgettes, through opera-glasses. Five thousand pairs of eyes of people who lived through their eyes looked at the loving couple; actors, directors, writers, painters, photographers—people for whom eyes are everything, whose visual senses are trained to the extreme—looked at them. A horrible and horrifying thing, these five thousand pairs of eyes that ruled Hollywood. And they all looked at

FALLING STAR

(Continued from page 7)

Donca and Oliver. And Donca and Oliver knew it, and acted as if they were on a stage, controlling every muscle of their faces.

DONCA looked at Oliver with unprotected eyes. She noticed the color of the hair on his head, the hard line of his small chin, the proud expression of cleanness and nobility, and the line from the mouth to the temple that was inexpressibly perfect.

He leaned over to her. "Not like that, and not here, darling," he said warningly, though his face looked as if he were whispering something polite.

"He is just an actor," she thought—though no one in the world believed that Oliver Dent was an actor. It was enough that he was Oliver Dent.

Suddenly her face became naked. "I love you!" she whispered. "I know—because I have raised my

trousers at the knees so well, and taken you by the elbow—"

"Because of that, too!" she asserted. The hall was suddenly plunged in darkness.

"The first man that I thought I loved used to beat me up," Donca said.

"Keep quiet, Donca," Oliver cautioned her.

"I wasn't fifteen yet," she went on.

"Please, please!"

"Do you mind?" she challenged.

"Of course. Yeah, I know, Bucharest," he said.

She had a bad habit of recalling at odd moments her low beginnings in her Rumanian youth. She laughed aloud, so that men turned and looked at her.

"Yeah, that was in Bucharest. And that's me, Donca Morescu."

Oliver's face composed itself.

"If the damn thing would only begin! If it only would finish soon!" he said between his teeth.

Donca looked at him with surprise.

"Puh!" she exclaimed. "Nervous?"

And at the same moment a gynecopied rhythm began to tremble in the air.

"Well, I probably have nerves. I am afraid, or—"

And then he began to smile politely. "I am beginning to be fed up with the whole damn thing!"

He added, drying his brow with a lavender-scented handkerchief.

"B" E so kind as to let me pass," said a young lady to a young man after the rope was lowered in front of the theatre.

The conversation was between the same tall young man who had exchanged a few words with Oliver Dent, and the platinum blonde young lady for whom he had procured an autograph. She barely reached to his shoulder, and he looked down at her reproachfully, stepping aside.

"That was nice—but it's all over now," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

He stood by her, a little space between her arm and his.

"Well? Dissatisfied?" he asked.

"And now what?"

"Now? A little dynamite under the theatre; a neat little bit of dynamite to throw the whole Phoenix Picture Palace sky-high, and it would be grand!"

"Whom are you mad at?"

"Everybody! I hate that crowd that can watch such a performance! That's all. They've paid fifteen dollars a seat to look at it."

"I've got two places—not such good ones. If you care, second aisle on the right, in the back."

The girl was looking at the tip of her shoes while speaking to him. Now she looked up.

"Places? Two? You? Don't kid me. Why aren't you in there, if you've got two places?" she asked.

"First, because I couldn't get in because of the crowd. And second, because I had to see that they didn't crush you."

Her skin was honey-brown. Her brows were brown. A little bit of a nose. She had two sets of lips, her own and the ones traced artificially in the form of a heart; and her own were a little sentimental. Her hair had probably been as dark as her eyes; and God alone knows what torture she had undergone to bring it to the color that photographed best.

"Why, you are the man who spoke to Oliver Dent!" she said suddenly, as if she had just recognised the man who had protected her in the crush of the crowd. "Did Oliver give you the tickets?"

"No," he replied; "one of the directors of the Phoenix outfit did."

"Oh," she said, with heightened interest. "Was it Grannit? Grannit is very influential."

"No," he said. "I know him—the fat-head! But I got the tickets from Eisenlohr."

"Oh!" she said respectfully. "From Eisenlohr! Do you know Eisenlohr?"

Talking, they moved forward. The searchlights were still drilling the skies of Hollywood. The girl was again looking at her shoes. The right shoe had been trod upon. She played with her rather worn leather bag.

"Well, shall we go in?" the young man asked, after having followed her eyes to the shoe and the bag.

"I, too, could have had tickets," she said. "If I had wanted. Timmons asked me. Do you know him?"

"Which Timmons?"

"The continuity-writer."

"And you didn't want to."

"No, of course not."

"Oh, I know. Afterward you are asked to dinner. And then follows the necking in a car, and all the schmoos about love. Writers are so stupid. As far as that goes, I will not ask you to dinner afterward," he assured her.

After all, he didn't care whether she went in with him or not. Hadn't he

just been suffering again from homesickness?

"I'm not dressed for such an occasion," she objected weakly.

The young man looked at her critically.

"Oh, nonsense! You look like a million dollars to me!"

The girl was beautiful. He noticed that without much enthusiasm. Her grey dress enwrapped a most magnificent figure. But in Hollywood, beauty is as common as berries.

"Well—if you really care to—it's nice of you to ask me," she succumbed, waiting for him to take her arm, as Oliver Dent had taken the Morescu arm. But he forgot to do so. "You are German, aren't you?" she inquired.

"How did you guess that?"

"Oh, the accent," she said.

"Is that so?" The observation having anything but pleased him, he stopped for a moment under a Moorish lantern and turned toward her. "Do you really think I still have a German accent?"

"Well, what of it?" she asked lightly.

"I talked to Eisenlohr to-day about that, and he said that I hardly have

any accent left, hardly anything that you could call an accent," he added stubbornly.

"But he himself is German, isn't he?"

"He is a marvellous director," said the young man insistently, as if insistence could improve his accent.

"He has great influence," the girl replied thoughtfully, adding with a smile: "They surely could use you in the German versions."

Overture

VICKI BAUM has played the overture to her momentous symphony of life, "Falling Star."

Next week the first movement, already suggested, grows stronger. You will follow the girl Frances and her companion Aldens into the picture palace, and watch the premiere of "Hardogon."

Do not miss the next instalment of this amazing work by the world's greatest woman writer.

(To be continued Next Week)



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This much olive oil goes into every cake of Palmolive.

Faithfully shown by the size of the container on the left is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

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Careers & Girls—No. 15

DRESSMAKING and Designing

(By Our Special Commissioner)

In no profession do more practical opportunities for profitable careers for girls exist than in the world of dress creation.

The demand for competent designers, cutters, and dressmakers is a symbol of the opportunities that await girls with initiative, originality, and resource.

THE principal of one of our leading dressmaking colleges told me during the week that the demand for thoroughly trained girls was such that they can be placed just as rapidly as they can be trained.

"The average girl thinks she can 'bust' into dressmaking without any training, simply with the skill which she has acquired from her mother or her sewing mistress at school," said a leading frock designer from St. James' Buildings, "and that is where she makes her first mistake."

"Numbers of young girls learn to make nice frocks for themselves, and earn a reputation among their friends for smart dressing, and they decide to launch out into business as a dressmaker. They find within a short time that the average woman is very hard to please, and a big percentage of them fade out of business within six or twelve months."

After the war a style of clothes came into vogue like "sacks," a double piece of material scarcely reaching to the knees, with a sash round the waist. The design was simple; any girl could make one of those frocks, and hundreds of girls and women started into dressmaking, but the majority are this have lost the idea that they can make dresses to suit the other woman.

While it is true that these, what may be called amateur dressmakers, have overloaded the profession, there is ample scope and opportunity for the girl with initiative, originality, and resource in the field of dress creation.

Colleges which specialise in the teaching of dressmaking in all its branches, designing, cutting and making, usually like to get girls of 14 or 15 years of age for training purposes. Educational qualifications are a minor consideration. They count perhaps less in this than in most vocations, but what is required is a natural neatness, and aptitude for the work. The courses are taken in easy stages, so that girls of average intelligence can master them with little difficulty, and colleges claim that after a six or twelve months' professional course their pupils are able to take their place beside the most competent dressmakers in the land.

This statement, by the way, is not subscribed to by one or two of the leading frock specialists I spoke to on the



matter; but all admit that a college course is extremely useful to a budding dressmaker.

The fees charged for training are very moderate, averaging about 2/- a lesson, and the equipment required for the full course costs less than £1.

One feature of college training which appeals strongly to girls in humble circumstances is that while at college they not only learn to make all their own clothes, but as they progress they are able to help to support themselves with orders from friends and acquaintances, and before their full period of training is completed they have worked up a connection and are able to open up in business with an assurance of, at least, some support.

The capital required to commence a dressmaking business is practically nil. All that is required is to set up a workroom at home, or rent a small shop, or portion of a shop. The sewing machine, which is a necessary adjunct of the business, can be secured on almost any terms from one of the numerous firms dealing in those useful commodities.

For the girl who does not care about her own little business, there are always openings with the high-class firms in the city which specialise in frock-making, and the colleges report that girls can be placed just as quickly as they can be trained.

There are also many inquiries from manufacturing firms for trained dressmakers, and there is a constant demand from the retail shops in the country for girls to take charge of their dressmaking departments.

The standard of dressmaking in Sydney is not good to-day, according to the opinion of an expert. The detail work is done satisfactorily, but real chic and smartness are lacking. This cannot be said of Melbourne, where the smartness in tailoring has always been a feature.

Wages paid to untrained dressmakers are very small; they usually start at something between 7/6 and 12/6 a week, while a college-trained girl can command from £1 to 25/- a week. The best dressmakers rise from the workrooms of the high-class firms, and it is usually found that a girl who has a flair for smart dressing herself makes the most successful dressmaker.

Easy Courses

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE TAKES TERRIBLE TOLL

THE Blood Pressure of Australians is higher than that of any of the World's peoples—higher than that of the American negro, whose blood pressure exceeds that of all peoples except ours.

It is a curious fact that the blood pressure of emigrants to Australia increases from the normal in their own countries, and Japanese and Chinese, whose blood pressures have been normal in the countries of their birth, have experienced an increase in pressure after living for some years here—to the level of that of native-born Australians.

In one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood Pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

- The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:
1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
 2. Head noises.
 3. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
 4. Flashes to head and throat.
 5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
 6. Insomnia and nervousness.
 7. Failing eyesight.
 8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
 9. Fear of impending disaster.
 10. Irritability and depression.
 11. Loss of will power.
 12. Bladder weakness.
 13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

High Blood Pressure, like cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

Watch Your Food

As we said before, High Blood Pressure is most frequently caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons and to keep it free from them when this has been done.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden occasionally after meals. Menhaden being a most powerful natural antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream, and relieves the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden is sufficient for this purpose.

Unluckily many people make mistakes with the food which they eat. Generally because they do not know that some foods are not good for them and that other foods are actual poisons when disease is present.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden are procurable from every chemist and store in Australia in boxes of 30 Menhaden at 8/6 (sample boxes of 35 at 2/6) with the diet chart in every box.

If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address above the margin, and send it to W. James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 355 George Street, Sydney (opposite G.P.O.), and your Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden will reach you by return mail, complete with diet chart enclosed.

Be sure to get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable natural medicine, which contains no drugs.

When Salt is a Poison

Who would have thought that ordinary table salt, that commonest of articles in the family kitchen, is actually a poison in cases of High Blood Pressure and diseases of the heart, brain, and kidneys?

Yet such is the fact, and it shows how important the question of diet in disease really is, and for that reason, a copy of Dr. Mackenzie's Diet Chart is enclosed with every box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden.

Every person who suffers from High Blood Pressure, or Heart, Kidney, or Brain disease, should never use ordinary salt at table, because ordinary salt raises the already weakened by disease. You can get a special, medicated salt called Pressure-salt for your food, and which will not raise the blood pressure or affect the heart. You can get Pressure-salt at all Chemists in green-topped powder boxes at 2/6 per flask. —***

PARTY TRICKS that will THRILL the GUESTS

By L. W. LOWER,
Australia's Foremost
Humorist.
Illustrated by Wep.

The imminence of the festivities invariably associated (what big words you have, grandma!) with the Caulfield Cup meeting demands immediate blowing up of balloons and other preparations for parties.

TOO many hostesses leave their preparations till the last minute and are caught in the act of teaching the butlers how to form fours and leap obstacles.

The careful hostess will see that the sandwiches are out at least a week beforehand. Oyster patties and other hors d'oeuvres, as they say in the French language, may be left till later. Speaking of oyster patties, the oysters will go much further if the shells are left on.

In these days, economy must be studied, and I have a number of cement scoons at home which have lasted me for the last sixteen parties.

With a Swing

However, it is not these minor culinary details which engage our attention at the moment. The thing is to make the party go with a swing. Indoor games play a big part.

Puss in the Corner is a very nice game, especially when you have thirty-five guests and only four corners. Pop Goes the Weasel is jolly if one can get hold of a good weasel, and it is so weaselly played. Not like Postman's Knock, which needs a certain amount of tact, lipstick, and stamina.

The hostess should see that, right from the start, every guest is made to feel

OTHERS

I do not always smile,
Forever sing;
And yet not all the while
The earth's at spring.
Life now an acre which
But little yields,
I am not always rich,
Nor are the fields.

I do not always reap
Where I have sown;
And yet how many weep
That I have known.
At times the weary day
In sorrow ends;
I am not always gay,
Nor are my friends.

I do not always win,
Forever gain;
For life has thistles in
As well as grain.
At times the skies are wet,
The shadows fall;
But why should others fret,
I not at all?

—J.B.

at home. With married men, a good amount in the face as they enter the house is sufficient. Women should be spoken to in a friendly, tactful way, such as, "My, you do look haggard!" and little intimate touches like that.

BUTLERS should be oiled up about announcing the guests as they arrive.

For example: "Mr. Pamith-Harris... drunk."

"Mrs. Chaimondely Jones, with a new hat on."

"Mr. Kennedy Clot! Lock up the spoons."

The toast of the Royal Family should then be drunk, starting off with the King and working down through the princes, past the Duchess of Teck, and so on to William of Orange. Then a little music.

At the more pretentious parties it is usual for the hostess to engage professional entertainers, failing this, it is quite easy to provide a little amusement oneself.

The Indian rope trick, for instance. All one needs for this is a piece of rope and an Indian. The rope is thrown into the air.

The Indian climbs up the rope and disappears. The Indian has the hardest part. Alternatively, one can throw the Indian up in the air and let him slide down himself while you disappear with the rope.

Try These Games

The hardened host or hostess will find that a game of Hiddings and Seekings is essential at various stages of the party. The host or hostess invariably goes "IT." He or she counts a hundred while the



Wep drops in at a birthday party.

guests scatter and hide. "IT" then cries in a loud voice, "Coming—ready or not!" He, or she, then lights a cigarette, puts his or her feet up on the mantelpiece, pours him or herself out a rum, and says, "Well, thank heavens for a bit of peace and quietness."

After about half an hour the hidden guests will give themselves up voluntarily.

The game of "Murders" is still very fashionable.

You draw lots to see who is going to be the murderer, and nobody knows who it is. Then you put the lights out and the murderer pretends to murder someone, and then when the lights go on again you've got to find out who did it.

It makes the game much more interesting if someone is really and actually murdered. People who insist on singing "Beneath Thy Window" and "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" are good subjects and would never be missed. I have got rid of a lot of people that way.

THE finish of a party is no less important than the start. The hostess will usually find herself left with about twelve people who have missed their last trains, trams, or boats home. The usual procedure is for the hostess to go to her husband and say in a hoarse, hysterical voice, "What the devil are we going to do with these confounded rotters?"

The husband answers, "Wasser-marrer?"

The wife then replies, "Bah!" She then goes to her stranded guests and says:

"You really must stay with us tonight. You couldn't possibly go home now... Oh, no! No trouble at all! I'll soon fix you up."

Then, having got them all bedded down, she says to her husband, "Come on."

They then leave the house, not setting fire to it in several places. This saves all the washing-up.

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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 23, 1933.

NOBODY WANTS TO BE SICK

IT is no use the Premier of Victoria, Sir Stanley Argyle, complaining that persons who make use of public hospitals do not pay for the treatment they receive.



His idea of the hospital problem is that some means should be found for making patients pay. For that reason he denounces a proposal of the Lord Mayor of Melbourne for a voluntary contribution scheme.

The N.S.W. Government faces the same problem, of course. But while the State Lottery continues to boom the problem can be conveniently forgotten. However, in using public moneys (no matter how obtained) for supporting the hospitals, the N.S.W. attitude is more in line with general Australian sentiment.

The Victorian Premier is wrong when he says the real problem is to squeeze payment out of the patient. That is simply the same as saying that the aged should look after themselves, that widows and orphans should be left to charity, that the unemployed should receive no food relief, and that parents should pay for school upkeep.

Government in Australia has always provided community benefits. Education. Sick and old age pensions. Child maintenance. The fact that hospitals are not included in the list is a reproach to the politicians.

We know there are generous donors and sincere charity workers who are willing to continue the present system of hospital finance.

But this is playing into the hands of the many thousands of non-helpers. Moreover, there are too many professional "charity workers" whose expenses eat up an excessive amount of the contributions from the public.

Patients should, of course, be compelled to pay something. It would be easy to draw up an equitable scale based on income.

But sickness is a national calamity. Nobody wants to be sick. The way to combat it is on national lines.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

THE REBEL

Each morning we arise at seven,
Step out and take a look at heaven
To note the day, if wet or dry,
Then eat our breakfast, light our briar,
And to a certain cell retire.
Where duties wait us, mountains high,
And buy and sell and pay and borrow,
And know we'll do the same to-morrow.

Some day, I know, in desperation
I'll rise and break some regulation,
Assert myself, and have my way,
Though some may say I've lost my senses,
I shall not care for consequences,
Or care what other people say,
What happens will be immaterial—
Some day I'm going to change my cereal.

POINTS OF VIEW

Films In Schools

THE Children's Cinema Council of Victoria have urged that an educational film bureau be established, and that one per cent. of duty on incoming films be reserved for its finance.

Mrs. McColl, the secretary, told the Assistant-Federal Treasurer at a deputation that many schools would install cinema apparatus if they were assured of a supply of films.

She quoted the Gordon Technical College, Geelong, and the Guildford College, Perth, where films are already used in education.

It is high time cinemas were installed in all schools. The educational possibilities of films are unlimited, and it is a wonder that some of the big film companies have not exploited the market.

This Leisure

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND people of all ages, from London and outlying districts, resumed their studies last week under a London County Council scheme for continued education. There is no age limit, and the fees are nominal.

A grandfather of 70 is said to sit with his son and grandson in the same class. Many of the students are unemployed men and women.

The scheme is significant in view of the fact that a future civilisation seems to promise one thing very definitely, and that is more leisure for everyone.

How this leisure is to be used is a problem which has been worrying sociologists. Education seems to solve the problem, for here is one work which can never be finished.

"First Shall Be Last"

IT is surely an ironical endorsement of the Biblical saying, "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first," that New Zealand has only just returned a woman to Parliament.

At the Lyttelton by-election, Mrs. McCumbe (Labor) won her late husband's seat.

She is the Dominion's first woman politician. So even though New Zealand is said to have been the first country in the world to give women the right to sit in Parliament, it is the last to practise what it preaches.

Secret of Life

IN the research department of the London Hospital a group of young men are trying to discover the secret of life.

They are trying to reach beyond the shelf of knowledge represented by bacteriology.

Minute as bacteria are, they are hoping to find something thousands of times smaller... the actual chemical and physical constitution of bacterial life, which may prove to be the secret of human life.

As anything is possible in a world where by turning a dial you can hear a man speak from the other side of the globe, no one would be really surprised if these young scientists met with success.

Under The Rose

THE Minister for the Interior, Mr. Perkins, has planted the first bush in one of the plots specially set out at Canberra, and has thereby inaugurated the national rose garden which will eventually contain 23,000 roses given to Australia by people all over the Commonwealth.

Canberra, of course, is already well known as the national bear garden for politicians from all States, but it is to be hoped there will not eventually be 23,000 of these.

Marriage Age

ARTICLES in The Australian Women's Weekly, drawing attention to the ridiculous age at which Australian children are allowed to marry, have at last produced results.

It was pointed out that, during the last year alone, over 300 marriages had taken place in which one of the parties was 16 years old or under. One girl was only 13, and a dozen were married at the age of 14.

It is now learnt that the N.S.W. Minister for Justice, Mr. Martin, proposes to amend the Marriage Act to make the minimum marriageable age 16 in each case, instead of 12 for girls, and 14 for boys, as it now stands. Even 16 is absurdly young.

Silly Differences

THE New South Wales proposal to raise the marriageable age of minors is followed by the timely advice of Victoria's Attorney-General, Mr. Menzies, that marriage and divorce laws in all States should be made uniform.

It is an amazing thing that although Australia is regarded as one nation, many of its State laws are as different as those of separate countries.

Last week a widow in Sydney was unable to benefit by her husband's will because her marriage to him, in New South Wales, was held to be invalid.

The Commonwealth has power under the

New Music for World of To-day

Next month the Australian Broadcasting Commission starts to broadcast a series of 26 Grand Operas.

Productions are under the direction of Maestro Wando Aldrovandi, who has written this interesting article on Grand Opera for The Australian Women's Weekly.

By Maestro Wando Aldrovandi

IT is difficult to find new operas to interest the people because the old ones are so popular and so good.

Many people say to me, why do we always have the same operatic fare? They are the people who have studied music and who are able to understand the difficult transition period through which modern music is passing. I explain to them that there is not yet a modern composer who can interpret in his music the mood of to-day. And the reason for this is not so much lack of skill on the part of composers as the unsettled condition of modern life.

EVERYTHING is changing very quickly. The world to-day is like a big cloud. It is never the same shape for very long. An artist cannot paint it as it is, because it has no stability.

For the same reason a musician cannot catch its expression.

But stability will come, I am sure, and with it composers the equal of Puccini, Verdi, and Wagner.

A great deal of modern opera music is too difficult and uninteresting for the average person to understand.

There are some people who are of the opinion that the average person should not be taken into consideration. That he or she has no musical taste. I am not one of these. On the contrary, I think it is the average person's opinion of music which makes it good or not so good.

TAKE a composer like Puccini. He is the ideal opera composer. His music has a universal appeal. In all nations, and among all classes, rich and poor, cultured and uncultured, Puccini wins admirers. It is because his music is written from the heart. It appeals to all the emotions, and all mankind have the same emotions.

For music to be great and good, it must, I think, do this. Modern opera music does not do it. It appeals only to a certain class of highly-trained musicians. It is written with the head, not the heart.

I regard the development of music in the same way as the growth of a tree. The tree has many branches. The wireless and the cinema are two of them.

At present, however, the tree is in sad need of pruning. It is overgrown and in consequence its fruit is weak and tasteless.

I LOOK to wireless and the cinema to produce an entirely new kind of operatic music. It will be something different to what we know to-day. Above all, it will be universal in its appeal, and it will please everyone, as really good music can and should do.

Great conservatoriums of the world are already aware of the change that is taking place, and are giving special tuition for the composition of music suitable for broadcasting.

Has This Happened To You?

MY young son has a habit of exploring the fowl yard each morning before breakfast. Recently, while the weather was very cold, he arrived with an egg in each hand. He was delighted that the hens had understood that he and his brother had ordered poached eggs on toast.

I proceeded to poach them, but on cracking the shells was surprised to find the interiors frozen stiff—a glistening mass.

Such an unusual sight caused a great deal of excitement. I laid them aside on a plate and showed them to several people, all of whom expressed surprise, never having previously seen such a thing.

It was lunch time before the eggs became normal. — "Bellevue," Goulburn



Little children in Japan are now being brought up on similar lines to children in other countries. This picture shows a kindergarten in Tokio.

(Our Overseas Service.)

Federal Constitution to make marriage and divorce laws uniform in all States, and such cases as this should make the necessity clear.

A Die-Hard Husband

TURNING from the sublime to the ridiculous on this subject of marriage Eugenia Bankhead, sister of the famous Tallulah, is soon to marry her seventh husband, Mr. Kennedy McConnell.

But she is no female Bluebeard; she is just a very nice girl who feels that she can exercise her woman's prerogative to change her mind. And change it. And change it.

Though she has divorced six husbands, she claims to be still seeking her ideal, and she intends to go on divorcing them until she gets what she wants.

One of her husbands she married and divorced three times, which suggests that Morton Hoyt, the man, was not far off the ideal.

After going down the third time, however, he stayed divorced.

JANE'S JOURNAL—The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

WENT OUT TO LUNCH WITH MR FINKLESTEIN

I QUITE FORGOT HE WAS A VEGETARIAN

AND FRITZ IS NOT

HAD TO TAKE HIM TO A PROPER RESTAURANT AFTERWARDS



P. 11

SON of Ephraim

A Chip of the Old Block

THAT Anthony Wells disappeared from the world for a time is indubitably true. There is much evidence of it in the newspapers of that period, and in the agitated correspondence of the Directorate of the Blue Pennant Line, of which the young man was, and still is, chairman. But the inner history, the real account of what happened to him, has not so far come into print. That much water flowed under his particular bridge is an established fact in the minds of his intimates, but since the manner in which it flowed is not unworthy of record, here it is.

At the age of twenty-five, Anthony Wells became an important man. In that year he came into control of the Blue Pennant Line on the death of his father, and the Blue Pennant Line is by far the greatest steamship concern plying passengers and freight on all the seven seas, as everybody knows. So the young Anthony became a public man; in due course he would marry the daughter of an earl; he would enter Parliament; he would live to a ripe and honorable old age, doing his distinguished work in the world, even as his father had begun it. Everybody said so.

But at the same time, those who knew him admitted to themselves, and sometimes to each other, that Anthony was not at all like the rough-necked old sea captain who had founded the

By a Girl of 16

FRAGMENT

A sombre pine against a dull grey sky.
The howling of some creature for its mate;
A moonless or a starless night—
Those are four things I hate.
To see wee puppies in a shop for sale—
A prison wall, a chain, an iron gate—
A broken poppy, or a ringbarked tree,
And these things, too, I hate!
—Yvonne Webb.

Blue Pennant. The more critical of these even went so far as to say that the boy was soft.

This difference was due to one thing—the world had allotted old Ephraim Wells for a birthplace a fisherman's hut outside Yarmouth, and the son at the age of twelve for his education; whereas Ephraim Wells had allotted his son Anthony a childhood in Farnham Hall, followed by Eton and Christchurch, spiced with a generous and increasing allowance.

The result, of course, was that in some respects Anthony was not the man his father had been. By this criticism I do not mean that the Blue Pennant Line would have eventually fallen into decay under his hand, but at the same time I believe that that well-controlled, ever-expanding organization benefited somewhat by the queer and, perhaps, unpleasant thing that happened to its chief.

This occurred in the October of the year Ephraim Wells took his final and well-earned rest, and the Blue Pennant Line became Anthony's.

Anthony took a holiday. He went to San Francisco to meet the general manager of the Pacific office. On his way he examined those portions of North America he did not already know, and arrived in San Francisco on the eighteenth of November. On the nineteenth, puzzled by the city's inconsistent jumble, he bought a guide-book. The next day, the twentieth of November, he disappeared from all sight and knowledge as completely as ever a human being disappeared. To use an outworn expression, the earth might have opened and swallowed him up.

It was entirely the fault of the guide-

book—or rather Anthony's interpretation of it. To be brief, let us explain that while he was taking three consecutive turnings to the left he was in actual fact taking only two. A small slip, one might say, but smaller have been sufficient to play havoc with a man's life.

A little while later he told himself that he was a rotten bad hand with a guide-book, and sat down on a canvas-covered bale on Dugan's wharf and waited for someone to come along and rescue him.

The night was particularly black, and the quite invisible, much disguised Pacific, which lapped fitfully against the stone side of the wharf some feet beneath him, was particularly melancholy to the ear.

He waited, and after a while was rewarded by the sound of footsteps—but their coming did not materially assist his own wandering feet back to the world he had temporarily mislaid.

Indeed, the stranger did not a little to ensure that the grip of the dark and mysterious should be tightened about the young man, and that the lapping of the Pacific should have further opportunities of assailing his ears.

An electric torch flashed suddenly on Anthony's face in answer to his hail, and a guttural voice broke the silence.

"What are you doin' here, bo?"

"I've lost my way. I was taking a look round and blundered down here. I nearly fell into the water."

The torch wavered up and down the well-dressed figure in consideration, and then went out.

"Follow me," directed the voice. Considerably relieved, Tony took a step forward—and then tottered suddenly under the force of a crushing blow which descended on the side of his head. He cried out in protest, but the

darkness, after breaking forth into spasmodic lights, became blacker than ever; he fell forward against his assailant, to be tucked swiftly under a huge and expert arm.

During the next hour he knew but one moment of partial consciousness, and then, in the midst of his struggles with confused impressions, a voice reached him.

"Drink," it said, and the young man drank—and forthwith slept.

Anthony Wells, son of Ephraim Wells, had been neatly and scientifically shanghaied with no more than one feeble cry of protest to disturb the serenity of the night.

They number it among the professions in the Frisco Dockland. It is followed by certain intrepid spirits who live well by the game, falling within the law of supply and demand

By SELWYN JEPSON

like any other section of the business community—only they do not trade across a counter. They work in the secret drinking saloons, and occasionally, as we have seen, on dark nights in the open.

The principle is simple. Such and such a skipper, sailing at daybreak, needs another hand to complete his crew, and an unscrupulous mate goes to Mr. So-and-So, who, if approached properly, will guarantee to fill the vacancy. So much is paid down on account and no questions are ever asked.

In due course a man, who appears to be so intoxicated that he cannot stand, is put aboard the ship, and the mate who receives him is advised to see that he is kept out of sight until

Four hours in the twenty-four he slept, and during those the girl did her turn at the wheel gallantly, for the sluggish vessel was heavy under the hand.

the harbor-master's officials have done their business.

Into this traffic Tony Wells unhappily fell, and incidentally provided unusual pickings in the shape of a well-garnished pocket-book, a dress suit, and some silken underwear—to say nothing of a pair of patent-leather shoes. The lack of these things was one of his first discoveries.

WHEN he awoke it was from the effects of several pails of sea-water, which were being dashed over him by a man in jersey and trousers who boasted a voluminous black beard and small, red-rimmed, black eyes. He swore and continued to ply the pail.

"Get up! Damn your lazy, drunken hide! There's work to do! You're at sea now!"

Which Anthony discovered to be in at least two ways true. He scrambled, rocking, to his feet and faced the gentleman with the pail. He found the sight unpleasant, and glanced about him. Above his head was a cloud of white, wind-filled sails and a multitudinous array of ropes and spars; and above these was the sky. On either side of the ship stretched a landless grey sea flecked with white specks. It was all as unpleasant as the face of the third mate—who introduced himself blasphemously, ending with a request to:

"Get att!"

Anthony did not obey. He looked indignantly at the man and said:

"Take me to the captain of this ship

At the age of twenty-five Anthony Wells came into control of the Blue Pennant Line on the death of his father. In due course he would marry the daughter of an earl; he would enter Parliament.

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES



at once. This is an outrageous thing. My name is Anthony Wells."

The third mate jeered. The name conveyed nothing, and he had experienced similar displays of indignation.

"Well, 'Wells,'" he said jocularly, and stuck out his beard. "You be 'ave yourself, cuddy. An' if you'll take my advice, you'll keep yer mouth shut."

"I prefer to speak to the captain," retorted Anthony sharply. The third mate looked at him and clenched his fist. Then he turned abruptly with a gesture.

Anthony followed him across the deck, down a companionway, and into a wide cabin. At a table in the centre sat a girl of about twenty-three. She wore a dark blue jumper and her brown hair hung in two long plaits down either shoulder. Her eyes were blue and her face warmly tanned. She glanced up from a paper she was reading.

"What is it?"

"This man has a complaint, Miss Casey. Wants to see the Cap'n."

"My father is in his bunk. I'll deal with the matter."

The third mate hesitated a moment, for he was not sure that the captain would like to be deputed in a matter of this kind. Then he made up his mind, and said:

"Very good, miss," and went out, leaving Anthony in a very perplexed state of mind. He was still dazed, but it occurred to him that this quiet-eyed girl was a queer thing to strike in such an atmosphere.

"Now," she said briskly, "what is it?"

"I want to know what I'm doing aboard this ship," he said. "I was attacked last night, drugged, and brought here senseless. I want to be taken back to San Francisco at once. I have a lot of important work to do. My name is Anthony Wells."

She stared at him.

"You were very drunk last night," she said. "They had to hold your hand while you signed on."

"Signed on! I did nothing of the sort!"

She raised her eyebrows, reached for a paper in front of her, and pointed. He bent over it.

"R. Hope. My name is Anthony Wells," he protested. "I'm the chairman of the Blue Pennant Line."

The girl frowned, and then burst into rippling laughter.

"You are, are you? Well, you don't look it, my friend."

(Please turn to Page 12)

It was then he realised that his clothes were quite unlike anything he had ever worn in his life. A dirty singlet and a pair of worn and tattered dungarees covered his body. They were soaking from the third mate's administrations with the pall.

"I tell you I am!" he said, and caught sight of his face in a mirror over the bulkhead. It was unshaven and smeared with divers dirt. The girl suddenly rose, and produced a newspaper from a locker.

"If you can read," she said, "look at that."

"That," was a photograph of a man in polo rig. Beneath it was a paragraph:

"Mr. Anthony Wells, the shipping magnate, who is to play polo for England on November 22nd."

Anthony nodded with relief.

"That's me," he averred ungrammatically.

"And that's the date!" the girl broke in, and pointed to a block calendar over the stove. Large black figures informed the world that it was the 21st of November.

"You'll be a bit late for that match, won't you?" she asked, caustically.

"But I changed my plans—"

He was becoming alarmed.

SON of EPHRAIM

(Continued from Page 11)

Again he was interrupted, this time by an immensely tall man, who emerged from a door behind him. He stepped up to the table. The girl spoke.

"Father, this man says he was lured here under false pretences. He says his name is Wells—the Blue Pennant people, you know." The captain scowled.

"Poor old Ephraim is dead. False pretences! What the devil do you mean?" He stared down on Anthony.

"Do you accuse me of shanghaiing you? I'll break your neck!"

"I'm Ephraim's son," said Anthony, with a poor anger. "You may not have been personally concerned with my abduction, but—"

"Ephraim's son! The hell you are—not!" the tall man sneered. "I knew Ephraim in the old days—you undersized little liar! He'd never have bred your sort. Get out of here!"

Anthony strove to gather his wits in the storm of uncontrollable things that were happening to him. Then he

felt strong hands grasping him, and was aware of swift movement. The next moment he landed on hands and knees at the foot of the companion-way.

He picked himself up, looked back at the cabin for a moment in indecision, and then turned and crawled painfully to the deck. The third mate met him with a grin.

"What did I say, cuddy?"

Anthony Wells was not remembering what the third mate had said. He was looking thoughtfully at the far horizon and biting his lips.

What had that brute of a captain called him? "Under-sized little liar," and had implied that there was nothing of Ephraim Wells about him—that Ephraim Wells would never have disgraced himself with a son such as he. And that girl of his had not seen so much as a shade of injustice in it—her eyes had not flickered. Funny he should have noticed that.

As these thoughts ran through his



"Poor old Henry; his wife asked him what flower she should go as to the fancy dress ball, and he suggested a 'snap-dragon'!"

mind, a half-squall struck the ship; the wind thrummed through her rigging, and she swung over on her side for a moment, then swung up again and plunged forward like a spirited

mare. The wake boiled at her stern, and a jib carried away with a crack like forty pistol shots.

There followed the shouting of orders and a quick swarming of men to replace the lost sail. The mind of Anthony Wells was chaotic, but he comprehended all these things with his instinct—one might almost say his racial instincts. He straightened his back and pursed his lips as the cool wind bit through his thin clothing. Then his eyes narrowed and he clenched his fists.

He turned to the third mate, and met his interested stare.

"You said something just now about getting aft," he said. "Where is 'aft'?"

With an approving smile, the third mate showed him.

THE sailing barque "Koristro," Yokohama-bound, was a very sick ship when the typhoon left her. She had met it two hundred miles off the coast of Japan ten weeks from the day she had sailed through the Golden Gate. She wallowed now in the trough, too waterlogged even to shudder when the angry green waves broke over her, settling her bare decks awash from stem to stern; too utterly shattered in masts and rigging to show anything but an air of misery to the blazing noontide sun.

Her decks were deserted, her wheel lashed; foremast and mizzen-mast had gone by the board when the great gale struck her, and their wire stays lay in twisted, rusty coils.

The bridge had gone, and a few broken planks swirling in the foaming scuppers was all that remained of the deck-house. The rest, along with all movable objects, had been claimed by the Pacific twenty-four hours ago, as even now it strove to claim the ship herself.

The vast sea was empty save for three small beetle-like specks some four miles to the east, bobbing into sight every few moments, and then disappearing behind the mountainous seas. They were the boats of the "Koristro," filled with her men, who had decided that if ever they were to reach dry land it would not be on board the ship. She was a very sick ship.

But the barque was not derelict yet. The fourth boat, tarped and lashed to the stump of the wayward mizzen-mast, so that she could be hoisted out when the need came, remained.

Below decks there was almost as much water as above. The main saloon, beneath battened companion-hatch, was inches deep with it, and at every turgid movement of the ship it swilled to and fro, mournfully.

ON the table sat two people, their legs swinging. One was the captain's daughter, tousled-haired and wide-eyed with sleepiness; the other was Anthony Wells—or "Hope" as he was now called. On the seat under the line of scuttled debris lay the captain with his leg in splints. He was scowling at the beams above his head and speaking through his teeth because his broken leg, caught under the falling mizzen, hurt abominably.

"If I choose to stick to my ship, Joan," he was saying, "there's no reason why you should be so damned obstinate. You do as you're told. You can launch the boat between you and get off before she goes. As for you, Hope, you're more than a dam' fool. You had your chance when the others went. You were in the fore'cabin."

The girl said nothing, but Anthony spoke.

"You've forgotten, sir, that I was occupied with getting you down here," he said. "And, anyhow, I was the only person on board who could have set your leg. It will be as right as rain in a month."

"What the hell does it matter if it is or it isn't?" snapped the other. "I can drown just as well without it."

"I'm not so sure that you are going to drown," remarked Anthony thoughtfully, surveying his cracked hands.

(Please turn to Page 36)

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The Affair of the Leopard's SPOTS



A TINNY buzz of voices. High-pitched, stumbling, lurching laughter. On a platform at the far end of the large room negro musicians, with silver instruments glued to their thick, purplish-blue lips, playing the sensuous thump and whine of the latest Irving Berlin tune, jerking up and down in their chairs like Italian marionettes. Couples dancing. Feet shuffling and gliding, blonde heads riveted against red-painted cheeks, dark heads against white painted cheeks. Other couples at small tables, drinking, smoking, flinging raucous, ineffectual shouts against the blare of the saxophones. Stolid, stony-eyed waiters moving about, balancing trays laden with small glasses.

A London night club? No. It was Paris; not a night club, but the amariest, most up-to-date wedding supper-dance of the social season. "America is all the rage these days," the little Princess de Lissac had said to her fiancé, Baron Pascal Marpurjo, who had somewhat demurred. "Black men! Jazz! Cocktails! It's chic—it's Parisian."

So it was black men and jazz and cocktails after the religious ceremony in the Church of Saint-Sulpice; and, since it was the latest French fad, there was really nothing out of the ordinary about the scene except the place where it was given; the immense, grey, medieval stone pile that housed the Club Cosmopolite.

The Cosmopolite was the most exclusive affair of its sort in Europe.

Membership was restricted to two classes: aristocrats and millionaires, the former sneering at and envying the latter, and the latter returning the compliment. Its sole reason for existence was the Louis Quinze suite of rooms on the ground floor—large, comfortable rooms devoted to gambling.

You could play there any game you fancied for any stake you could, or could not, afford.

Bridge for a thousand francs a point, in which two English steel magnates matched their skill, not to mention their smouldering business antagonism, against two American steel magnates. A game of piquet—and this is a story yet to be set down—where one man wagered his entire fortune and his opponent no more nor less than a package of love letters, yellow and brittle and dusty with age.

Perhaps a two-handed session of poker in which Sir Isaac Oppenheimer, that recently ennobled British-South African financier, lost his claims on Mademoiselle Yvette Frescalo, of the Folies Bergère, to an Italian Duke on the turn of an ace.

You could bet there on the weather. Or you could catch a certain eccentric Hungarian nobleman and lay him long odds that the first fly that buzzed

Illustrated
by
WEP

through the window would light on his nose and not on yours—or vice versa.

DECIDEDLY a strange place for the smartest wedding event on the social calendar; and the reason for it went back nearly a generation.

For in those days Prince Ludovic de Lissac had ruined himself for the sake of a not especially beautiful woman

By **ACHMED ABDULLAH**

with dark hair, bright, doubting eyes, a Jewish nose, and amazingly small feet. Forced into bankruptcy, he had sold his ancestral palace to the Cosmopolite, then occupying a villa in the Rue Scribe.

In the conveyance he had inserted a clause that, as long as the building stood, and regardless to whom it might be sold in the future, the men and women of his house should have the right to use it for their wedding celebrations.

"Comic old family legend!" he had explained. "It has something to do

"... And you buy second-hand flowers for my bridal bouquet—to save a few hundred francs!"

with a pet ghost who cannot leave the premises and has the silly idea that he likes to bless our bridal couples."

Prince de Lissac was no longer alive.

But his granddaughter, Bernardine, to-day the wife of Baron Pascal Marpurjo, had insisted on the clause.

"After all," she laughed—she was standing in a bay window of the Louis Quinze room, alone with her husband—"most of our guests are members of the club. They feel quite at home here."

"Except, of course, myself!" rejoined Pascal, with rather a wry smile. He looked at her. He saw her very lovely, a picture to delight a Spanish painter. With her supple young figure in a low-cut, cream gown of slender Grecian lines, her silken, raven-black hair folding like wings over tiny ears, her olive complexion, her profile clear as a cameo, her grey eyes calm and frank and fearless.

"Please, Pascal!" she whispered appealingly. "You must not say such things."

"True things, dear!"

"No, no. You are wrong."

"I am not. Why—look!" pointing at the dance floor where anxious bodies were swaying to the nasal bray of the noisy music—"I don't belong here."

"Do you mind their gaiety?"

"Heavens—no! I'm not that sort of a Pharisee. But..."

"You mind the wastage they represent—throwing money out of the window?"

"Money for luxuries—for useless, petty vices!" His voice rose; a slow flame eddied up in his eyes. "Money that means life itself to the poor! They—they have not the right to..."

"What about yourself?" she cut in. "You've changed in your own mode of living, Pascal."

"Changed?" he echoed, again, with that wry smile twisting his lips. "Have I really?"

"You have. Why—I remember, just a few months ago, shortly after we became engaged, when we walked down the Rue Royale and saw the Tamerlane diamond and inquired the price... how shocked you were at the idea of spending millions on a trinket!"

"You liked it, didn't you?"

"I loved it! I was absolutely mad about it! And to-day—what a glorious surprise—you gave it to me as a wedding present—the Tamerlane diamond. Oh—you did surprise me."

"Surprised other people, too!" a thick voice broke in; and they looked up to see a red-faced, red-bearded Frenchman who had stopped near the bay window, accompanied by half-a-dozen people, hot and tired with dancing.

SOMETHING like a faint, dramatic tension was in the air. For the man who had spoken was the Viscount de Crevecoeur, who, earlier in the year, had asked for Bernardine's hand and had been refused, and was notorious for his brutal, deliberate tactlessness.

"You certainly did yourself proud, Marpurjo!" he continued. "Wouldn't have believed it of you! Why—you used to squeeze a five-franc piece until it yelped for mercy!"

Pascal did not reply. His face was like a mask.

But Bernardine turned on the man, her eyes darkening angrily, her fingers crushing her bridal bouquet.

"You are cruel, M. de Crevecoeur!" she cried. "Cruel—and unjust!" And addressing the others, some of whom gasped, while some were trying to change well-bred laughs into well-bred coughs: "I know what you think—all of you! You—you misjudge Pascal!" She hesitated; then went on bravely, "He is not stingy!"

"All my fault!" said de Crevecoeur, not meaning a word of it. "Tactless as usual!"

He bowed ironically to Pascal Marpurjo.

"You are the soul of generosity! Always have been! Forgive me, please!"

An elderly man had stepped up. He was Baron Alexander Marpurjo, Pascal's father.

He slapped his son heartily between the shoulder blades.

"Mustn't blame Crevecoeur for his little joke, my boy!" he said, in coarse, rather broken French. "I'm not!"

"That's right. After all, you never spent a franc on your friends..."

"Nor on himself!" exclaimed Bernardine breathlessly, a hand on her husband's arm. "Right!" agreed Alexander Marpurjo. "Nor on himself! With those crazy notions of yours, Pascal! Social service humbug—helping the unwashed who're too cursed lazy or too cursed stupid to help themselves—preaching Socialism—and all the rest of the idealistic, impractical nonsense! Well—with a flash of even white teeth—you've been developing of late. Getting more like your piratical old dad! Know a good thing when you see it—grab it—and damn the expense! Like

that Tamerlane diamond! How much did you pay for it?"

He knew how much his son had paid; had, in fact, given him the money. But he wanted to hear the sum—wanted the others to hear it.

"Twenty-five million francs, father," came the low-voiced reply.

"Proud of you, my boy!" The older man laughed. Gorged, he seemed, with a gross surfeit of prosperity.

"Spend all you want to! There's lots more where it came from!"

Father and son!

And no casual onlooker would have believed it.

For Alexander Marpurjo was a giant of a man, with a torso like a barrel, a short neck like a bull's and topped by an extraordinary face—thick-jowled, narrow-lipped, beady-eyed—a terribly clever, terribly ruthless face.

The son, on the other hand, was lean and angular, and his features were those of a Gothic saint; handsome, in a stern way, with a high-bridged nose and firm chin, but fanatical and over-intense.

The inner men differed no less than the outer.

Many years earlier Alexander Marpurjo had come out of Africa with his non-descript Levantine name, his non-descript title which nobody ever found out how and where acquired, and his non-descript Spanish wife, now dead.

Doubtless an adventurer, Paris had thought. But his wealth had seemed absolutely limitless, large enough to take the sting out of certain tales as to its origin.

Whispered tales they had been, appearing from nowhere.

Raw, incredible tales—of trading in "black ivory," in slaves, along the West African coast; of a white chief of the Iron Tribe, the Baketen, when the latter had swept from the heart of Central Africa and raided the Congo; of the looting and burning of French, English, and German hinterland factories; of half the Black Continent paying tribute in rubber and ivory and gold dust. Other tales, cruel, grim, bizarre, dealing with the exploits of one who defied the laws of God and man.

But Paris had gradually ceased to gossip, and Baron Marpurjo had become a powerful figure in the city's financial and social life.

There was no remorse in his tough old soul.

But if a certain priest had been permitted to break the seal of the confessional, he might have told how it was to atone for the father's sins that the son had made his home in the greasy, reeking stone jungle which clusters about the Rue Percu, the underworld of Paris, the native heath of the original apaches, descendants of long generations that had spawned and died and spawned again in these old alleys since the days of François Villon.

(Please turn to Page 14)

Fashion Says

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FADELESS
FINE FINISH
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...and that means

**8%
CESARINE**

Tailored SHIRT

WHITE • BLONDINE • LEMON
CREAM • ALMOND • SAXE
• LIGHT SAXE • BROWN •

The Affair of the Leopard's SPOTS

(Continued from Page 13)

THEY were hopelessly poor. They were lower, in every human attribute, than the lowest slum denizens of Port Said or Liverpool. They were pungent and scabbed with viciousness and bestial lust.

Among them for a number of years, Pascal Marpurjo had spent his time, his money, his futile ploy and futile enthusiasm. Here, with an extraordinary spiritual passion, he had preached and obeyed his simple, grandiose, absurd creed of "Give! Give! Give!" living the plainest of lives, grudging himself the smallest luxury, giving to others with a lavish hand.

An idealist. Almost a fanatic.

And now this idealist had spent millions on a trinket—millions that a few months earlier he would have used to help the poor.

Oh, yes—Pascal had changed.

"Ah!" exclaimed a small, white moustached Austrian Serene Highness, mellow with expensive champagne, and

smiling at Pascal. "It does change one—love—the great passion—eh?"

"It does!" agreed his hatchet-faced wife. "Remember, Franz? As soon as you fell in love with my chambermaid, you cut down my modiste bills!"

Laughter then. Quick, staccato repartee. People feverishly anxious to outdo each other in spleen and glitter of daring similes, of subtle, cruel epigrams.

"It's glorious—that Tamerlane diamond, Bernardine!" said a debutante. "I'd put my soul in pawn to own it. . . . Oh" She interrupted herself as the music, silent for a while, commenced a tango. She stopped a man who passed: "Our dance, Don Sigismondo!"—and she whirled away in the arms of the sleek-haired South American whose gold-rimmed monocle was in ludicrous contrast with his high Indian cheekbones.

Most of the others followed suit. Even Baron Alexander Marpurjo was stepping a pompous measure with a stout,

slimpering dowager unbecomingly attired in baby-blue charmeuse and primrose ribbons.

Only Pascal, Bernardine, and the Viscount de Crevecoeur were left, standing near the bay window.

"Care to tango with me?" asked de Crevecoeur.

"No!" came Bernardine's curt reply.

"Oh! Angry with me?"

No answer.

"I suppose I was tactless. But I begged Pascal's pardon, you know. Still—it is strange for a leopard to change his spots. Stranger still—" he laughed disapprobably—"for this same leopard to change only a single one of his spots!"

BERNARDINE did not wish to give him the satisfaction of asking what he meant by his last remark. She was silent. But she was furious. Her narrow fingers were still about her bridal bouquet, crushing it.

Again Crevecoeur laughed.

"It'll wilt soon enough—without your crushing it," he said. "Danielo's flowers always do."

He turned to Pascal, who had flushed a dull red.

"I happened to be at Danielo's, in the back of the shop, using the telephone, when you ordered the bouquet."

He walked away. Bernardine stared at her husband.

"Is it true?" she asked. "You really bought my bouquet at . . ."

"At Danielo's. Yes."

He looked down at his shoes; then up at her. There was in his fine, dark eyes a brooding something—brooding elation? Brooding remorse? Or a mingling of both? which Bernardine was unable to read.

"Crevecoeur was right," he added with hard self-irony. "The leopard, the stinging, fanatical leopard, only changed a single one of his spots. Then—" he shrugged his shoulders—"he went to Danielo's."

For, let us explain to the unfortunate who have never been poor and in love between the Bastille and the Arc de Triomphe that Danielo's is a florist's shop where you can get for twenty francs an armful of roses that will cost you three hundred on the boulevards.

The reason is simple. The flowers at Danielo's are second-hand. The shrewd Italian proprietor purchases them at



DEFENDANT: No, sir, I may have been intoxicated, though I was certainly not drunk.

MAGISTRATE: Well, I intended to fine you 20/-, but in view of your explanation I'll make it a pound.

the back doors of restaurants and clubs and hotels. So they wilt quickly.

"I don't understand," exclaimed Bernardine. "You pay a king's ransom for the Tamerlane diamond! And you buy second-hand flowers for my bridal bouquet—to save a few hundred francs!"

"I had my reasons," he said quietly.

"Of course, you had your reasons. What are they?"

"I'll tell you—some time."

"Tell me now, Pascal!"

"Please, dear . . ."

"You should! If Crevecoeur spreads the story you'll be the laughing stock of Paris."

"I know!" His lips tightened. A certain sulkiness lurked in the shadows of his eyes. "I'm used to being laughed at—and I don't care."

"Nor would I care how much they laugh at you if I only knew—myself—in my own heart—your reasons—your motives . . ."

"Logical motives, Bernardine! And—" the sulkiness in his eyes giving way to a queer look of exaltation—"perhaps decent motives!"

"I don't doubt it. But why shouldn't I know? I am your wife. You're no right to be secretive with me."

"Don't you trust me?"

"I do! But you don't seem to trust me!"

"Oh . . ."

"Tell me!"

"No!" he repeated stubbornly.

"As you wish."

Suddenly her hot impatience changed into cold anger. She walked away without another word; was stopped by a short, over-dressed woman, wheezing with asthmatic excitement.

(Please turn to Page 38)

SORES

REXONA
heals

...when
everything
else fails

"Some time back while running to catch a train, I ran into one of the posts on the station. My leg broke out into a running sore. The leg was bad from just above the ankle nearly up to the knee, and ran all day for nine months. I tried all kinds of ointment but none were a success and I saw visions of losing my leg. I tried Rexona, and two tins of same completely stopped the running and my leg healed up."

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Scalds, blisters, bruises, sore feet, heat spots, chapped hands, aching muscles, itching and all skin complaints.

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45 Endeavour Avenue, Grange.
MISS A. FOSKETT,
21 Herbert Street, Rockdale.

Other prize-winners were advertised in "S.M. HERALD" ON WEDNESDAY, 20th SEPTEMBER.

CUMBERLAND CROSSWORD No. 3

Prize Money — £100
£60 FIRST.
£20 SECOND.
£10 THIRD.

£10 FOR EARLY ENTRY.
Forms giving diagrams and full conditions will be forwarded to all entrants in No. 2 during next few days. Diagrams will be published in this paper next week. Entry forms can be obtained by sending 1d. stamp and addressed envelope to

Cumberland Crosswords,
194 Church Street,
PARRAMATTA, N.S.W.

ENTRANCE FEE The Promoters here that this Crossword contains fewer alternate solutions than any other, therefore,
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First Four Entries

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SUPPORT THE CROSSWORD WITH THE FEWEST POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS.
ENTER EARLY!

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If you prefer a sweet fruit sauce—try
LANCASHIRE RELISH

4 FIRST PRIZES = £20,000

AND OVER £10,000 IN SMALLER PRIZES

Two first prizes in a fortnight!
(148th AND 152nd LOTTERIES)



MRS. E. M. GILL
of Marsden Street, Granville, and Mrs. M. Lovett, of Seddon Street, Bankstown, two of the five people who shared £5000 in the 152nd Lottery, which Fred won for his Syndicates.

Paid on the Spot
An hour after the Lottery was drawn these two shareholders each collected a cheque for £1000. That's Fred's same day service!

RESULTS ARE ALL THAT COUNT!

Lucky Fred handed out ten £1000 cheques to lucky members of his Syndicates within a fortnight! Here are the ten people who held a lucky fifth share, and received £10,000 between them (£1000 each):

MR. G. A. CLARKE, Rose Vale, GUNGAL.
MR. T. H. LEES, 83 Yarralla St., CONCORD.
MRS. C. E. ROUSE, 7 Banks St., MAROUBRA.
MR. A. LEVETT, 24 Ross St., WAVERTON.
J. F. ANDERSON, Lillawah, GEROGERY.
MRS. S. M. McDONALD, Werungo, Rothbury, via MAITLAND.
MRS. S. McLEAN, 34 Eccles St., SOUTH CASINO.
MRS. E. M. GILL, Marsden St., GRANVILLE.
MRS. M. LOVETT, Seddon St., BANKSTOWN.
MRS. J. MacPHERSON, South St., DOUBLE BAY.

Lucky Fred's Charm stands alone for luck! When each of these ten winners joined Lucky Fred's Syndicates at first, they each sent for a Charm—a Charm which won £1000 for them within a few days.

Over £65,000 has been won throughout Australia, by proud owners of Lucky Fred's Charm. If you want

to change your luck—if you want to win a Lottery—if you want to win at EVERYTHING, send in for one of Lucky Fred's famous Charms. It is beautifully made of solid metal, with Fred's Lucky Sign engraved, enamelled and gilded, and is attached to a pin. You will be really proud to own it, and anything is possible when you wear one.

£1000 QUICKLY FOR 1/6

As soon as you return the coupon, Fred sends you by return mail a fifth share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn. This means that when the postman hands you your letter, you have only a day or two to wait for the results. You know it is possible to receive a wire a few days after you post the coupon, stating that you have won £1000 cash!

Don't envy other lucky people—be lucky yourself! Send to the luckiest person who has ever bought Lottery tickets. Just think of all you can do with £1000, then send now.

COUPON

A CHARM AND SHARE FOR 2/6,

A FIFTH SHARE FOR 1/6,

OR 4 FIFTH SHARES FOR 5/6.

How to Send in

Simply clip out this Coupon, and if you would like a Lucky Charm, as well as a Fifth Share, send a Postal Note for 2/6; but for a Fifth Share only, send a Postal Note for 1/6, for four fifth shares in different tickets a postal note for 5/6, and please do not forget to enclose a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address. Lucky Fred's Syndicates are guaranteed, and are the luckiest Syndicates you can join. Results prove this! So while you feel lucky, send to Fred! You know the address—

LUCKY FRED,
Box 3908TT., G.P.O., Sydney.

Special Offer!
Four 1/5th shares
in different
Lottery tickets.
for 5/6

The ten clients who won £1000 each had only ONE fifth share, so to give you a still greater chance Lucky Fred makes the above offer.



WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA

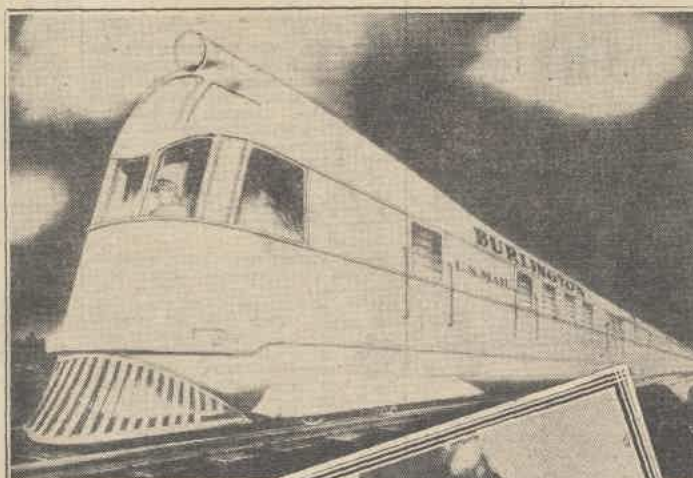


DEAR OLD DAD HAYSEED (Cecil Kellaway) brings the whole family to town. Here you see them crossing the Quay in Sydney to go to Manly. Mum (Kate Towers) is wearing her best dress. No doubt she thinks she is beginning an ocean voyage, and wants to be a credit to the old home town. "The Hayseeds" is scheduled for early release in Australia.



A MOTOR CAR elegance contest was held in Paris recently. The photo. shows one of the competitors snapped at the wheel of her car. She introduced a novelty in driving gloves.

—Air Mail photo.



(RIGHT): To compete with aeroplanes, American railwaymen have designed this new high-speed train, known as the Zephyr. It is driven by electricity, and is said to be able to attain 120 miles an hour. Burlington Railroads will use it.

—Our Overseas Service



MISS MARION JONES, well-known portrait painter, who is returning to her Chelsea studio in London, via America, on the "Monterey." She has been visiting her mother in Bendigo, Victoria. Many famous people have sat to her.

—Australian Women's Weekly photo



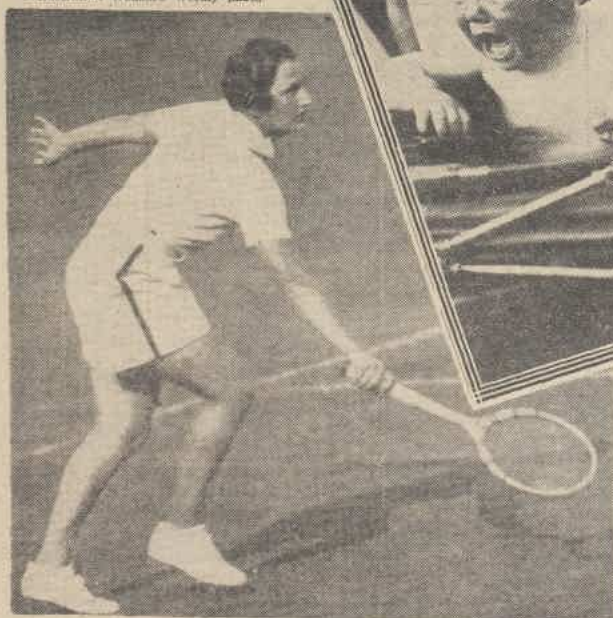
WHAT DO BABIES think of the onlookers at beauty shows? Judging by the expressions on these little fellows' faces, they think everything from disgust to amusement.

(RIGHT): Jackie Cooper, the popular film star, photographed in the Los Angeles Hospital, California, where he is recovering from a recent appendix operation.

—Our Overseas Service

MISS JEAN GRANT, who is singing the "March of the Grenadiers" in the Military set of the British Empire Pageant at the Sydney Town Hall on September 26, 27, and 28, in aid of several charities.

—PAIR.



SHORTS FOR SPORTS? This picture shows Miss Helen Jacobs, of California, the defending champion, wearing the much-discussed shorts during her match with Miss Eunice Dean, of San Antonio. Miss Jacobs made quick work of her opponent.

—Our Overseas Service



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Pure Silk
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SPECIALS

High-grade Pure Silk Hose, full fashioned, heavy service weight, mercerised lisle double tops, lisle feet with V point heels. (First quality in the leading brand). In thirty new shades. Usually 7/11 pair. Special, pair 4/11

High-grade Pure Silk Hose, full fashioned, heavy service weight, mercerised lisle double tops, lisle feet, V point heels. (First quality in the best brand). In 30 new shades. Usually 9/11 pair 5/11

High-grade Silk-to-top Hose, full fashioned, service weight, dainty colored striped garter tops, new panel heels. In 30 new shades. Usual 8/11 pr.

Special, pair 4/6

Pure Silk throughout Hose, full fashioned, service sheer weight, dainty colored striped garter tops, with neat pique edge, new panel heels and cradle foot. In 30 new shades. Usually 10/6 pr.

Special, pair 5/6

Extra super-quality Pure Silk plated on Dulesco Hose, mercerised lisle double tops, fashioned to fit. In a big range of new shades. Usually 2/6 pair.

Special, pair 1/9

Extra super quality Pure Silk Hose, service weight, fashioned to fit, mercerised lisle double tops, new taper heels. In 30 new shades. Usually 3/11 pair.

Special, pair 2/6

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GLOVES

These gloves are the very newest styles, but with a sensational price appeal.

2/11 Fabric Gloves

Attractive Fabric Gloves in several smart novelty styles, with elastic at wrist, in white, grey, beige, eggshell, blue, & 6/6. Usually 2/11 pair 1/11

Now offered at only, pair 1/11



Excellent value in English Donskin Gloves, with elastic at wrist. Obtainable in white or natural. Sizes, 6, 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2, 8, and 9. Usually 5/11 pair.

Special Offer, pair 5/11

HORDERN
BROTHERSSTEERING a HUSBAND Away
from SIRENS

By Kathleen Norris

the famous authoress
(Exclusive to The Australian
Women's Weekly).

THERE is no moment in life more thrilling than that in which a married man discovers himself gliding into an intimate friendship with a woman who is not his wife.

It is almost always a glide. The woman is usually one who is already in his scheme of things. She is either one of his office associates or she belongs to his social group—just one of many casual friends who suddenly steps out of the ranks, begins to mean more to him than any of the others do, and finds time to exchange a few exciting words with him—to exchange at least the look that says wonderingly and happily and thrillingly: "You and I are we beginning to care for each other?"

Sometimes the two have known each other well, have been nodding good-morning, saying unimportant things to each other for years. And that makes it all the more glamorous, somehow.

One day the girl is just one of the typists. Just nice, useful, pretty little Miss Wilson. The next, she is miraculously elevated to a class all by herself; every word she says is fraught with strange emotional beauty, and every look her demure blue eyes cast about them shakes the world.

ONE night about two years ago, the woman in the case told me this herself: a certain devoted wife in a fashionable suburb was loitering at a bridge table, straightening out the score. Idly smoking his cigarette beside her was a man she had known for 10 years; a man whose wife was her close friend, and whose children played with her own children. The other card players had scattered about, were grouped at the fire, or were finding things to eat.

Quite without preliminary conversation she asked him some simple question: "does that score balance now, Dick?" and suddenly the air about them was ablaze. They could not speak to each other; they could not look at each other. Steady, contented, highly respectable man and woman, they were flung undefended into a whirlpool of emotion. They were both trembling, and the woman told me that she was almost sick with amazement and shock.

She saw him the next day; she says she "had to." They were so confused, at the telephone, that it was with great difficulty that they made an engagement to meet. Finally it was agreed that he should drive her to the country

Kathleen Norris says—

AN honest man, with a loving wife, ought to feel grateful to her when she frowns down his philandering, and makes his little love affairs as difficult as she can.

club for tea, and they talked the astonishing thing over—murmured incoherently, in a quiet corner of the verandah, looked at each other wonderingly, looked away.

LOTS of women know that talk, and have poured that cup of tea. Life holds no headier wine. The incoherent astonishment of it, the breathless thrill are not like anything else. And enhancing them, and making them painfully, poisonously sweet, are the thoughts behind them: "your husband, my wife."

These friendships, either with the wife's friend, or the girl at the office, is there really any harm in them? Is there any reason why wives should resent them so bitterly, as, of course, wives do?

"Women have made a lucrative business of marriage, and how they hate to have the rates cut!" a man said bitterly to me one day. "A woman ropes a man in, he marries her, and then she has a stranglehold on him for life. He's got to stick to her then! No matter how lovely the other woman is, how gentle and lonely and loving, the wife has no mercy. He can't have friendships, he can't take anyone else to lunch, he's got to be home nights. What does he want with friendships, a man of thirty-eight, with two children?"

"And if he goes on with his little love-affair on the side," the speaker went on, "the wife rubs it in for all she's worth! She fights the divorce, drags out the alimony to the last penny, insists on making it hard for him to see his children."

"Why, good heaven!" he ended disgustedly, "what's the great harm in a man admiring a woman, even if he already has a wife? Aren't human beings supposed to like each other, just because



they're married? Is marriage a goal or an insane asylum, that a woman can shut a man up in it, and tell him when and where he can make friends?"

ALL of which is the typical male attitude; and it has a convincing ring. Lots of men talk that way.

But just the same they are wrong, and the wife is right. If she's a smart wife she doesn't let her husband see just how she's fencing him in, guiding him away from the path of danger, distracting his interest to other things. If she's a stupid wife she shows him her jealousy and narrowness and often defeats her

She asked him some simple question, and suddenly the air about them was ablaze. They were flung undefended into a whirlpool of emotion.

own purposes. But either way she is right. Right to step on this sort of thing from the beginning, because it leads to nothing but unhappiness and domestic wreckage. Right because nine times out of ten the man needs saving, saving from himself, and from the passing impulse that may ruin his life.

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The Greater Love

A Ten Minute Story

In and Out of Society

By WEP

IN the bright, sunny room, where wide windows overlooked the bay and the garden sloping gently to the water's edge, a woman was sewing. Beside her a man stood, staring with eyes that were almost unseeing through the windows. He moved slightly, and the woman's head bent closer over her embroidery.

He was tall, strongly built, in the early thirties; when he spoke, his voice was quiet, low-pitched.

"Erica!" She looked up, and he turned away, as a man might who dares not look upon the beauty of the thing he covets.

"I must go away—soon," he said. She turned again to her work, and it seemed to him that color touched her cheek, that the slim hands trembled slightly. When she spoke, her voice seemed strained, unnatural. "Why?" she asked.

Over his shoulder, he answered, the words coming slowly, deliberately.

"I've imposed on you and Martin long enough—you've been more kind than I believed was possible, but I can't stay forever—"

"But Roger—we're glad to have you. You know that."

"They were silent for a while. Then Erica spoke, timidly in her voice:

"Where—will you go? Have you—a job?"

Brusquely, he replied. "No," he said.

She was at her work again and he paced slowly about the room. Moving thus, aimlessly, he saw again the wide plains of the semi-desert land where he had spent the last three years, searching for the gold that always seemed to elude him; in memory, he travelled once again to the city, seeking work that would enable him to live. Once more he felt the sense of bitterness that had grown slowly with the realization that he was a failure, felt the hunger and cold, the wind and the rain that had swept across the park where he had tried to sleep. Again he knew the blessed sense of relief and comfort that Martin's offer of aid had brought, that night when they had met, for the first time in many years. . . . At the thought of Martin he turned again to Erica, speaking sharply.

"I must go to-morrow. I—I'll manage somehow."

She had moved to the window, and for a moment was so still and quiet that he thought she had not heard. As he framed the words again, she faced him.

"Roger, you're not to go!"

"Erica!" he exclaimed, and was silent, watching her eyes.

Facing him, she continued:

"If you do—I go, too!"

"What—what do you mean?" He was at her side, and realised that he was trembling, that she swayed slightly toward him.

Suddenly, he knew, and momentarily the knowledge stunned him, left him breathless. And then she was in his arms, murmuring brokenly, madly, between his kisses. . . . Then for a long time they were quiet, standing there, and a little breeze rustled through the trees in the garden and the yellow pools of sunlight at their feet moved slowly across the floor.

SO!

In love—and with the wife of his best friend! The man who had saved him from degradation, a degradation that would have been harder to bear than death itself.

Well, here was something worse to face, he thought, bitterly, rising from the bed where he had lain, fully dressed, for hours.

He walked to the window, looked out over the garden now flooded with the light of the setting moon. Staring there, he thought again of the moment when he had held Erica in his arms. . . . thought of the long days and longer nights when he had sat here at this window fighting down the impulse to speak of his love to her. . . . saw, vividly and suddenly, the breezy, cheery man to whom he owed, at the moment, his very existence. . . . and

he thought, violently, "No! I must be fair!"

It seemed that his brain was racing madly, filled with wild, chaotic fancies. . . . there must be a way out! If—if—he could make—Erica hate him; if he could stand before her as something despicable, mean—as one unworthy of trust, bereft of honor. . . .

Suddenly there flashed across his brain the memory of the early evening, after dinner, when Martin had come into the smoking-room where the little safe stood against the wall. In his hand he carried a jewel case stamped with Erica's initials; he had swung back the door, locking the little case away. . . .

Swiftly Roger moved. From a cupboard he took a cap, a pair of gloves to give the story a semblance of truth, passed down the stairs.

In the smoking-room the blinds were drawn back, and the moonlight flooded the room. Clearly he could see the little safe. From the verandah outside the sound of Martin's breathing came, gently, regularly.

There was a vase on a ledge above the safe. Deliberately Roger touched it. With a crash it fell to the floor, breaking; swiftly he crouched before the safe, twisting the dial as though to discover the combination.

From the verandah came the creak of a bed. There was a silence. He moved so that the broken vase crunched underfoot. . . . A brilliant light flashed upon him, and behind it he saw the dull gleam of a levelled revolver. Slowly he turned his face so that the light fell full upon it. . . . His eyes closed. Palpitantly, as though from a great distance, he heard Martin's gasp of surprise. . . . He rose, his hands above his head. . . .

IN the morning-room he faced them, Martin troubled, bewildered. Erica, silent, wide-eyed stood watching him, horror growing in her face as he told the story he had prepared up there in his room looking out over the moonlit garden.

He spoke carelessly, his voice hard, a mocking laugh seemingly behind the words. "Oh, yes—I lied to you all right, Martin. At the time I WAS down and out—who wouldn't be, after three years in gaol?" Erica gasped, and at the sound of his voice trembled slightly. He went on, driving the words into their consciousness:

"That's where I was during the three years I spoke about. Me a prospector." He laughed. "Not much! There's too much easy money to be got in other ways." Again he laughed, and the woman watching him shivered slightly at the sound.

"I couldn't go straight any way—they say one always reverts to type in the long run—I know that's what I'd do—"

Martin said:

"You're pretty tough, Roger."

"One has to be—I'd get another safe if I were you—that one's much too easy, if I hadn't knocked that vase—"

He moved, restlessly.

"Well, aren't you going to call the coppers? I don't want to stand here all night, you know," he said, and laughed again, his voice hard and cold. "No," Martin spoke heavily, dully. "I'm not." He paused, thinking perhaps of the man he had once known, the man he had thought he was helping.

He continued. "I suppose I should—hand you over. But I'm a fool, I suppose—" He stood away from the door, opened it. "You can go."

Philosophically, Roger shrugged. "Ah, well, it's kind of you."

Crossing the room, he paused. "Good-bye, Erica."

She was silent, her head averted. At the sound of his voice a shudder swept over her.

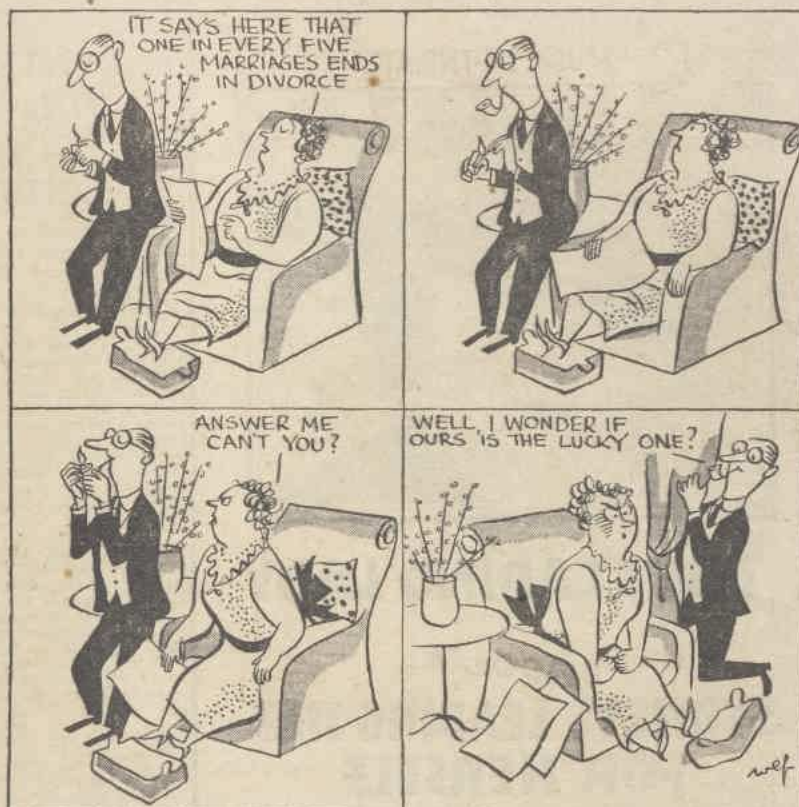
Again he shrugged a gesture that seemed to end in a sigh.

There were quick steps upon the floor. The door slammed, steps sounded in the hall, another door closed sharply. Clearly, in the cool morning air, the sound of his step came up to them. . . .

(Copyright.)



THE GIRL: I came away on this cruise in such a hurry that I only brought the barest necessities.
THE CAPTAIN: Hum! So I see.



Things That Happen

Please Read These Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A price of £1 will be paid for the best entry each week, and others used will be paid for at our usual rates.

By Water And Land

EVERY Monday and Friday a small boat will be seen approaching the jetty at Telegraph Point (N.S.W.). A man with a push bike is the sole occupant. On arrival he gets out of the boat, mounts the bike, and delivers his orders around the village. He is the local butcher, and brings meat from Port Macquarie twice a week.—I.O., Telegraph Point.

A Hayseed

MY nephew, aged two years, came from the country for a visit. His grandmother took him with her to the local grocery store while she made some purchases. He was very shy and quiet until the assistant started the bacon-cutter. Then beaming with delight he yelled: "Oh, Nana, see the little chaff-cutter."—Miss S. Jell, Croydon.

A Lucky Day

THINGS don't often happen this way for us, but in my case they did. I was out lunching with a friend in town and remarked that I would like to win the leg of pork that was being disposed of at our local fete.

My friend, laughing, said, "I'll make a bet with you. A box of chocolates to a box of cigarettes that you do not win it!"

Later I went to the fete, secured my ticket, and no one was more surprised than myself when I was the winner.

The leg of pork weighed 10lb, and I won the box of chocolates, so it was indeed my lucky day.—Miss Jean Davidson, Ryde.

School Books

LAST week I purchased a bundle of school books at an auction sale. On going through them on my arrival home my husband was surprised to find that the former owner of some of them was an old friend whom he had known over 20 years ago. The books were all in good condition.—Elnae.

Sure Of His Job

A BOY who had been unemployed for a long time asked a Thornbury (Victoria) shopkeeper for permission to use his telephone.

Permission granted, the boy rang up a grocer's shop in another part of the city and asked were they suited yet with a boy.

The answer was evidently in the affirmative, for when the boy said: "Are you sure he is giving satisfaction in every way?" the shopkeeper was informed of the reply: "Certainly. We are quite satisfied. He is a good worker, and we have no vacancy likely!" With that the boy thanked the firm and rang off.

The shopkeeper expressed his sympathy at the boy losing the job, but to his amazement the lad said, "No, I haven't lost the job. It's evidently mine for keeps. I started with them a week ago on trial. Jobs are so hard to get. I tried hard to please, but didn't really know, till I rang up to-night, if I were pleasing them or not."—Vaulx, Inglewood, Victoria.

A Plucky Hen

AT North Bondi (Sydney), an Alsatian dog chased a hen to devour it. The fowl, preferring the deep sea, flew over the cliff and landed on a ledge of rock on the side of Ben Buckler.

The owner of the hen enlarged the door of a bird's cage, and tied a long string to it, adjusting it to the door to form a trap. Placing some food in the cage, he lowered it over the cliff in a line with the fowl, which, tempted by the bait, walked into the cage. The door was snapped to, and the plucky hen was hauled up and placed safely in her quarters.—Miss E. Bryce, Rose Bay.

Musical Chokos

A FRIEND called to afternoon tea about two months ago and she brought me four young chokos, which for the time being she placed on my piano. I used up three of them last week, thinking that that was all. One of them, however, had fallen behind the piano, and when I was cleaning last week I discovered it creeping nicely all up the back of the piano.—Mrs. Brooks, Penarth.

A "Greased" Mistake

A LANDOWNER whom I know had a young, inexperienced man in his employ. One day his employer asked him to grease the sulky as he was going for a drive.

In about an hour's time he came out ready to start for the drive and to his dismay found that his man had greased the sulky all over.—D. Parkins, Willow Tree.

Sylvia Welling
of
"MUSIC IN THE AIR"



THE LEADING LADY chooses SYDNEY'S LEADING HAT FOR HERSELF

Miss Sylvia Welling, the charming Leading Lady of "Music in the Air," is wearing one of The Hub's hand-made Sissols. Miss Welling was immediately attracted by The Hub's wonderful selection of individual styles. So much impressed, in fact, that she also chose several styles to match her new Spring Frocks—and no wonder—they're style-right—they're smart—and with a tremendous Price-Appeal.

THE HUB'S HAND MADE SISSOLS 12'11

Every Hat is hand-made, and individually trimmed by expert Milliners. Each Hat is a genuine Sissol, and of the finest quality. You must see this range—500 to choose from and NO TWO ALIKE.

Available in all the newest, smartest Spring shades.



Here is another charming style that was chosen by Miss Welling. Call in to-day and see this range! You'll be amazed at the variety... the quality... at such an extraordinarily low price.

The HUB Ltd. 393-5-7 PITT ST., SYDNEY

MUSIC and RADIO

PARENTS Should Help This SUCCESSFUL SCHEME

THE Australian Broadcasting Commission's scheme of radio talks to school children has survived an experimental season. It has been a nation-wide success.

I DON'T think there ever has been need for trepidation. Radio education has been flourishing for years in other countries, and it has only required careful and intelligent organisation to bring Australia safely into line. Praise, undoubtedly, is due to the Commission's officials, and the honorary advisory committees for their earnest and conscientious labor in planning the children's (and the adults') series of radio talks.

THE Education Departments, closely observing the reactions in the schools to these radio lessons, have found that the pupils are enthusiastic listeners. They are welcomed, too, by the teachers who regard them as variety for the children in the humdrum of everyday lessons. There should be interest in a personal lesson by Sir Charles Kingsford Smith on "Aviation," Ion Idriess on "Aborigines," and so on.

MRS. VARNEY MONK, wife of Mr. Cyril Monk, made a big hit at the Broken Hill jubilee celebrations. A prize of ten guineas was offered by the committee for the best original composition suitable for the festivities.

The words and music of a song called "Broken Hill," composed by Mrs. Monk, appealed most to the adjudicators, and was awarded the prize. By the way, this is the fourth occasion in which songs with accompaniments written by this talented lady have been awarded first prize in open competition.

THE pride of most schools are their pianos—instruments often costing over £100. The parents' organisations spared no effort to raise the funds for these. Now they can do further useful work in accumulating the much smaller sum needed for the purchase of a radio receiver. I would suggest that while they are about it they should hold an additional card party or two, and so have just that little extra money which will buy a "combination" radio and gramophone. The record end of a receiver is an invaluable adjunct to the development of an appreciation of music.

IT should be remembered that the greater the number of schools with sets the more the A.B.C. will be able to allow the radio talks scheme to grow.

DAME CLARA BUTT arrived in Melbourne by the "Strathaird." So far no definite arrangements have been made for concerts by the English contralto.

A MASSIVE attack on music-lovers is to be made in the Sydney Town Hall on October 7. A choir of a thousand voices will be heard in numbers of a popular nature from opera and oratorio. The choir will comprise the Royal Philharmonic Society, the Horlstone Park Society, and the Welsh Choral Society. Miss Mollie de Gunst (soprano), and Mr. Raymond Beatty (baritone) are to be assisting artists, while the Bondi Beach Band will also be heard.

RAYMOND BEATTY, although not long back from his England-America trip, has received many engagements. He is to be heard in a recital at the Conservatorium at an early date.

IT was a charity performance in aid of the Children's Hospital and brought forward, as associate artists with the baritone in principal roles, Rita Miller and Mr. Brownlee's proteges, John Clement and Alan Eddy. The choir was trained by the Countess Filippini. Alan Eddy, by the way, is going abroad shortly.

MEANWHILE, all of us must be sorry to hear of the ill-luck which has befallen an Australian Carl Rosa star of not so long ago. Miss Gladys Verona, the Sydney soprano, whose husband died recently in Melbourne after a long illness, has been left in necessitous circumstances. The Music-Lovers' Club is organising a bridge party to raise funds on her behalf. Madame Emily Marks (phone, M3790) can supply tickets and information.



CAPT. H. E. ADKINS

The Australian Broadcasting Commission announces that it has been successful in making arrangements for a visit to Australia by Captain H. E. Adkins, Mus. Bac., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., Director of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Twickenham. He is one of England's finest band conductors.

TO quote an overseas criticism, "The leading feminine role, that of the Druidess Kelti, was taken by Marjorie Lawrence, an Australian soprano, who has been the discovery of the season at the Paris Opera, where she has sung in a number of important roles since her first engagement last winter. Hers is beyond doubt the outstanding voice of the opera at this moment. She shared the honors with Thill." The latter, of course, is the leading French tenor of the day.

MENTION of the Paris Opera reminds us that John Brownlee should soon be back there again. Before his departure he played, for his last appearance in Australia, the role of Rigoletto, at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne.

I HAVE mentioned before the success of the Australian soprano, Marjorie Lawrence, in Paris. Now, details are to hand of her big triumph in the premiere of a four-act "lyric epic" entitled "Verdigeritorix," at The Opera. The libretto was by M. Etienne Clementel and M. Louwyck; the music by Joseph Canteloube.

HERE is something to be proud of, ladies! Australia is to have its first home-made talkie operetta, and it's by a woman. Efftee Films have arranged with Varney Monk, wife of the well-known violin professor, Mr. Cyril Monk of Sydney, to make a film of her successful operetta, "Collit's Inn." It will be remembered that this work came second in an operetta competition organised and financed by Miss Nathalie Rosenwax. It was produced for a very successful season at the Savoy Theatre and has been heard on a couple of occasions over the national radio. It should make an ideal Australian "single."

THE Lindfield Music Club engaged three well-known artists for its musicale—Vera Tasma (soprano), Haagen Holenbergh (pianist), and Charles Philip (accompanist). The energetic secretary of the club, Mr. H. J. E. Theobald, spoke on "Wagner's Masterpiece—Parsifal." If, as the title of the talk would infer, Mr. Theobald discussed "Parsifal" on the ground that it was the greatest of Wagner's works, I would like to have been present to cross friendly swords with him, for, excepting the very early and unimportant works, I cannot bring myself to regard "Parsifal" as anything but a maudlin, tedious and insincere work—the least meritorious of all the Wagner dramas.

HORST Holbrook says: Cocktail parties are the rage just now. Holbrook's Manzanilla Olives are correct for the cocktail.

Little Theatres

Big THEATRE for Little THEATRE

EARLY in November the Little Theatre movement of Australia will take one of its most important steps forward, when "Cyrano de Bergerac," produced by Dr. Cardamatis for the Impressionist Theatre, is staged for a week on the Sydney Criterion stage.

J. C. Williamson's, realising the excellent work that the better Little Theatres do, by way of cultivating public appreciation of the theatre, have promised to lend the Criterion, and also to give the special impressionistic scenery, designed by Dr. Cardamatis, to the club.

John Gould is to play Cyrano, and Adele Quinn, Roxane.

Lady Bavin's Play

"SWALE SAHIB," by Mr. E. A. Mayor (husband of Beryl Bryant), and "The Tears of the Virgin," by Lady Bavin, were the productions of Bryant's Playhouse last Saturday.

Mr. Mayor's plot is good, and the play nicely constructed, but the dialogue hardly covers the bare framework. Reminiscences on the character of the dacoit Perose Kahan, and of the merchant, Ram Lal, and his son, Ram Chaeen, for instance, to enhance their personalities, would have made the point more telling. The settings were splendid throughout, and the lighting of the first scene excellent, although the darkness of the last two scenes was rather irritating. H. C. Harper gave a good study of Captain Swale, who is at first taken in by eastern cunning, but once his suspicions are aroused, is intelligent and resourceful. Frank Crago's voice sounded quite plausible for a strong-minded dacoit, and Otto Bohrsman looked adequately stinky as the merchant.

Lady Bavin's "Tears of the Virgin" tells of the struggles of an idealistic young artist to continue with his art as he sees it, for the good of humanity, against poverty and the temptation to produce pot-boilers. Interesting at first, it ends in a succession of over-short scenes, and over-long anti-Soviet propaganda conversation. Richard Dowse, as the nouveau riche vulgarian, who wants a portrait painted of his wife, to keep her busy and contented, although he doesn't care what it is like, as long as it is big, was outstanding. John Brinowski was the artist in appearance, suggesting his dreaminess and indecision remarkably well, although rather awkwardly stiff. Beryl Bryant was well in the character of Anastasia Hammond, the commonsense landlady, and Beryl Davie would have been an even more attractive wife had she talked less quickly.

HEADACHE AFTER HEADACHE

Now She's Free From Them

A woman writes:—"I would like everyone who suffers from headaches to try Kruschen Salts. Before taking Kruschen I was hardly ever free from a headache. But since I have been taking it regularly I have hardly had a headache, for which I am very thankful, for headaches can make one feel quite ill. I have been taking that small dose of Kruschen every morning in a glass of warm water before my breakfast, and I feel so well."—(Mrs.) A. E. D.

Headaches can generally be traced to a disordered stomach and to the unsuspected retention in the system of stagnating waste material which poisons the blood. Remove these poisons—prevent them forming again—and you'll never have to worry any more. And that is just how Kruschen Salts bring swift and lasting relief from headaches. Kruschen Salts aid Nature to cleanse your body completely of all clogging waste matter. Start on "the little daily dose" of Kruschen to-morrow. Then you will very soon have done with headaches.



A beautiful
bust for you
... IN 30 DAYS

A SOFT, rounded bust, and the charming curves so essential to-day are quickly developed from flat-chested thinness. My system is safe, strictly confidential, and sure. Needs no wearisome exercise, no medicine to take, and no dieting. RESULTS ARE PERMANENT.

It's a secret that thousands of women would pay many pounds to learn—but my system is not costly. Write to-day for my free leaflet telling you all about this wonderful womanly body-beautifier. Don't hesitate—no matter how thin and undeveloped you may be now, you too can have a beautifully-developed bust. Send stamped envelope for Confidential Pamphlet "A" to Chester Drug Co., Box 3411R, Sydney.

Couplets No. 1

£75 for *Easy* COUPLETS

Quick, Simple, Amusing
... and First Prize £50

"Couplets" are new to Australia, but they are easy to understand. In fact there never was an easier £75 going round waiting for someone to claim it than there is in The Australian Women's Weekly this week.

All you have to do is to make up lines that rhyme with any three, or more, of the first lines supplied each week, and the job is done.

THE easiest part about a competition like "Couplets" is that somebody must win. There is no correct solution to worry about. Prizes will be awarded for what the judges consider the best couplets, and yours might be among them.

During the series of Couplets Competitions, the first of which starts this week, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish, each week, ten first lines for readers to work on.

To win the £50 first prize or one of the consolation prizes, you have only to supply three good couplets. But with each competition, you can, if you like, have ten chances.

Here are examples of first lines, and Couplets made up from two of this week's first lines, to show you how it is done, and how amusing it can be.

Here are this week's first lines. Be careful to treat each one separately. Competitors are required to supply couplet lines to rhyme with at least three of these first lines.

I've been married ten years, but I still cannot tell.

"You'll always be lucky," the palmist foretold.

Politicians leave me cold.

I held the steps while he fixed the light.

My husband came home with a hair on his coat.

The party was a great success.

He took his girl to buy the ring.

The girl stood on the burning deck.

She stammered and blushed, and tried to explain.

I slave each day from morn till night.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY

Only one entry from each person can win a prize. But you can send in as many entries as you like, providing each set of three couplets is accompanied by a "C" coupon, clipped from the competition entry form on Page 43.

Write your first lines and their corresponding couplets on one side of one sheet of paper, with your full name and address at the top. Entries submitted under "pen-names" will not be considered.

It is not necessary to send in ten couplets, but you must submit at least three. The Editor's decision will be final in all matters relating to this competition.

Closing date for "Couplets No. 1" is October 7. Results will appear on October 14. Endorse all envelopes, containing entries, "Couplets," and address to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE ORIGINAL FRAGRANCE

Direct from England

A touch of Mitcham Lavender breathes an inimitable delicacy of charm all its own. Countless beautiful women, for nearly 200 years, have sought its subtle fragrance.

Mitcham Lavender is the true lavender—the original and genuine—distilled by Potter & Moore since 1749. It is now available in many delightful toiletries at all chemists and departmental stores. Try some—send the coupon below in answer to our special offer.



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1749 MITCHAM LAVENDER

SPECIAL OFFER:

For Watch Bottle of Mitcham Lavender, send 1/- in Postal Notes or Stamps for Postage and Packing to W. J. Bush & Co. Ltd., Dept. UB, Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name.....
Address.....

For you?

Wear a Berlei to preserve present slenderness, to reduce hip measurements, to give special ease for sport and dancing—according to your need. For sportswear we particularly recommend any of the new Berlei Two-way Stretch elastic garments.

Two-way Stretch elastic stretches this way and that WITH you. It forms the entire back of Berlei 6570. Front of tea-rose batiste and lace. Busts: 30-38 inches.

Yes
if of Average Type
—most certainly confide
your figure to the care of
Berlei Corselette 6566

Women of slender Average type adore this exceptionally slimming Berlei Corselette (6566)—for its good looks and for its genius for creating and preserving beautiful lines. There's a lightly boned, extremely competent reinforcement over the front, just where needed. For busts 30-35 inches.

Berlei Wrap-on 7151 controls and beautifies figures of a definite Hip type. Tea-rose art silk figured broche, elastic. Wedge bust; side-fastening inner belt. Waist: 24-28 inches.

Berlei Front-lacing Corset 7132 of peach figured faille has a boned flap to reinforce special lock non-slip lacing. Fastens comfortably at one side. Waist: 24-31 inches.

6570
TWO WAY STRETCH
ELASTIC

BERLEI

FOUNDATION GARMENTS

Last Days!! Last Days!! ORPHANAGES' ART UNION

Promoted by Hibernian Society.
TOTAL VALUE OF PRIZES
£1100

1st Prize.. £500 | 3rd Prize.. £125
2nd Prize.. £175 | 4th Prize.. £75
Thirty-six other prizes ranging from £20 to £2

POSITIVELY DRAWN,
AUSTRALIAN HALL, ELIZABETH
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WEDNESDAY, 27th SEPTEMBER.

TICKETS ONLY 6d. EACH.

Book of 12 Tickets for 6/-, with
Free Seventh Share in State Lottery.

CASH PRIZES BEING DISTRIBUTED
WEEKLY TO HELPERS. £100's, £50's,
£10's, and £5's LOTTERY PRIZES HAVE
BEEN WON AND DISTRIBUTED TO
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the Hon. Secretary, G. KELLY, HIBERNIAN
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STREET, SYDNEY.)

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NEW DRESS SUITS, 10/6. Deposit £2.
SHAW, 91 Phillip St. Phone B1107.

EASILY EXPLAINED

MRS. S.: Mother! Is that another new hat you're wearing?
MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the frock I bought to go with it!
MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?
MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.
MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economize.
MRS. J.: Then just you ask Roy to get a copy of "The Private Man's A.B.C." and study your income and expenditure month by month.
MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?
MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send two shillings to Box 38847, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

WALLPAPERS

WALLPAPERS in Decoray Designs, at Saving Warehouse Prices. Women shoppers with an eye for decorative harmony and economical mind, find lovely papers at 1/3, 1/6, 1/9 Roll, at COWDROY'S WAREHOUSE, 44 Market Street.

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Every action in your life can be successful—if it is based on the knowledge contained in the most amazing book ever published. It reveals your BIRTHRIGHT.

Don't Guess

or take chances: "Know what to-morrow holds" tells you instantly THE PLANET that guides you. YOUR NUMBER that rules you. YOUR NAME VALUE and COLOR VALUE so conclusively that your success is assured because you

Know

"KNOW WHAT TO-MORROW HOLDS"

does not cost pounds. Only 2/6. Send now—to-day!

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Box 1611, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL LOVELINESS—

Daily Care Is the Only Way
To Obtain It

By Evelyn

SO much has been given you of late on how to keep the years from walking across your face, on correct make-up, how to keep eyes young and sparkling, that I feel like, for once, anyway, having a chat with you on acquiring (or retaining) beauty of form through the medium of massage and exercise.

SHALL we, contrariwise, start "feet first"?

It is said that the first thing a man looks at when he meets a woman, is her feet! Whether or no this applies to the past, it will certainly be of the future if we intend conforming to Fashion's dictates, and take to sandals this season.

The feet have always been rather a Cinderella of beauty points, but now that they can no longer be disguised women everywhere are paying more attention to their shape and condition.

Ugly feet can be made beautiful. They respond rapidly to treatment. And there is the chiropodist to aid you. In any case, if you want to make the most of your looks, you must have comfortable feet. For tired, "achy" feet tell on the face instantly. How often have you, yourself, noticed this.

Corns, caused by tight, ill-fitting shoes, spoil the appearance of the feet. But an easy way to cure them is to soak them in hot water, to which has been added some washing soda, and then rub in a little castor oil. This should be done every other night, and in about a week the corn will come out without any pain. Callouses, or hard skin, can be removed by first soaking the skin and then rubbing with pumice-stone.

Dust the feet, especially between the toes, with plenty of talcum or boracic powder after bathing. This prevents those painful soft corns which come between the toes. By the way, a dash of

As with everything else, however, spasmodic care or treatment is useless. There is not one among us, surely, who is too busy to devote a little time each day to a few exercises—exercises that make for lasting youth and rounded loveliness.



toilet vinegar in the water, or a rub afterwards with eau-de-Cologne, is decidedly refreshing for tired feet.

The Weekly Pedicure

TOE NAILS should receive the same attention as finger-nails. But they don't! Every woman should have a pedicure at least once a week. Soak the feet in soapy water, using, preferably, a mild disinfectant soap, and then cut the nails straight across. If there is a tendency for a nail to grow inwards, snip out a small V in the centre of the nail.

The toenails should be filed like finger-nails, but instead of a steel file it is safer to use one of emery-board.

Use cuticle cream for the nails, if necessary, and push the cuticle half-moons down to show the attractive half-moons.

Do you remember seeing last week's pictures of emeralled toes appear in the newest sandals? Just before I left London I saw many women at smart restaurants and night-clubs with vermilion toe-tips peeping fascinatingly from under their filmy gowns.

Exercise and Massage

THE feet should receive special exercises to keep them supple and to help the muscles work properly. These should be performed consistently either at night-time, before retiring, or in the morning after the bath. In any case, they must be done with the feet bare.

Tip-toeing round the room for five minutes is useful. Another good exercise is rotating each foot in turn, making a complete circle. It is helpful in cases of slight flatness to walk on the outsoles of the feet with the toes turned inwards and towards each other.

Massage is as good for the feet as for any other part of the body. Grasp the toes of the foot and work them to and fro, without moving the rest of the foot. Then stroke the feet firmly from toes to ankle, and finally knead the soles of the feet with the flat, working from the sole to the heel. Use firm, even strokes.

For Lovely Knees

ROLLING the foot from the knee helps to round the knees and take away that aquarish look. Stretching and bending them first thing on awakening in morning keeps them supple, and is an antidote to knee-stiffness in later years.

Incidentally, swimming is wonderful for developing the muscles of the legs. In fact, it normalises the figure all round. Suppleness and activity are developed.

Dancing, of course, is another aid to leg beauty. Instance Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al Jolson) and her hundred thousand dollar legs featured on this page. She is one of America's greatest step-dancers, and her legs are reputed to be the most beautiful pair in America.

If you would like to reduce those hips of yours ever so slightly, or more, as the case warrants, and make the thighs firm, try this new slimming exercise.



HERE IS the newest beauty wrinkle illustrated by Joan Mavis. After the daily bath sprinkle your body, from shoulders to feet, with good talcum powder. Left: Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al Jolson), who appeared in "Forty-second Street," the fine film shown here recently, has insured her lovely legs for 100,000 dollars.

Stand firmly on the floor, with hands on hips, raise one leg and rest it lightly on a low box or chair. Lower your leg, and repeat with the other leg raised. After a week, use a higher box or chair, until gradually you are able to put the raised leg up on a table, hip level. Go gradually, and don't attempt to attain the ideal height if your balance is not perfect. It is the balancing which is slimming.

Another hip-slimming exercise, practised at Dr. Harnish's famous Mar-



THE FIRST step on the road to slender beauty. Stand firmly, right hand on hip, and, keeping the head high and trunk erect, raise the right leg straight forward, toes extended. Now in a wide sweeping motion carry the leg sideways and backward. Return to first position and repeat, using the other leg.

nanan Circle in London, is called "Going for a walk in bed." See that your back is absolutely flat and then stretch one leg further than the other, keeping knees flat. Repeat twelve times. This also acts on the liver and has the effect of loosening up the loins. It is a simple, common-sense exercise, and is well worth the doing.

At a later period I must tell you more about this Mazanahan School. What it has done, not only for youth, but for women from 45 to 65 years of age. I met an Australian recently, returning from London, with a figure that might be envied by any of our attractive young girls—and she claimed to be 65 years of age! Two years before she was a solid block of over 13 stone.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

Anaesthetics

What is the Best Anaesthetic to
Have for a Confinement?

THAT depends entirely on the circumstances.

In the ordinary run of medical practice, chloroform deservedly holds first place. Its ease of administration, the rapidity of its action, its lack of unpleasantness (though by the same token at that particular time in a woman's career the pleasantness or otherwise of a remedy has ceased to worry her) leave it unrivalled for ordinary work.

Twilight sleep has many advocates, though its administration takes a considerable amount of a doctor's time, and needs surrounding conditions of peace and quiet that are not available in the ordinary home.

MANY of the newer drugs are excellent. There are several more or less allied drugs used of which avertin is the best known. From St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London comes the report—"Considerable relief from pain was experienced, and many of our patients could remember nothing of the labor after the injection of avertin."

As a matter of fact, I heard of two cases last week where the patient at first flatly refused to believe that she had a confinement following the use of avertin.

Avertin, however, is not a substance that can be used by everybody at present. It must always be made up fresh, and its administration and the subsequent management of the case take up a fair amount of time, and a certain amount of experience and skill.

Avertin is not without its critics. Nevertheless, there are doctors in Australia who have given it to many hundreds of cases without any ill-effects.

How Do You Cure An

Ulcerated Leg?

CHRONIC ulcer of the leg is a condition due to defective circulation. It is usually caused by varicose veins, and is a common sequel of repeated pregnancies. It is painful and disabling, and frequently associated with eczema of the leg surrounding the ulcer.

Until recently, treatment for this condition was most unsatisfactory, and is responsible for the number of unofficial remedies that flourished.

The best the doctor could advise was for the patient to go to bed till the ulcer healed. This corrected the defective circulation, and caused the ulcer to heal in time, but was quite impracticable to those who had to earn a living.

But nowadays the ulcer can be healed without the necessity for losing a moment from work. The first essential is to correct the damaged circulation, for, unless this is done, the ulcer will either not heal or will break down again straight away. This is accomplished by tightly binding the affected limb with elastoplast, a form of sticking plaster on an elastic base. As the limb shrinks in size (for the tight binding squeezes out the dropical fluid), fresh bindings of elastoplast are put on to keep up the pressure. Any varicose veins present are injected, and so eliminated. The treatment, of course, can only be carried out by a doctor.

While the healing may take months to complete, the treatment is nearly always successful. Ulcers that have been continuously present for over 30 years have been cleared up.



MISS SYLVIA WELLING

The Beautiful English Theatrical Star of "Music in the Air" is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Its Effects are Wonderful

YOU can't compare Mercolized Wax with face creams, as it works on an entirely different principle.

Mercolized Wax helps the skin to do its own cleansing. Permits it to show its natural beauty. It stimulates the pores and enables them to throw off particles of dust and powder. This wonderful Wax then absorbs and thus removes these impurities. Having cleared the complexion, Mercolized Wax leaves the skin beautifully fine and supple, and ready for the light dusting of powder which is all that is necessary when the face is refined and, as it were, dressed with Mercolized Wax. Invaluable for Windchaps, Freckles, Sunburn, Surface Skin Imperfections, and an Ideal Base for Powder.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Mercolized Wax

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

MRS. Phillip Lloyd-Jones knows all about ranunculi?

Campbell Webb, and Campbell's moustache, too, have started the swimming season? Although now at Wagga, Betty Higgins hasn't the slightest intention of missing the races?

Newcastle is still admiring the new suit in which Mr. A. A. Gonniam arrived home from abroad.

Mrs. Jack Toohey's home includes a portrait by George Lambert before he won his scholarship to Paris?

Mrs. Muscio in brown swagger suit and hat, and Dr. Marie Bentivoglio in red and white, are oases in the desert of women's movements meetings?

Always Original

Mrs. Richard Allen (Pauline McDonald), who, like Margaret Hagon, was unusual in that she wore no gloves at her wedding (although her nails, unlike Margaret's, were deeply lacquered), is always original. As well as the usual wild orgies of linen teas, Pauline broke a little new pre-wedding ground. Knowing one of her friends to have second sight when it comes to teacups, she had a fortune-telling party. When she was a tiny tot, too, she had a party at which moving pictures of all her little guests were taken. Later this was thrown on the screen of one of the city theatres—the first thing of its kind done here.

Will Marry Soon

Although drought has rather played havoc with his station, "Tara," Nymagee, Philip, son of Mr. Justice Pike, has decided that he will not postpone his wedding any longer.

So Alice Pritchard, the bride-elect, although she will not be twenty-one until December, has named a day in November for the ceremony.

Alice is the younger daughter of the late Arthur Pritchard, a former president of the Institute of Architects.

The wedding will take place at St. Mark's, where the bride's parents were married, and Professor and Mrs. Sandes are lending their house in Coomera Crescent, Darling Point, for the reception.

Uninvited Guests

Two elderly ladies—one a sister of the late H. Norbert Southwell—set out recently to hear new records at Paling's. To their surprise, many people arrived in full evening dress. However, they retreated into the back seats and enjoyed a delightful concert.

After the music, sandwiches and coffee were handed round. To a mutual friend they murmured, "Isn't it rather wonderful to have refreshments?"

"Why, not at all," was the answer, "the Musical Association always entertains its members after the musical programme."

Covered with confusion, the unconscious gate-crashers slipped quietly away.

All Scotch But Nane There

There were many braw Scotch folk at the reception given at the week-end to Miss McIntosh, the new principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College at Pymble, by Mr. and Mrs. Martin McIlraith at their magnificent North Shore residence, "Ingleholme." But amid all the Scotch accents, atmosphere and axioms, not a wee drappie of the real Scotch was in evidence. The guests drank tea!

Plans Frustrated

How often we find young people dying to make a splash at their wedding, while their elders counsel caution, not to say economy. But when Percy Hunter found that his elder son, David ("Bont") and Gladys Owen had planned to slip off quietly into matrimony next month, he said "nonsense." So there is to be a real wedding, and an elaborate reception. Probably Kenneth ("Pete") Hunter will be best man, but Paul, "Bont's" other brother, being only a year old, is rather young for train-bearer.

He Made Good

Mrs. Trefle, widow of J. L. Trefle, former State Minister, treasures a programme for a concert at the Sydney Town Hall some years ago, when she and her fellow organisers gave the then almost unknown tenor, Cecil Sherwood, "his chance."

Mr. Sherwood, who is returning to Sydney to broadcast, after making his name in Europe, was assisted by Miss Gladys Daniels, and accompanied by Miss Hilda Thorndike (now Mrs. Russell Gillies), a cousin of Dame Sybil. Also, since his father was Inspector of Police, the N.S.W. Police Force Band played twice during the evening.

Their Informal Titles

To "see ourselves as others see us" is not always totally impossible. This is one function of nicknames, although we would be terrified to suggest that there is always justification, even in the least degree.

We append a list for what it is worth:—

Premier Stevens—"Tubby"; Mr. Thomas (Director of Education)—"Bunchy"; Mr. A. E. Hicks—"See Me"; General Iven Mackay—"Iven the Terrible"; Professor Sadler—"Mickey Mouse"; Commander Rhodes—"Dusty"; Mr. W. G. Layton—"Parny"; Rev. F. T. Perkins—"Polly"; Mr. William Williams (ex-head of North Shore High)—"Billy Two-Bills."

Diana Herring is called "Fish," and Evanne Wood "Yok."

Playing the Game

Having been appointed Director of Posts and Telegraphs, Mr. J. Lawson, with family, left recently for Melbourne.

Mrs. Lawson gave a farewell party at the Wentworth. Everyone sat in the lounge, and, instead of announcing the new arrivals or merely introducing them to a few, she took each one up to every other guest and made a formal introduction. Even when this clumsy method got on her guests' nerves and they tried to pretend they were too engrossed in conversation to see a new arrival whom they did not know, and knew they probably would never meet again, she still persisted.

But at afternoon tea it all came out. It was a new game, where everyone must write down from memory as many names of their fellow guests as they could remember. Jean and Bob Lawson motored over with their parents, but Jean had to return quickly as she had accepted a position as resident mistress at her old school, "Kambala," until the end of the year.

Unique Doll Raffle

One of the most unique prizes to be raffled for at the forthcoming entertainment being presided over by Lady

Kelso King in aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, will be a doll sponsored by wee Gina Christie, youngest of Mrs. George Christie's bevy of pretty daughters from Wahroonga. The doll, which was the object of a search throughout the shops of Sydney, is as exact a small edition of the daughter in appearance as a mother could wish, and what time she gets to spare from her activities at the Women's Guild of Empire she is clothing the miniature in exactly the same garb as her daughter will wear to raffle it when the all-important day in her young life arrives.



HE: I may be small, but don't forget Napoleon was a little man.
SHE: I know, dear, but it was intellect I was referring to rather than physique!

Lovely Home Sold

When Mr. Octavius Beale bought a home at Hurwood he had a wife and twelve children, a mother-in-law, and sister-in-law. The family dwindled (the mother-in-law and wife died, and he married the sister-in-law) and some of the children left the nest. A large house was still wanted, and a beautiful home was bought at Burwood. That home has been sold to the Dunnes for £2300 or thereabouts.

The home, apart from its lovely interior, is famous for its garden, and especially its unique orchid house. Mrs. Beale is living at "Cooimoo," Turramurra, and Miss Beale is in her week-end shack at Mt. Colah.

Mother and Daughter

The romantic engagement of Mary Adams to Mr. Frank Moulder (the friendship began at Kosciusko) recalls the equally romantic engagement of Mary's mother.

Marjorie Knox was a brilliant student, being a gold medallist from "Ascham," although her father was opposed to the higher education for women. Sydney was, therefore, thrilled when she announced her engagement to the dashing naval doctor, Henry Adams.

Mary has always been a "sport." When a schoolgirl, she and her bicycle were quite famous.

The £10,000 Look

The £10,000 look, as distinct from the £12 look of Barrie, has come over Mrs. F. B. Freehill, who has just given that sum towards the memorial to Cardinal Cerretti.

This is the third time that a Sydney woman has been generous to this extent. Lady Sheldon gave £10,000 to found Sancta Sophia College, and Joan Norton gave £10,000 to the University for general purposes.

Mrs. Freehill has also given the University money (£1000) to found a scholarship in Italian.

When Cardinal Cerretti came to Sydney for the Eucharistic Congress Mrs. Freehill placed her house at Point Piper at his disposal, moving into a suite at the Australia. A room in the Point Piper house was converted into a chapel with altar, which still remains.

Racing Whispers

Victorians expect to put the "Hall Mark" on Blitzen on Derby Day.

Middle Watch's Moonee Valley win calls attention to his Melbourne Cup engagement. He has 9.0 in the Cup.

New Zealand, Queensland and Sydney horses won at Rosehill. Victoria is waiting for the bigger plums next week.

Those who fancy inflation for the Epsom will have to accept a deflated price after the New Zealander's showing on Saturday.

Sets New Fashion

Dame Clara Butt has introduced a new fashion to Australian women.

At a Melbourne shop she has ordered a silk dressing gown lined throughout with rabbit fur.



THEN AND NOW.
One of these pictures is an actual photo of a young lady taken on a holiday in 1901. The other one is a bright young miss photographed on a holiday in 1933. Can you guess which is which?

BEAUTIFUL BRIDAL GOWNS

By Molyneux, Patou, Worth



● Mlle de Gaffier d'Hestroy, daughter of the Belgian Ambassador to France, became the Comtesse de Mortemart clad in a gown created by Worth. This special model moulds the figure to a degree, with shirring down the centre front as the only suggestion of fullness. The voluminous train is cut in one with the bodice of the gown. The tulle veil falls from a wreath made of satin arum lilies, a sheath of which is carried by the bride.

● Molyneux was the designer and Mlle Gaby Pasquier the bride in the picture at the top of the page. The high rolled neckline is very smart. A skirt of rich ivory lace falls from a bodice of matching georgette. The veil is hand-made Alençon lace, and both the veil and the tulle cap are embroidered here and there with ivory lace flowers. A rounded train is set into the lace skirt at the hipline.

● Mlle Solange d'Harcourt, in the picture at the left, was one of the year's earliest brides, and the wedding to the Duc de Vivonne was the biggest social event in European society. Patou made her gown of ivory satin. The veil is antique, and is caught on the shoulders by a spray of white violets.

Finest Quality ENGLISH HANDBAGS in the Newest Styles



Brown Ribbed Calf, 42/-



Grey Lizard . . . 42/-



Brown Chameleon, 57/6

PERFECTLY fashioned handbags bearing the blue ribbon tag of ORTWIELER—London, the very last word in style and quality!

Fairfax & Roberts are showing a selected range of these exclusive handbags, and draw special attention to their outstanding value.

Your critical inspection is invited.

FAIRFAX & ROBERTS
LIMITED,

"The Oldest Jewellery House in Sydney,"
23-25 HUNTER STREET.

JUNE in Europe is a WEDDING BELLES traditional

month of weddings. After the Courts are all finished Parisian Couturieres prepare for the rush for wedding gowns which always takes place in London and Paris at this time of the year.

This season's brides are especially grand. There is a return to the stately sweeping effect in wedding gowns, and yards and yards of richly-flowing satin sweep to the ground and trail in an abandonment of luxury.

From MURIEL SEGAL,
Our Special Representative
in Europe

White has been the most popular color. In fact, the fashionable churches have hardly seen a color, and even ivory is seldom preferred to the classical white. Satin is by far the most popular material, although lace appears occasionally, and a heavy, dull silk crepe has been chosen by some recent brides. Plain lustrous satin returns to

favor. Novelty weddings are a thing of yesteryear.

This season's bridal gown is a masterpiece of deception, looking so simple and so classical it turns out to be a veritable miracle of intricate cut, moulding the figure faultlessly with flowing, unbroken lines. Sleeves are usually of the fitted sheath variety, and the veil is worn well off the brow, falling in great lengths behind. Lilies of the valley, carnations, white violets, orchids, or a tall sheaf of calla lilies supersede all the novelty bouquets which used to be popular.

FASHION PARADE

BY JESSIE TAIT

New TUBULAR Silhouette RETURN of for EVENING Elegance to the MODE

EVENING dress silhouettes are more varied than ever before. There is no longer one type of dress that must be worn. In the many styles of today there is much elegance.

You can if you wish array yourself in frou-frou and look frightfully jeune fille in white organdie, or you may look worldly and sophisticated in tight-fitting satins, beaded and pailletted crepes. Tailored linens contrast sharply with diaphanous chiffons and nets.

Evening styles are becoming more elegant, more feminine. After spending a busy and energetic day, what is more natural than that women should want to change from their practical clothes to something alluring and softly feminine.

We are going back to the pre-war days when one waltzed but not jazzed in long, flowing gowns.

Quantities of Material

Sixteen and eighteen yards of net are used to make the flowing skirts on some of Chanel's new models. Yards and yards of chiffon float away gracefully as you walk. Crisp flowered taffeta billows around your feet.

Contrasting Models

Yards and yards of crepe made into fine little ruffles are applied to the back of one white dance frock. A half-dozen sweep down to the floor, giving the effect of an elongated bustle. One

tiny ruffle follows the entire hemline. In front this is the only decoration. As a direct contrast there is a frock of parma violet linen. It has a white pique collar round the V-neck in front, and at the back it becomes a vestee and goes below the waist.

The Return of Beads

Beaded evening gowns are shown here and there in Paris collections. Clear or opaque white crystal bugles embroidered in simple designs, such as blocks or circles, or in solid patterns, are favorites.

New Laces

Molynex uses fine lace with the pattern picked out in gold or silver paillettes and delicately colored beads matching the satin slip and sash. White lace is embroidered in silver thread. Amber lace in gold.

Something new in laces is the new flax or cotton lace with the pattern outlined in colored embroidery—red or bright blue. A novelty is a white pique evening gown embroidered with red and blue

MISS JESSIE TAIT each week gives Australian women the benefit of her unusual talent for dressing, as exemplified in the frocking of many famous J. C. Williamson Ltd. shows.

spots. With this goes a pique jacket with the huge sleeves heavily spotted.

Black jet is a popular revival. Mainbocher uses it on scarves and trimmings for dress and afternoon wear. There is a lovely dress of white crepe embroidered all over in zig-zag pattern with black jet. These beaded and embroidered frocks are very plainly made, with a moulded bodice and straight skirt.



A dinner frock of grey organza. The unusual neckline with a point that folds over in the front. The bouquet of yellow and red is in striking contrast.

The new August-bernard mermaid silhouette, straight and slinky, flaring out softly below the knees. There is a bow on each shoulder. This model is made of deep cream moire.

This evening gown is of black satin with white coin spots. The neckline is draped high in front and is very low at the back. Two folded bands cross the front waistline and tie at the back.



This summer evening frock is made of pale green blistered organdie. Dividing the bodice from the sleeves are tiny bands of blue for-see-me-nots. The skirt line is the new tubular silhouette.

This very decollete model is made of shirred white Lastex satin which clings tightly to the figure. The neckline is high in front, with two strips of violet velvet starting at the back of the neck, coming under the arms, ending in a long sash.

This very unusual model is made in chiffon. The sheathlike body is in black. The skirt and off the shoulder bodice are flesh pink pleated chiffon. There are three pink chiffon flowers at the neck.

Graceful Chiffon

Chiffon is perhaps the most useful evening material. Apart from cottons it is the leading fabric for summer nights. "Vogue" shows us a forget-me-not blue chiffon dress, with sunburst pleats hanging straight from the hips on the skirt. A tailored belt with a big square rhinestone buckle. There is a pleated cape swinging from the shoulders and tied with a deep blue velvet bow.

A frock of grey chiffon has shoulder ruffles, tier on tier, falling gracefully away to make a deep decolletage ending in the bow of a cerise velvet sash. The skirt has spiral ruffles.

All black and all white chiffons will still be worn, grey, pinks, straw yellows, and light blues will have colored sashes or flowers.

Black Net

For hot nights what can be cooler than net. Black net is used profusely—sometimes combined with black satin, generally alone. One lovely example—a dress of coarse black cotton net—is shirred all the way down to the knees, where it breaks out into much fullness. The only trimming is a bright green ribbon belt.

Lastex

There is a material called lastex, which until now has been confined to underclothes and hats. It is composed of any solid material with strips of rubber woven into the back. This enables it to cling tightly to the figure. Lastex velvet and lastex satin, which hitherto have been used only for close-fitting hats, make some of the new models.

High Decollete

The majority of necks are still high in front, and low at the back. The tops of the arms may, or need not be covered. There are sleeves in very few evening frocks. The covered shoulder is generally an extension of the bodice drape.

The New Tubular Silhouette

After the summer we are going to wear an entirely new silhouette. It has been introduced to Paris by August-bernard. It is swathed, sheath-like and vertical. There is no bulk, and the natural curves of the figure are displayed. It is a fitted line that clings to down below the knees where it finishes in a soft flare and short train. There is no belt but there is soft treatment around the shoulders.

The fabrics for these frocks are heavy. Satins, velvets and crepes. The colors will be in contrast to the summer pastels. They will be dark and dull. All shades of brown—taupe-brown being the newest, dull greens, purplish blues, grey, prune and plum. There will be no bright or brilliant colors in the new mode.

BLACK satin hat, gloves, and bag will brighten up your black woollen winter dress.

SUMMER'S first favorites are organdie dresses, accompanied by every type of organdie hat, from super-picture hats to tiny bridesmaid bonnets. Second choice seems to be the two-color print dress with plain east matching one of the shades of the dress.

DON'T SUFFER THE HUMILIATION OF SKIN BLEMISHES!

She hated the thought of going out! Her new outfit was certainly smart. But the whole effect was spoiled. Her skin was dull and blotchy.



Clear your Skin...

with

REXONA Medicated SOAP



Miss Betty Doyle has always used Rexona Medicated Soap to guard her lovely skin

This is Miss Betty Doyle, another very attractive user of Rexona Soap. The loveliness of her skin is proof of Rexona Soap's truly wonderful beautifying powers. She writes:

"I am pleased to tell you that since using Rexona Soap I have noticed my skin becoming clearer and finer. Rexona is a lovely soap to use."

To get full benefit from Rexona Soap use it always

Rexona Ointment should be in every home, too—to relieve pain, and to heal cuts, sores, burns and any broken or inflamed skin.

Rexona

MEDICATED SOAP

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

If you want to remove every disheartening blemish from your skin, and be quite sure they will never return—use Rexona Medicated Soap regularly. Rexona Soap contains marvellous medications that heal and tone-up the skin and remove the cause of blemishes.

As Rexona Soap cleanses and soothes the surface of your skin, the medications it contains penetrate to the deepest pores. Here they heal existing skin-blemishes, and prevent blackheads, pimples, rashes and other disfiguring blemishes from appearing. Rexona Soap is medicated to remove the cause of skin-troubles—the waste matter, invisible dust and germs that ordinary soap cannot affect. And, as dust and germs collect in your skin every day, you can see how important it is to use Rexona Medicated Soap regularly.

Rexona Medicated Soap revives tired skin

The marvellous medications in Rexona Soap also form a rejuvenating stimulant for a tired, blotchy skin. They remove waste and rebuild tissues so that cells can perform their natural function of building up the skin. This action gives your skin the glowing clearness that can only come from perfect health.



Sold by all
Chemists and Stores

Which of these valuable gifts will you have
—in exchange for Rexona Soap Coupons?

Such an interesting list of free gifts that you just won't know which to choose! Every one of them is useful, attractive and really splendid quality.

A pair of Scissors for only

40 Coupons!



Good steel scissors—6½ in. long—and you only have to save 40 Rexona Soap coupons to get them free!

3 Dinner Knives, 50 Coupons



Are of splendid quality—stainless steel, with Xylonite handles. And you get three of them free for only 50 Rexona Soap Coupons.

Other useful Free Gifts!

Ladies' Handkerchiefs
Linen Glasscloths
Guest Towels
Pocket knife
Stainless Steel Bread Knife
Sifter Vanity Case
Fountain Pen (14ct. gold nib)
Luminous dial
Man's Nickel Watch
Stainless Nickel Silver Forks
Stainless Nickel Silver Teaspoons
Bedroom Clock
Ladies' Wristlet Watch
Full particulars on every Free Gift Coupon.

I HAVE found women's brains as good as men's, and men's hearts as good as women's.—Sheila Kaye-Smith.

WITHOUT women, the life of man would be without aid in the beginning, without pleasure in the middle, and without solace in the end.—Mme. d'Houdetot.

NO man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage and guided by her discretion.—Ruskin.

WHEN a man's logic fails, then a woman's intuition comes in.—Joseph Rocking.

IT is proper to women to despise what you give them, and die for what you refuse them.—Spanish proverb.

OF all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.



THE newly-formed Younger Set of the New Zealand Women's Association, of which Miss Ailsa Finlayson is president, Miss Mollie Walton secretary, and Mr. Peter Wain treasurer is a most enthusiastic body of young people. Already a group of girls and young



MISS AILSA FINLAYSON.
—Dorothy Weidling.

men are training for the pol dance and haka to represent N.Z. at the Empire Pageant, and under the supervision of Mrs. J. W. A. Prentice (president of the parent association) and Princess Wiki, the group promises to be a most delightful one.

Every spare moment has been given by the girls to the completion of their Maori costumes, and the club rooms of the association, at the Bank of New Zealand Chambers, George Street, have been the scene of a most industrious working bee. Plans are also ahead for

Memorial School Opened This Week

THAT the appreciation of one's work should take the tangible and uplifting form of a modern preparatory school, is a tribute which not many receive.

It is, however, being made a tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. Nicoll O'Connor, of Cameron Avenue, Earlwood, for her beautiful old home has recently been made the new quarters of Miss H. P. Whyte's preparatory school, which was conducted for nearly a year at the Presbyterian Church Hall.

Mrs. O'Connor was well known in philanthropic circles, for she worked assiduously for the Army and Navy Veterans' Association, the Queen Victoria Club, the English Speaking Union, the Girl Guides' Association, as well as for returned soldiers and sailors.

A move was made into the building last week, and it was arranged that Mrs. E. J. Hocking would officially open the school on Tuesday, and unveil a photograph of the late Mrs. N. O'Connor. Mr. E. E. O'Connor was also to speak.

The school is to be designated "The Janet Nicoll Memorial School," and will be staffed by Miss H. P. White and Miss Jean Linklater.

forming a musical and dramatic society.

The men of the Younger Set are to give the haka at the ball to be held in the State Assembly, Market Street, on September 25, in honor of New Zealand's Dominion Day, so that when Sir Philip and Lady Game arrive at the ball they should feel that they have stepped into a veritable Maoriland, so typical of New Zealand are the decorations planned.

There is to be a separate room for bridge players, so that the Younger Set can bring along their parents to help celebrate.

Don't Forget



A NEW dance orchestra, which will play from 8 until 12, has been engaged for the cocktail and sherry party to be held at Elizabeth Bay House on September 22, from which the Blind Institution, William Street, is to benefit. Mavis Fleming, Kerry and Philip Cade, Annie Baker, Goldie Grey, and Evelyn Poole are in charge of arrangements, and have planned a cocktail bar to be presided over by Geoff Carter and John Backhouse. Tickets will be available at the door.

MISS JEAN FITZPATRICK,

honorary treasurer St. Margaret's Hospital Younger Set committee, which will hold a dance at Miss Jean McDougall's home, on September 23, funds of which are for the hospital.



IN aid of "Weemala" Liff Fund, Ryde Homes for Invalids, a card afternoon will be held at "The Green Room," 357 George Street, on September 24. The hon. organisers are Mrs. W. E. Parsons and Mrs. A. Levy.

DAOMAN ROBERTS, hon. organising secretary, and also one of the actresses, is working very hard for the success of "Love at Second Sight," a comedy by Miles Malleson, which will be produced by the Roseville Amateur Dramatic Society at Roseville Hall on September 21. Proceeds will be in aid of the Royal North Shore Hospital. Mrs. J. Waller-Roberts is producer.

A DANCE and card party will be held at the Arts Club on September 21, in aid of Furlough House, Narrabeen. The Memorial Club of Sydney and the ladies' social committee of Furlough House are arranging the party. Mrs. H. C. Norton is hon. organiser.

MRS. GEORGE BLANKS and Mrs. Stephen Herford are arranging a card party to be held at the Chinese Book Club, State Shopping Block, on September 27, at 2 p.m. The proceeds are in aid of the Blackfriars Health Movement.

EVERY girl should go to the "What?" if she lives in North Sydney, on September 27, as the Mayor, Mrs. H. L. Primrose, has arranged the annual Spring Ball, of which the Premier, Mr. J. B. Stewart, is the patron. The local charities will benefit.

How Alien MARRIAGES Affect BRITISH Women Women Voters Confer on Nationality, Currency, and Other Big Problems

Some women and many men would be surprised at the keen insight and knowledge that is being brought to light at the conferences of the Federation of Women Voters.

The second of the series took place in Sydney on Monday, and the women tackled valiantly such controversial problems as "The Douglas Credit System," "Banking, Credit, Currency and Exchange Rates," and "The Nationality of Married Women."

Mrs. B. Rischbieth (West Australia) presided at the morning session, and Mrs. C. Green (N.S.W.) in the afternoon.

THE most interesting subject on the agenda was perhaps "The Nationality of Married Women." The urgency of this matter has been brought home to Australians in recent weeks through the publicity given in two or three instances of the handicaps suffered by Australian women married to aliens.

Unlike the other disabilities of a married woman, the rule by which a woman followed the nationality of her husband was of comparatively recent origin. Mrs. A. Littlejohn explained, when addressing the conference on "Nationality of Married Women."

The laws which denied a woman her nationality assumed that she did not care as much for her country as a man did, she continued, and it was certainly treating nationality as a matter of little concern if it might be changed without the consent of the individual concerned, as at present. The order of the day, Mrs. Littlejohn concluded, was the equality of right for the human being, irrespective of sex, race, or nationality.

To-day we had the bitter experience of a British woman marrying a foreigner and having no nationality for two years, and, in one instance, of a British woman married to an American being unable to procure a passport as she had no nationality at all, Mrs. E. J. Proud said, speaking on the same subject.

In the House of Lords recently, the Lord Chancellor moved the reading of the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Bill, which proposed to amend the law relating to the nationality of married women.

This bill should be opposed by all women, Mrs. Proud considered, as it would retard the gaining of their ultimate ends of relief. Representative women had asked that the bill be dropped and substituted by Sir John Sandeman Allen's Bill restoring to British women the right to retain their nationality on marriage with a foreigner.

Large numbers of women married to aliens were unable to obtain work or continue in a profession or trade in which they had been employed for years, and sick women often found State hospitals closed to them, and destitute ones could not obtain help from their own Governments.

"We should not have to work and fight for common justice. We should be working for the benefit of humanity!" Mrs. Proud said, decisively.

If Margaret Bondfield were to marry an American she would have to resign her seat, but Lady Astor, although an American by birth, could and did occupy a seat in the British House of Commons because she was the wife of a British subject.

Mrs. L. H. Clapp also briefly stated her views.

DISCUSSION on the Douglas Credit System occupied the greater part of the morning session.

Mr. R. Fretwell gave a full explanation of the system, delving deep into the "A plus B Theorem," and speaking with the sincerity that usually characterises converts.

The discrepancy between production and consumption was occasioned in the main by an inherently faulty financial system which had further aggravated the depression by failure to mould itself to the mass productive era of science and mechanism in which we now were, said Mr. Fretwell.

"BUT what is the solution of the displacement of men by machinery in industry?" was asked, to which the speaker replied that real credit was not the amount of goods one had, but included the value of all plants and machinery which could be drawn upon, and from which dividends could be granted.

"EXPONENTS of the Douglas Credit System failed to show that the system was a panacea for financial ills," said Mrs. G. Blanks. If, as they said, no industry had sufficient purchasing power to buy all the goods it produced, how was it possible, the speaker asked, for the community as a whole to buy all the goods and services offered for sale?

Continuing, Mrs. Blanks said it was not right, as Douglas said, that money on its way to the bank was on its way to extinction. Certainly the banking system was not perfect. Authorities agreed that reforms might be instituted in many directions, but, nevertheless, money did not become extinct in a bank for it was continually being received and distributed.

The "Just Price," which was explained fully by Mrs. Blanks, was merely getting something for nothing, which would inevitably lead to inflation, and on to a final crash.

A Glaring Defect

IN the opinion of Miss May Mathews, the gold standard was a glaring defect in the present financial system.

Gold had been the international monetary standard and the universally applied measure of value. Through its fluctuations the fall in commodity values had been exactly proportionate to the rise in gold values. During the last three years gold had doubled its value in terms of commodities, and so wrought havoc with the debtor class throughout the world.

The problem of stabilising values was the greatest problem the nations had to solve.

"DEPRESSION makes propagandists of us all," said Mrs. D. Ritchie, in outlining the present system of banking, credit, and currency, in an interesting and comprehensive manner, "and many persons have different solutions of the problem!" She outlined a number of the suggestions, and was followed by Miss Rouch, who dealt with "Exchange."

Resolutions

During the conference, resolutions to be forwarded to the Federal Government were passed asking that a convention be summoned to revise the Constitution of the Commonwealth; that the principle of proportional representation be adopted, and a system be introduced whereby a Parliament so elected should elect a Ministry by the same system of voting; that more attention be focussed on the financial system.

At the conclusion of the session of the conference dealing with the nationality of married women, it was also resolved that the Federal Government be asked to introduce a Bill similar to that of Sir John Sandeman Allen.

The conference will be continued next Monday, at Challis House, Sydney.



LADY CHAUVEL, wife of Lieut. General Sir Harry Chauvel, has been Deputy-State Commissioner of the Girl Guides' Association in Victoria since 1923. She has been acting as State Commissioner since Lady Somers' departure.

—Dickinson-Monteth.

A Million GIRLS Go "GUIDING"

Our Part in World Organisation

There is romance and de termination behind the story of the Girl Guide Movement And it is appropriately named "movement," for the Association has moved forward with the times, expanding in activities and numbers through the years, by reason of the absorbing interest and the desire of the members for development of body, mind, and spirit.



Camp, in the Arcadian setting of Jamberoo Valley. Girls engage in all sorts of fascinating jobs—bucket drill, erecting tents, and preparing meals. By means of this team work much valuable instruction is given.



THE association had its beginning when a small party of dishevelled but determined young girls presented themselves to Sir Robert Baden-Powell at a Scout camp and demanded to be allowed to play the game that so entranced their brothers.

The idea fired the imagination of girls all over the world, until in 1932—the official twenty-first birthday of the movement—the membership numbered over a million and the association functioned in 70 countries.

Adhering to its aim of developing character and training for good citizenship, the Guiding is accomplished by degrees.

The Guides are proud of their trefoll badge presented to them as a symbol of their promise to keep the Guide law which binds them to loyalty and service, and the three-fingered salute, the privilege of every enrolled guide, is zealously availed of.

The term Guide covers each branch of the movement, the Brownies aged 8 to 11, the Guides 11 to 16, and the Rangers from 16 onwards.

Provision in the movement is made for physically defective and geographically isolated girls, as the Extension and Lone branches see that they are not overlooked.

EACH Guide takes a share in the management of her company by means of the patrol system. The patrols elect their leaders, who become their representatives at the Court of Honor, of which the captain or guide in charge acts as chairman. It is an executive committee responsible for the management of the company. The Guides thus gain practical experience in organisation and committee procedure.

The company, which must be self-supporting, is financed by a small subscription about a penny a week from each member. If additional funds are required the money must be earned, as Guides are not allowed to beg.

The activities of the company come under four headings: Intelligence, Health, Handicraft, and Service.

To encourage efficiency in all work, badges are awarded to those who reach a required standard by examination in the various sections.

The badge work covers almost every activity open to women and girls in art, handicraft, sport, domestic achievements, first aid, outdoor and indoor occupations.

LADY GAME is particularly interested in the work, and her daughter, Miss Rosemary, is a Guide who is proud of her badges, her latest distinction, among others, being the gaining of her domestic service badge.

Great interest was aroused by the Guides' Badge Display held in Sydney



this year. The visitors expressed astonishment that girls could make such beautiful furniture, most of it being fashioned from butter-boxes and scrap wood.

There was a houseboat for two, made of canvas, with real furniture in the living-room, kitchen, bathroom, ottoman bed and hammock.

There was also a Brownie house with bedroom and living-room. All the furniture that was for sale has since been disposed of.

The subjects that go to make a girl a good housewife and mother are encouraged, such as cooking, domestic, and laundry work, first aid, general child-nursing, and needlework.

Camping, woodcraft, and nature study play a big part in Guide training, as it is realised that in such pursuits there

IN England, girls of the leisured class have taken up Guiding very enthusiastically, and therefore Guiding has gone ahead much quicker than in Australia. Here, for some reason, many of the Younger Set have been inclined to regard it as a juvenile movement, not realising the vast amount of interest to be derived, and practical service which they might render the country by becoming Guiders (company leaders).

are ideal opportunities for comradeship, healthy relaxation, scope for development, initiative, observation, and physical training.

INTERESTED people in New South Wales have lately made generous gifts to the association. An anonymous donor presented a camp site at Kuringal. This has been tremendously popular, and every week-end it is booked by different companies for camping. It is also used for outdoor training.

Another gift was a camp site at Jamberoo, on the South Coast, where the Guides go every year for camping.

The next big camp will be in December, when the new site at Jamberoo will be used for the first time.

The Ranger branch, girls over 16, are very keen on handicrafts, and are hoping at a later date to open a little shop where they can sell their work. The shop will serve a double purpose of helping Rangers who are out of work to sell their articles, and will also help to raise funds towards a Ranger den which they hope to have in the city as a club room.

In Victoria

VICTORIAN guiding was established in 1919. There is some doubt whether the pioneer company was the Heidelberg company, founded by a little Irish lady (Mrs. Brady, the vicar's wife), or the Skipton company, founded by Miss Joyce Russell, now Mrs. Arthur Yencken.

In any case, the first Heidelberg company was the only company of Guides among all the Boy Scouts that lined St. Kilda Road on the day the Prince of Wales arrived in Melbourne. They were a motley, weary little group of 20. They waited for the Prince for nearly six hours, after a long train journey in from the suburbs, and when he did arrive were such a tiny group that he swept past without even noticing them.

The movement was at first hampered by lack of a central organisation. But it went forward with a tremendous bound after the Countess of Stradbroke became first State Commissioner. She appointed a State executive committee and arranged for an English trainer to spend a year in Victoria to instruct Guiders.

IN 1926 Lady Somers became State Commissioner, and her lively support of the association was a great help to it. In 1927 she formed a State council, which meets annually. From this large body, composed of leading citizens and representatives from other organisations, the smaller executive committee is elected.

Brownies were enrolled almost as soon as Guiders, and Rangers followed a little later. A branch that soon became necessary was the Lone Guide branch, for those living too far away to attend company meetings.

The Extension branch, for physically disabled girls, was introduced in 1927, and there are now seven companies and packs, with about 80 members.

Last year's membership of the Girl Guide movement in Victoria was 14,000, with 406 companies and 164 packs. It is expected that the figures submitted to this year's annual meeting will show an increase.

Lady Chauvel has been acting as State Commissioner since Lady Somers' departure. She and Lady Helena Rous, who was hon. secretary when she was in Victoria, keep in touch with the association still.

THE association has made it its ambition for next year to acquire property. It is felt that a permanent camp is needed. During last year 1046 Guides and Rangers were under canvas, and 212 attended indoor camps. Twenty acres of land, with a house, if possible, are wanted, and the association is hoping for generous support from the public to help it in this project.

Miss Sybil Irving, the capable daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. G. G. Irving, is secretary of the organization.

'ASPRO' STILL SMASHING for the 'FLU'!

'ASPRO' has proved itself the Greatest Antidote for 'FLU'!

FOR seventeen years 'ASPRO' has played havoc with 'Flu', and more and more people are proving that 'ASPRO' stands alone in quickly smashing up Influenza. There's no doubt about the result when you take 'ASPRO'—two or three tablets taken at the first sign of a Cold, followed up with doses of two or three tablets every three or four hours, accompanied by a hot lemon drink with the last dose before going to bed, will banish the 'Flu' within twenty-four hours. Attack the 'Flu' with 'ASPRO' when you feel its first creepy symptoms. A packet of 'ASPRO' in the early stages of a Cold is better than spending a miserable week in bed.

'FLU ATTACKS SQUASHED AT ONCE WITH 'ASPRO'

Church Point, via Manly, N.S.W., 25/7/33

Dear Sirs,

Two years ago I was running a high temperature with 'flu', and was persuaded against my wish as I did not believe in 'ASPRO' medicine, to take an 'ASPRO' tablet. I was quite sure (I daily refused the cure) being worse than the temperature. After taking it, my temperature went down to almost normal, and I thought was a fluke. That night I took one more, and 'ASPRO' won the case.

During this 'flu' outbreak that has just swept through the area, we have four squashed cases at once. In my husband's case, it was so lucky, almost, almost in an instant, that I felt it would be too much for our little child—but, as before, it triumphed in three days he was as well as ever, and only stayed in bed one day.

Faithfully yours,
(Mrs.) C. D. D.

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Always Keep a Packet in the Home!

CHARITY CAFES Run by Voluntary WORKERS

It was a person of vision who started the first cafe for charitable and other societies.

Such establishments have provided thousands of pounds to the funds of various institutions in Sydney alone.

DURING war years cafes were a favorite medium for raising money. They have dropped off in recent times, but several survive, and new ones have been established.

Pride of place is generally conceded to the Children's Hospital Cafe, which, alas, is no more.

In eight years this cafe raised £10,000 for the hospital funds.

Mrs. Howard Harrison established the cafe in 1921, but after eight years she had to give up her work owing to failing health. The cafe continued until 1931, but then, due to the economic situation, it was closed.

This cafe was first established at Waters' Corner, King Street, and later moved to Angus and Coote's.

The Junior Red Cross Cafe is now occupying the premises vacated by the Children's Hospital organisation, and the juniors with the assistance of voluntary helpers have been most successful.

THE cafe of the Church Missionary Society, corner of Bathurst and George Streets, has a record for long service.

It was opened in 1896 with the offering of the humble scones and tea, and has grown to the stage when it can provide a three-course meal.

There are teams of from six to eight helpers daily, who do everything in connection with the cafe, including kitchen work.

Mrs. E. Bragg, who has been in charge as depot secretary for 20 years, generally attends the rooms five days a week. Mrs. F. Reeve is secretary of the women's executive, and all helpers find their reward in the knowledge that through their efforts three missionaries are kept in the field.

The Australian Board of Missions has its cafe—the Blue Tea Rooms in Rowe Street. This cafe has weathered the years of depression, and handed over £1700 to the board during the nine years of its existence. It was inaugurated by the Sydney branch of the A.B.M., and has



MRS. HOWARD HARRISON
—New Talma.

INVESTIGATING Juvenile CRIME

Mrs. Tenison-Woods, Adelaide's first woman barrister, is at present investigating the problem of juvenile crime under a scholarship from the Carnegie Foundation.

IT'S very gratifying to think that a woman is engaged in this work, for there has been continued agitation for women to be given greater opportunity to serve in this department of social work, where it is felt that their knowledge and experience would be of incalculable benefit.

Mrs. Tenison-Woods considers that the underlying contributory causes of child delinquency are more important than the actual offence.

"The treatment meted out should always have for its purpose reformation, rather than punishment," she stated in the course of an interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

"During the tenure of the scholarship I hope to find the defects in the present existing systems and show how they may be brought more into line with those of America and England."

For the past six months Mrs. Tenison-Woods has been compiling, in Adelaide, where she occupies a seat on the bench of the Children's Court, statistics of the numbers of juvenile offenders over a given period, the nature of their offences, and their disposals.

At the end of the eighteen months of the scholarship, she will submit a report to the Australian Council for Educational Research showing the defects of the existing systems and embodying proposals for constructive schemes.

At present this prominent Adelaide barrister is staying at Lewisham Hospital, and during her visit has visited the Children's Court in Sydney where, through the courtesy of Mr. Parker, she sat on the bench with him, but in this instance only as an investigator in the N.S.W. system.



MRS. E. BRAGG.
—Sidney Riley.

as its chairwoman Mrs. K. O. McKenzie and an energetic honorary organising secretary in Miss Thelma Milner.

☆ ☆ ☆

FIRST convener of a committee of workers for the Women's Home Mission Association Cafe, in Carrington Street, eight years ago, and now in the Presbyterian Buildings, Margaret Street, was the late Miss Annie Thompson. Each year the cafe has subscribed a substantial amount for home and foreign missions, last year the amount being £200. This organisation caters for an average of 200 a day in its cafeteria and 100 a day in the luncheon room. Its convener is Mrs. M. H. Ward and Miss A. Harley Young, both of whom give their services in an honorary capacity, making their appearance at the cafe almost every day, and teams of women and girls who forfeit many a day's pleasure in the service of this cause number from five to eight daily.

Girls of the Methodist Young People's Department have a cafe in Castlereagh Street, and give its proceeds to the Halloween Kindergarten, which is situated in the premises of the South Sydney Methodist Mission, Rockferry. The head of this band of workers, two of whom attend the cafe each day, is Miss Bessie Osborne. The kindergarten, of which Miss Dorothy Robson has charge, has been established for two years, but the cafe is only a few months old.

UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT Annual Display

SATURDAY will be the day of the year for the Sydney University Settlement, for on that day, at the Great Hall in the historic building, will be staged the annual display of work by the various clubs of the settlement.

It's a competitive display and creates great interest in the community, for tiny tots from two years of age compete, as well as women of mature years.

This year particular interest has been centred in garden competitions. Pocket-handkerchief gardens they are, sometimes only a few feet in diameter, but Mrs. W. H. Read, who judged them, comments on the high standard that has been achieved in the 17 gardens she inspected, and the love of flowers that these competitions has engendered among people who live in the thickly populated suburbs.

There are twelve clubs associated with the settlement, and all will take part in some way in Saturday's celebrations.

Among them will be two full companies of Girl Guides, two Scout troops, one Brownie pack, and three Wolf Cub packs, as well as the clubs for children, young girls, and mothers.

Singing by the Mothers' Clubs, under the direction of Mrs. R. B. Trindall, folk dancing, little plays, as well as solo items, will form part of the programme.

There are also competitions for cooking, sewing, and handicraft.

Winners in the garden competition who were awarded equal marks were Mrs. Garden (Chippendale), Mrs. Woods (Enskineville) and Mrs. Lees (Enskineville).

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



MRS. DUNDAS ALLEN, of Bellevue Hill, photographed with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bruce Allen, who is visiting Australia for the first time. Mrs. B. Allen lives in London.
—Women's Weekly study.



WE would like to remark that in our vanished youth we used to go to parties at party places, art shows at art show places, lectures at lecture places, club meetings at club places, and buy frocks at frock places.

Nowadays, we whirl as socially as ever, but cover far less ground.

When we pop into the old emporium, are we buying frocks? Don't be silly. We are off to a Legacy Club luncheon, a women's rally, a charity ball, an art or bushland exhibition, a dinner party—or, in fact, what have you?

AFTER all, one has one's code, so even if Mrs. McClellens' remark at the National Council of Women's reception to Mrs. Moss at the Arts Club last week that "morals of young people, not forgetting their manners, want tightening up" was but a trifle thin, we must say "great national evils" was really pretty thick. Otherwise, however, everybody acted as if they had been bribed by everybody else. Mrs. Moss saying that Melbourne should rejoice in Sydney, taking the words out of the mouth of Mrs. Green (Lady Mayoress of Brisbane) and Mrs. Muscio, declaring "anyway, Melbourne women always go to all their meetings." Nobody added, "Yes, because in Melbourne they have nothing better to do."

HOW tiresome we were so lax about that copybook at school, thought we, as we ruined a page in the "Good Companions" book. This book contains the signatures of all those at the party at David Jones', and Peter Dawson is to take it to England. We were warned that the Premier was in our midst, but the only people we actually met in our snooping among the more-than-three hundred were Mr. and Mrs. T. Murray—Mrs. Murray proudly sporting real orchids on her shoulder; Mrs. Lloyd old-time walking most successfully; Mrs. Peter Dawson copying Margaret Hagen's color scheme; June Lloyd looking like spring in floral dimity; Miss Boyd tricked out in green, white and black check sleeves, and also gloves; Mrs. Cameron looking happy; Josephine Marks in romantic curls and a red bracelet; and Avalon golf devotee Grace Gunn.

THE "Snappy Sydney Revue" in aid of the Women's Hospital had a "Snappy Kendal Lodge, Rose Bay,"

(Right) Miss Lynette Dickenson, of Toorak, Melbourne, who is enjoying a visit to Sydney. She is staying at the Astor, Macquarie Street. Miss Dickenson will return home shortly.
—Dorothy Welding



BY arranging a disguise of Norwegian langloofs—keep calm, merely the horribly correct word for race caps—and windjackets—the band for the Ski Council Ball at the Blaxland Galleries on Wednesday was voted to be quite "some of the fellows." Other atmospheric plans included stairways decorated in crossed skis, and films of the Australian snow championships, including the inter-varsity meeting of Melbourne, Sydney, and Tasmania recently over the result of which we draw a veil. Do you think that Olive Landie, Jean Edwards, Gwen Stevens, Jack Metcalfe, Eric Dobson, M. Pierre Mauret, Tom McNevin, Peter Osborne, W. C. H. Stanner, A. Hanchard, and Mrs. Ashby, Earlam, Maddox, Bolinger could possibly have stayed away from all this?

SEEING as how (to relapse a little after the strain on our linguistic mind) it was their twentieth anniversary, members of the Modern Languages

—: By Jane Anne Seymour :—

opened, thus being able to present the only unbiased account before the 1d. a vote judging took place. We were completely overawed by Dame Eadith Walker's butler, who was arranging plates on a table from the "Yaralla" home. The cool expensive charm of Mrs. Langer Owen's green glassware, and Mrs. Wrigley's patterned heirlooms (we infer), we avoided in our native gaucheness. Mrs. Yates, too, was being very reckless with showers of orchids. However, we nibbled one of Mrs. George Walker's red almonds, and popped one of her green lozenges into our bag for future reference, and passed on.

LADY JULIUS would not put her Dormouse into the teapot, but otherwise her Alice in Wonderland dream table was correct. Mrs. Bancks, obviously sobered by entertaining both Somerset Maugham and Aldous Huxley, had broken out in sombre blue tablecloth and yellow crockery, but, perking up when P. G. Wodehouse appeared, produced some nifty fringed red table napkins. Mrs. Austen had George Washington at her American Thanksgiving party, but we hate to think what his friends would have thought of "Honest George" when he later described the size of the fruit to them.

BY now we thought we might as well give our vote. Mrs. A. E. Phillips' Italian dinner was beautiful and swager, but quite above our heads, and the young man who arrived with piano-player rolls completely tricked us. So, after a lot of hovering between Mrs. Nathan's pink wedding breakfast and Mrs. Cormack's daffodil ordinary breakfast, we finally chose the daffodils.

BECAUSE Hitler and other reactionary straws show an anti-feminist wind, even Mussolini, who presided at the Roman Congress, has not further redeemed himself—a "Two Days' Women's Rally" is planned at Farmer's Oak Hall

of doors all night to defeat the taking of the census; pictures of many other women, from the patrician Miss Ferguson, who is seen intercepting Winston Churchill, quite constitutionally, to ask him questions, to Annie Kenny, who at 10 was put to work in a Lancashire cotton mill, and later, being sent to "rouse London" with £3, was said to be the chief cause of Mr. Churchill's defeat.

LAST week a brilliant young New Zealand woman, Jessie Aitken, slipped into Sydney en route for England, where Dame Sybil Thorndike has promised to produce a play of hers, but, unfortunately, she has slipped out again. Why this is unfortunate is because the New Zealand Women's Association is arranging a home from home atmosphere in the State Assembly on Monday. A whare will be in position at the entrance, with Maori gods all round, and each committee member is vying with the other to achieve the most New Zealand-like table. The Younger Set, too, will welcome the Vice-Regal party with a haka. You know when a lot of Maori men get into line and make horrible faces and wear ghastly paint and hardly any clothes? Well, it isn't in the least like that. They will make pretty smiling faces and wear their ordinary evening frocks.

MARGARET GRANT, daughter of the Beresford Grants, of Warrawee, who has announced her engagement to John, son of Mr. David Fell, of Sydney and London, is a very popular girl and keen golfer. She also studied jewellery making for some months.

WHAT a lot of sorrow we have wasted! At the Forum Club, when Bertha Clarke spoke upon the cinema in Japan, we learnt that the original "Madame Butterfly" still lives. The veteran Mr. Ford, who has spent the better part of his life in the district, guided European camera men to the required spot. Miss



MIMI HEALY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Healy, of "Broughton," Fairfax Road, Sydney. Mimi is wearing a beautiful engagement ring, put there by her fiance, Mr. Ian Healy, of Melbourne.
—Women's Weekly study.

MISS PEGGY STREET, who will leave by the Ormonde next month for England. On her arrival she will marry Commander Harries, R.A.N.
—Dorothy Welding



party on Sunday evening. Why was it snappy? Because many of our best week-day young men came forth in plus fours and riding breeches; Barbara Smart and Kathleen McCallie were two little 1933 models in blue checked gingham; those tomato spots before our eyes gradually resolved themselves into Peggy Royle, Mrs. W. H. Mackay, and our English visitor, Mrs. Bernard Barr; Joy White was back to Queen Elizabeth in rows and rows of ruffles; Pam McPhillamy was in her new black marocain with puffy sleeves and silver buttons bought for the McDonald-Allen wedding; and the Cavalier's tall, dark, and handsome Barbara James impersonated Sophie Tucker so that one could understand why the Prince of Wales should cross to America to see this middle-aged lady as herself, and not merely hear her on a record.

DR. ASMIS, German Consul-General, who has been visiting Wingham with his wife and two sons, returns with a photograph of the huge fig tree near the wharf, whose giant growth, he says, is equalled only in India and China. Another souvenir is a book on the struggles of the early pioneers.

HAVING arranged to take her girls to Kocelusko last week, Miss Cheriton was particularly upset when taken ill suddenly. However, Mrs. George Merivale stepped into the breach, and Miss Cheriton, after a few days in bed, was wafted up to Sutton Forest.

THE most original party of the week was that planned by the Anti-Tuberculosis Younger Set on Wednesday at Roman's. There were to be absolutely no novelties, and positively no specialities. However, Minna Bourke, Eva and Dulcie Sheedy, Gloria Williams, Fay Diamond, Sylvia Macken, Inky Carpenter, and Dulcie Bourne didn't seem to care a fig—even though their elders, in planning the "Evening in Japan" on board the "Kitano Maru" on September 28 in aid of the Association's funds, have arranged to have for supper a huge cake which will be a replica of Sydney Town Hall.

Association, particularly Miss Gretchen Franke, planned a specially special splash at their musicale and dance at the Lyceum Club on Wednesday in aid of charity. Generally members of the different sections (Spanish, Italian, German, and French, the Russians having their own club and not being members) stick together each in their own cosy corner. But, if one becomes overpowered by a cosmopolitan urge, and asks someone out of one's own groove to dance, that is quite all right. One is allowed, too, to speak in English, and even Australian is not prohibited, but that is only if the worst comes to the worst, we consider. One feels so demoralized carrying on unintelligible conversations with Professors Nicholson and Waterhouse, Drs. Mornn, Amis, Cardamatis, Harden, and our intellectual Mr. Plidington, who would be above our heads in English, anyway.

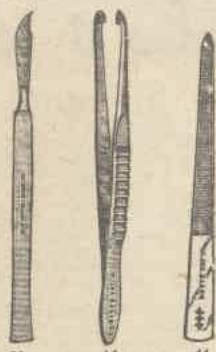
WE went gazing around the Blaxland Galleries to see the table arranging competition on Tuesday before it really

next week. In this connection we spent Tuesday morning at Mrs. Rischbieth's preview of souvenirs of women's progress towards a co-operative, not a competitive, world.

THE show includes writings of John Stuart Mill, Disraeli, Cobden, and other forward-thinking men, who, like many others since, were ardent Feminists; photographs of militant suffragists side by side with the monument erected to Mrs. Pankhurst, many views of congresses abroad, including some of our own 200 delegates, and celebrities such as Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who has interviewed more governments in Europe on the suffrage question than any other living woman; photographs of the 1912 campaign, when suffragists stayed out

Clarke has brought back a Japanese film which shows the elaborate processes, from the preliminary pitchforking together with apparent currycombs to the final glossy head, of hairdressing among the Japanese. A decoction from camellia leaves is their ideal brillianter.

BACK in Sydney after an absence of seven years is Miss A. Henry, noted feminist, particularly in the Labor Women's Movement in America, where she has spent 27 years. She was at one time publicity director of the National Women's Trade Unions League, and editor of its paper, "Life and Labor." She is the writer of two books, one being a history of the growth of organization among women in all branches of industry in U.S.A.

MANICURING
INSTRUMENTS

51.—Corn Knife. Size overall, 51. All metal. 5/9 each.
A1.—Epilating Forceps. Nickel plated, for plucking hair. 3/3 each.
44.—Flexible Nail File. Best quality steel. 7in. 5/6; 8in. 3/6.

These are a few of many various we stock. POST FREE FOR CASH WITH ORDER.

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHT TILL 8.45

W. JNO. BAKER, Ltd.,
3 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY.
Next Hunter St. Entrance to Wynyard Station.

ENGLAND'S SHOPS and ROMANTIC NOTIONS
FRUMPS

Clara Bow Says It's a
Man's Country

CLARA BOW, red-headed film vamp, once the "It" girl of the screen, but now not quite "It," has been visiting London, and, to judge from her comments on Englishwomen, she did not receive the sort of reception she was expecting.

"They say England is a man's country," said Clara in an interview. "From what I saw my first day in London, I'll say it's so! The men you see strolling down the streets sure have class. But the women—Even in the restaurants you see some of the funniest ruins not listed in the guide books."

Clara was particularly staggered by a sight of a "mid-Victorian duchess."

"She was wearing a dress of that vintage that my wash-woman on the ranch would have turned up her nose at," Clara tells her fans.

"They make fun of American men in England. Say they spoil their wives and are terribly henpecked. Maybe they mean they let them buy too many good-looking clothes."

"An Englishman's motto seems to be: 'Treat your women rough and keep 'em badly dressed. And don't let 'em talk too much.'"



THE sight of those adorable brides with their rings so coyly nestling cheek by jowl in a softly-lined case sent me out hotfoot to discover whether it

Being the Weekly Diary
of Saide, a discerning
shopper

At the suggestion of the
accompanying pictures from
overseas I gave rein to
romantic notions this week.



Another that would cause the old superstition regarding "a plain gold band" to hide a diminished head (or finger, should I say) was delicately chased at the edges of the ring, and the price was only 30/-.

AN engagement would hardly be an engagement without a present or two, I rather fancy, and here's a nimble suggestion: Narrow gold watchbands that look most decorative, and also banish very effectively the necessity to be constantly renewing a ribbon. A very recherche effect was achieved in one band by a floral design for 25/-, and there were two others—milanese, they were called, in plain designs, for 19/6 and 25/- respectively.

THESE salient facts I gathered, too: A "wedder" is never purchased on the thirteenth of the month, and rarely on Friday. Also, there exists a very strong prejudice against trying one on. Apparently a "wedder" is not an article that calls for a fitting, but jewellers have cannily solved this little difficulty by a resourcefully punched card.

Matching the hat, scarf, and jacket lining is one way of adding color to the dark street costume. A string colored Jersey suit has a three-quarter length coat lined with blue and white printed silk. The blouse and scarf and hat are of the same silk.

The Luckiest Man In Australia!
WINNER OF FORTUNES!!

Has Won for Clients from All Parts of the Commonwealth.

£110,400 in First—Second—and
Third Prizes

Produces Sworn Affidavits to Prove His Claims.

This remarkable sequence of winning colossal sums of money is almost unbelievable—but nevertheless absolutely true. LUCKY JIM could not make this public announcement and publish the names and amounts of winners unless he was quoting real facts. LUCKY JIM'S winning figures are not counted in tens of thousands, but in HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS. Compare our BIG PRIZE-WINNING amounts; they surpass all others, and by comparison you will realize that his continuity of successes in winning BIG MONEY for clients is indeed remarkable.

If you want to win a big prize, let LUCKY JIM help you. This famous winner of fortunes invites you to avail yourself of his personal services, and will use his uncanny influence to put you among the BIG PRIZE-WINNERS.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER
THAN FICTION"

Well, here it is in real life. The FAMOUS LUCKY JIM has won so much BIG MONEY for his clients that he only counts his major wins—and they amount to HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF POUNDS. This is a sincere, genuine fact, and proved undeniably. What you are reading in this advertisement is truth—it is stranger than fiction. How often have you wondered why some people seem to achieve success while so many try and try again without result, but when you hear and read about continuous luck like the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM'S it seems unbelievable—but here it is, this famous winner of colossal amounts is the living proof that "Truth is stranger than fiction." He has won fortunes for clients over and over again—just pure continuous luck. A never-ending stream of prize winnings.

Why not enlist the aid of this Famous Lucky Jim? He invites you all to share in his marvellous luck and win a BIG PRIZE in the N.S.W. State Lottery. His uncanny winning habit gives you a much better chance of being returned a BIG winner.

£5000 Won in Lottery 147
with "WISHING
TREE" Charm.

(Copy of Letter).

102 Devonshire Street, Sydney,
18th August, 1933.
TO THE FAMOUS LUCKY JIM—

Dear Sir—
I am very delighted to inform you that your marvellous Lucky Wishing Tree Charm has brought me wonderful luck.

In to-day's N.S.W. State Lottery No. 147 my share ticket, No. 61230, drew the first prize of £5000. Isn't it marvellous and I sincerely say that after having the Famous Lucky Jim Wishing Tree Charm for only three days it changed my luck immediately.

I'm so happy, having bought this wonderful Lucky Wishing Tree Charm, it has proved to me that it is a luck bringer.

It was only this morning that I expressed a desire when pinning the pretty little Charm in my dress that I hoped it would win for me a big prize, and it did. It has won for me £5000.

I am sure that the Famous Lucky Jim Tree Charm will bring luck to others like it has done for me.

Many thanks, Lucky Jim.

(Mrs.) W. KEERS.

Original to be seen at my registered office.

Send for this Magic Charm—it will help you to fame and fortune. WEAR IT—WISH AND WIN.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

£5,000

Deposited by the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM at the Bank of N.S.W. for the purpose of paying all prize-money won by the Syndicates the SAME DAY as Lottery is drawn. Winners notified immediately and you can collect at once. NO WAITING. No Commission—Money Paid in FULL.

NAMES AND
AMOUNTS OF BIG
PRIZE WINNERS

A. Rosen	£5,000
J. Jackson	5,000
A. Bennet	5,000
Mrs. Schofield	5,000
G. Potts	5,000
E. Latham	5,000
J. Dugmore	5,000
R. Rayner	5,000
M. Ryan	5,000
S. Hunt	5,000
L. Cummings	5,000
J. Barry	4,000
W. Dawson	3,000
E. Gehler	3,000
J. Xyros	3,000
E. Souly	3,000
F. Heilings	3,000
A. Collins	3,000
E. Ray	3,000
S. Hammond	3,000
J. Swanson	3,000
C. Cunniff	3,000
E. Zaph	3,000
W. Perkins	3,000
M. Martin	3,000
F. Gore	3,000
E. Stacpoole	3,000
T. Alfred	3,000
E. Graves	3,000
E. McCulliffe	3,000
T. Anderson	3,000
J. Baskin	3,000
W. Acock	3,000
M. Bailey	3,000
E. Kernlake	3,000
J. Dugmore	3,000
W. Hamilton	3,000
J. Howard	3,000
L. Davidson	3,000
H. Ross	3,000
E. Murphy	3,000
P. Murphy	3,000
H. Bewie	3,000
M. Peterson	3,000
D. Bertram	3,000
A. Abrahams	3,000
G. Leach	3,000
W. Ball	3,000
A. Gruning	3,000
W. Hamilton	3,000
Grand Total	£110,400

HOW TO SEND for the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM SYNDICATES

This series of syndicates has been arranged to suit everybody's requirements, and gives you a better chance to win a BIGGER range of Prizes in the N.S.W. STATE LOTTERY.

ONE-SEVENTH SHARE IN STATE LOTTERY TICKET FOR 1/-

This can win you £714 or any one of 813 prizes.

ONE-FIFTH SHARE IN STATE LOTTERY TICKET FOR 1/6

This can win you £1,290 or any one of 813 prizes.

ONE FIFTH AND ONE-SEVENTH SHARE IN DIFFERENT

LOTTERY TICKETS FOR 2/6

ONE-FIFTH SHARE AND WISHING TREE CHARM FOR 2/6

ONE-SEVENTH SHARE AND WISHING TREE CHARM FOR 2/6

FOUR FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/6

This means you have four big chances to win £1,000 or

four more chances to win any one of 813 prizes.

SEVEN ONE-SEVENTHS IN DIFFERENT LOTTERY TICKETS FOR 3/-

14 ONE-FIFTHS IN DIFFERENT LOTTERY TICKETS FOR 3/-

21 ONE-SEVENTHS IN DIFFERENT LOTTERY TICKETS FOR 3/-

WHOLE TICKET IN N.S.W. STATE LOTTERY 5/6

IN EVERY CASE ALWAYS ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED

STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR RETURN.

REMIT BY POSTAL NOTE, NOT STAMPS.

INTERSTATE CLIENTS—ENCLOSE AN ADDITIONAL SELF-

ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR RESULT SLIP IF

REQUIRED.

Of course, you can order an interest in us

many syndicates as you desire. Each syndi-

cate you join gives you an interest in a

separate Lottery Ticket. Your winnings can

be collected the SAME DAY.

APPLICATION FORMS AND LITERATURE

SENT WITH EVERY TICKET.

FILL IN AND MAIL NOW

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

SUFFICIENT ADDRESS, A. J. HOWARD, BOX 283, G.P.O.,

SYDNEY. W.V.



**Stops your
SKIN
'AGEING'**

Famous Face Powder offers
Amazing NEW Features

The combined effects of climate and diet bring a sudden change in the tone and texture of the skin between the ages of 20 and 25. Many face powders give a distinct "coat" to the skin, producing a dull, flat, aged effect. My new Golden Youth Face Powder gives to the no-longer-very-girlish skin a marvellous living radiance—a transparently

smooth freshness that has no hint of artificiality. Golden Youth is VITALLY DIFFERENT in the results it gives to the skin of women in the twenties, thirties and forties. It positively ensures the velvet skin of YOUTH!

Golden Youth Powder effectively protects the skin against the harsh effects of country sun and wind—and city dust and grime. Compare this powder with the old-fashioned chalky productions. Just rub a bit on a slate with the tip of your finger. See how perfectly Golden Youth powder spreads—old-time powders will not "cover" even half as fast—or as evenly! Compare Golden Youth Powder for its shades and perfume, too. On all points this is a thrilling creation but for its age-subtracting results it is amazing. Golden Youth is subtly, gloriously attuned to Youth's own complexion—tense, and it

emphatically overcomes the effect of nature's harshness imparted by face powder made in the orthodox old way. Golden Youth air-sifted, air-floated face powder costs only 1/- for its compact box, one shade, of all good chemists and stores, or you can now get the big dressing table box, complete with an introductory tube of Facial Youth, the rejuvenating beauty cream, for the small sum of 2/-. Don't foolishly pay high prices for face powder in the belief that you can get anything better than Golden Youth—a better powder has never been made.

golden youth
VELVET SKIN
face powder



Ladies! do you realise
how Easy it is to Furnish

on **W.W.Campbells'**

REDUCED EASY TERMS

All goods are at Genuine
Warehouse Prices and the
Terms are the Easiest in Sydney



This Dining Room Set is in Fully Polished Figured and Quartered Maple Veneer. It comprises 4ft. 6in. Sideboard, 5ft. x 3ft. Refectory Table and four Upholstered Chairs (two only in illustration).

Usual Value is £15/17/6. This Week's Cash Price, £11/15/-.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

11'6 Deposit **3'6** Weekly

British Axminster Carpets
SPECIALLY REDUCED THIS WEEK

9ft.x6ft.	9ft.x7ft.6in.	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
£3/2/6	£3/16/-	£4/10/-	£5/7/6	£6/10/-



British Imit. Lino Squares

9ft.x7ft.6in.	9ft.x9ft.	10ft.6in.x9ft.	12ft.x9ft.
NOW	27'6	32'6	37'6
AT.....			42'6

RADIO SENSATION

Sydney Radio lovers can now secure our 1934 Model 5-Valve "CAMBRON" Superhet, AS ILLUSTRATED, on

17'6 **4'6**

DEPOSIT WEEKLY

This is really worth £26/17/6. Our Cash Price is £15/19/6.

Guaranteed Perfect Local and Interstate Reception in all Districts.



NEW 2A5 AND 2B7 VALVES

Large Dynamic Speaker
Phenomenal Chassis

Housed in Beautiful Full Polished Piano Finish Cabinet as illustrated.

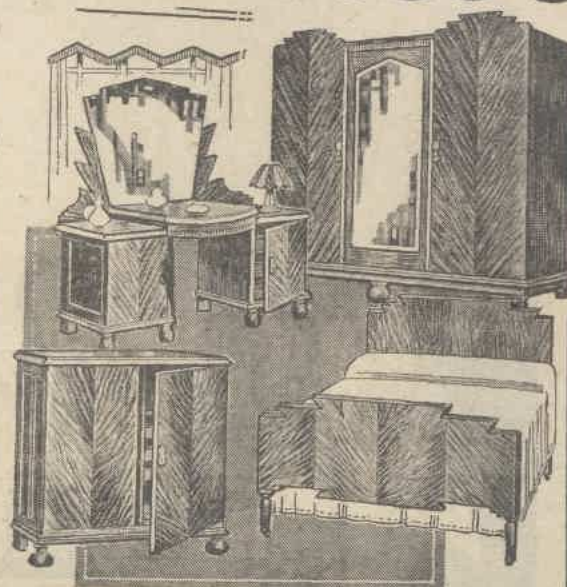
This is NOT a Job Line, but our Regular Quality "Cambron" Radio at a

REMARKABLE LOW PRICE.

12 Months' Guarantee, Free Installation, Free Service.

LADIES! Listen in to

2GB Home Making Session. It is a personal service for your benefit.
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 2.45 p.m.
Tuesday and Thursday (Morning), 10.30 a.m.



This magnificent Bedroom Suite is in Figured Walnut Veneer and has 4ft. 9in. Wardrobe, 3ft. 9in. Dressing Table, and Double Loughboy all fully fitted. Usual Retail Value is £29/10/- This Week's Cash Price, £19/19/- (Bedstead extra.)

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

20'6 Deposit **4'6** Weekly



Oak Loughboy. Note sliding trays, trouser rails and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

5'6 Deposit **2'6** Weekly

Open
on
Friday
Night



This beautiful Genoa Velvet Lounge Suite has extra large fully-sprung Settee and Chairs with massive arms. Usual Value is £23/17/6. This Week's Cash Price, £18/12/6.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

18'6 Deposit **4'6** Weekly

249 Clarence St

**One Door
from Market St**

WHETHER YOU WISH TO LOOK



Chic — like "it" — is the most important quality that Eve needs in order to retain her charm. Dignity is a classic art that the masculine mind respects. There is a perfect combination of the two characteristics that makes woman an infinitely more desirable and fascinating creature than all the dowdy prudes in the world.

...make
an
adorable
Frock
with

Give yourself style and symmetry ... give yourself coolness and colour ... make yourself a swashbuckling little Cesarene outfit and face life looking both gracious and gay.

Cesarine is a durable British dress material available in every practical and popular shade. It makes excellent school frocks, tunics and rompers for the youngsters, bright and breezy sports togs, and splendidly serviceable furnishings.

CESARINE

"The Wonder Cloth"

1 1/2 YARD ... 62 SHADES ...

Fragrant and refreshing
... in illness and convalescence
... when tired or suffering from headaches
... in bath and wash basin
... after all outdoor sports
and on many other occasions

Genuine 4711 Eau de Cologne
Blue & Gold Label
JULIUS BLAU
54 York Street Sydney

ROYAL GOLD AND CURRENCY EXCHANGE
40 MARTIN PLACE. B 5417
SYDNEY'S LEADING
Old Gold
AND DIAMOND
JEWELLERY
BUYERS.
HIGHEST PRICES
PAID.

VAREX Ensures Permanent Healing For Bad Legs

Bad legs and various ulcers can be permanently cured by the VAREX Treatment. The treatment requires only one dressing a week, and above all, there is no need to go to bed.
Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.
KENDRICK IDEALITY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, VAREX Ltd., 301M, George Street (between Lowe's and Angus & Coole's), Sydney, N.S.W.

MAKE IT the PRIDE of Your HOME

Modernise Your Dining-room this Easy, Inexpensive Way

The right application of color can make an old room young, a gloomy one cheerful, and a charming one—irresistible!

Imagine, then, the harmonious blending of lovely rust shades, and soft, moss greens as against dull blues and dingy browns—and you will get an idea of the color transformation which took place in the dining-room described here.

YOUR dining-room perhaps is a very uninteresting one, indeed. You are tired of it. Its dingy colors and heavy furniture just weigh you down. You wonder just how you can bring it up-to-date with a minimum of outlay—turn it into a room radiating charm and good cheer. Well, let's set to work!

To entirely change the look of the room we will get right away from the dull blues and dingy browns of the old room, and choose rust color and a lovely moss green for our new idea.

First rip off all that ugly dark wallpaper, and put up a coarse-grained deep buff color paper. Instead of the cold white ceiling, tint both ceiling and frieze a warm cream color, and, instead of the mid-brown woodwork, so scratched and worn, paint it a rich dark mission color.

Furthermore, if you can manage it, rip off the picture-rail before you start papering, as modern rooms very seldom feature these rails.

Now for that awful, heavy, old-fashioned fireplace. Get the local carpenter to cut off all the old ornament, and as much of the ugly moulding of the actual fireplace frame itself as he can. Modern fireplaces are all severe in line, with a minimum of moulding round them.

Modernising the Fireplace

I HAVE often taken off the entire woodwork of an old fireplace and had the carpenter make one simple shelf above. And the result has been decidedly worth the extra trouble and expense.

Our attention is now turned on the sideboard, which also has an awfully out-of-date heavy mirrored top to it. Have that cut right away, and I also suggest you get about two inches cut off the feet, as low sideboards are newer now. Hang a large, unframed,

By
Margaret
Jaye



Here is pictured dignity and charm ... mellow colorings, the warm friendliness of dark oak, gleaming silver, richly cut glass, and the soft glow of candles.

oval mirror above the sideboard suspended by thick, rust-color cord with heavy matching tassels.

Now you will need to take the faded-looking tapestry off the chairs. See that the seats are well repadded, and cover them with a leatherette in rust color. To make a further change in the look of these, you might be able to get the local upholsterer to put a deep cap of the same leather and well padded over the top of each chair. This also makes them much more comfortable.

The only new piece of furniture I would suggest would be a small refec-

tory table to take the place of the old round-table which would always spoil the look of your modernized dining-room. On this table a deep low glass bowl filled with marigolds will give you the required color note.

Curtains of moss green velvet, and over the mantelpiece a print of an autumn-tinted wood in a deep green frame and behold ... At night, with the soft glow of the light, and the gleam of your colored glass, your old uninteresting dining-room has, as if touched by a wand, become the pride of your home.

Amazing Woman Wins Fortunes In Big Lottery

Mme. Zella's Clients Have Shared
£5000's, £1000's, £100's, £50's,
£40's, £30's, £20's, £10's, £5's

She's An Astrologer

These days women shine in almost every phase of life. In at least one sphere a woman is the absolute leader. This woman is Madame Zella, an Astrologer of world-wide experience, who is winning almost unbelievable sums of money for her clients in the N.S.W. State Lottery. Week after week this amazing woman wins so many prizes that hundreds of her clients win big cash with her help.

Of course, there are many Syndicates conducted in connection with the N.S.W. State Lottery, but, compared with some others, Madame Zella has been operating for only a short time. Yet she has won so many prizes for her clients that the total runs into many, many thousands.

Her first Syndicates, famous in New South Wales as the "Science of the Stars" Syndicates, were formed for the 11th drawing of the N.S.W. State Lottery. Success was immediate. In that Lottery she won many prizes for her clients, but these early successes were as nothing compared with what soon followed. In the short time since then her clients have shared in £3000's, £1000's, £100's, £50's, £40's, £30's, £20's, £10's, £5's.

That's why you should get a share in Madame Zella's Syndicates, for you can be sure, judging by her past performances, that she will win no many prizes (big and small) in every Lottery that you will have a wonderful chance of winning Lottery Cash of some kind.

World Famous

So astounding has been Madame Zella's success that her fame has spread to all parts of the world. Only last week she received applications for shares in her Syndicates from such far-distant places as Pago Pago, San Francisco, and Belfast, Ireland; but, of course, this is really not surprising when you remember this woman's



Week after week Madame Zella is winning big cash for her clients in the N.S.W. State Lottery.

amazing wins. Why not give yourself the chance to share them?

£1715 FOR 2/-

By joining Madame Zella's syndicates you will receive a one-seventh share in a ticket in the first available State Lottery—a share which may win £1715 in hard cash for you. In addition to that, Madame Zella will send you two tickets in the "Sunbeam (No. 2)" Art Union, in which the first prize is valued at £1000, and she will send you, also, one of her famous "Character Horoscopes."

Character Horoscopes

By knowing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), Madame Zella can calculate the position the stars occupied at that time, and thus tell you what influences they may exert in your life. In the character reading she sends you, she will give you all kinds of interesting information and advice, which may assist you in various phases of your life.

JUST DO THIS:

To get your one-seventh share in a ticket in the next available Lottery, your two tickets in the "Sunbeam (No. 2)" Art Union and your character Horoscope, just cut out this article and send it with a postal note for 2/-, and an envelope stamped (please don't forget this) and bearing your name and address, and a sheet of paper showing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), to Madame Zella, Dept. H, Box 4377Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

FASHIONS for the BEACH and BALLROOM



OUR FREE
PATTERN

WX122.—Simple frock of flowered linen with short magyar sleeves and gored skirt. Material required, three and one-eighth yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX123.—Smart backless bathing suit. Material required, two and a quarter yards 40in. stockinette. To fit size 34in. bust. Other sizes, 32 and 36 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX124.—Organza evening gown with detachable cape and flared skirt. Material required, six and five-eighths yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, three and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.**

OUR STOCK PATTERN

This outfit provides another instance of the practical service afforded by our stock pattern department. You will find patterns for all the garments for which the home seamstress has a constant demand. They include pyjamas, dressing-gown, school blazer, trousers for the school-boy, and each pattern has been designed to use a minimum of material.

WX59.—School-girl's tunic and blouse, to fit sizes 12 to 14 years. Other sizes, 8 to 10, 10 to 12, and 14 to 16 years. Sizes 8 to 10 and 10 to 12 **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.** Sizes 12 to 14 and 14 to 16 **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



THIS week our free pattern is that of a delightful bathing ensemble, comprising a very smart suit and a wrap-over skirt. A thick cord of a contrasting shade threads through the top of the suit and ties at the back of the neck. The waist tie joins the bodice at the side, is crossed at the back, brought to the front and tied.

In a variety of materials this suit would be very effective and particularly smart in a check design.

Evening frocks for gala occasions are very festive. Frills and flares lend an Old World charm. Though they look so smart you will find these models quite simple to make at home with one of our patterns.

The free pattern is cut to fit size 36in. bust, 40in. hips. All hems and seams must be allowed for when cutting.

WX133.—Evening gown of printed marocain with fluted back skirt and sleeve. Material required, six and a quarter yards 36in. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, three and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.**

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly at the prices indicated. Personal inquiries regarding these patterns may be made at—
SYDNEY. Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street.
MELBOURNE. "The Age" Building, 289 Collins Street.



WX134.—Evening gown of plaid taffeta cut on Empire lines. The full skirt is tucked at the hem. Material required, six and three-quarter yards 36in. and one yard contrasting. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.**

WX135.—Evening gown of organdie with godets and waist-length jacket with double flared cape. Material required, four yards 36in. and three yards 36in. contrasting for godets for frock, and one and one-eighth yards 36in. and one and a quarter yards 36in. contrasting for jacket. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, five yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.**

WX125.—Child's one-piece stockinette bathing suit. Material required, seven-eighths yard 40in. To fit size 8-10 years. Other sizes, 3-4, 4-6, and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

WX126.—Linen overdress with contrasting blouse of the same material, and white shorts for beach wear. The overdress requires three and one-eighth yards 36in. material, blouse requires one and seven-eighths yards 36in., and shorts require one and a half yards 36 inch. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX127.—A nautical two-piece suit of linen for the young girl. Material required, four yards 36in. and half a yard contrasting for collar. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes, 8-10, 10-12, and 14-16 years. Sizes 8-10 and 10-12 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.** Sizes 12-14 and 14-16 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX128.—Small girl's beach rompers. The cut-away back allows the child to obtain the full benefit of the sun. Material required, one and a quarter yards 36in. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 1-2, 2-4, and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**



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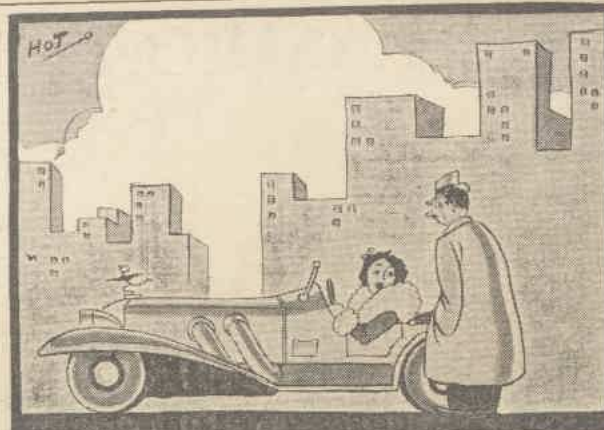
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providing the best costly form of proven relief
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pains and disorders to be had in this country.



HE: If you are trying to make a fool of me, you might as well save your-
self the trouble.
SHE: That's all right, it's no trouble.

SEVEN "DON'TS" for the GARDEN

By the Old Gardener

THERE'S a lot of things to do in a garden. Your work's never finished, Miss. That's what I like about it, there's no beginning and no end. It is eternal. Flowers are born and die and they live again, fresh lives spring from the same soil. You have in your garden a picture of the Universe. Your garden world even has its Commandments. Here are seven that should be written on tablets of stone.

Don't work heavy soil when wet. More harm is done than good. Heavy soil becomes hard and cement-like if worked when wet. The plant is then unable to send out its roots in search of plant food.

Don't water your garden during the heat of the day. If you do, the result

will be scald and sunburn. The correct time is the early morning and evening.

Don't spray your plants, trees or shrubs for insects and fungus diseases during the heat of the day, for the same reason, and also because some spraying liquids have a tendency to burn the foliage. Choose a cool day or wait till early morning or evening.

Don't get into the habit of sprinkling your garden every day. A thorough good soaking with water, twice a week, is much better for it than continuous sprinkling.

Don't dig deeply around your roses, trees and shrubs. You will injure the roots or displace them. It is necessary, only, to work the surface a few inches.

Don't use fresh animal manure or stable manure among plant life. See that all manure is well rotted.

Don't overdo the use of fertilisers. They are likely to burn the tender roots of plants. Little and often will be found more beneficial.

Contract Bridge—No. 15

A TRAGEDY in BRIDGE

By FRANK CAYLEY

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" cried King Richard III, at the close of an epic battle.

I HAD no kingdom to offer, when I made an eloquent plea for assistance during a recent game of contract bridge, and my partner turned a deaf and unresponsive ear to my entreaties. In the diagram, which follows, X indicates any card lower than a 10, and not the spot where the body was found.

S: x x x
H: J x x x
D: A Q x
C: x x x

N. E
W. S.

S: A 10 x x
H: K Q x x x
D: K x
C: K 10

S: K J x x
H: 10
D: J 10 x x x
C: Q x x

Our opponents were vulnerable and my partner was suffering from tooth-ache—indeed, a deadly combination. Sitting South, I dealt and passed and the next two players did likewise. I hoped that the hand would be thrown in, but was distressed to hear East nominate "one heart."

I then decided to throw caution to the winds and risk all upon the outcome of a "Psychic" or "Inhibitory" no-trump bid.

Such a call is designed to sow the seeds of doubt and discord in the minds of the opposition, and generally hamper their approach bidding. Many games have been saved in this manner, but it is a desperate measure, and a dangerous one.

I am not attempting to defend my call by slandering my partner, or abusing the opposition.

I am simply showing what can happen when a drowning man screams for help and gets a foot pushed in his face.

Trouble Commences

MY "one no-trump" was doubled by West, and passed back to me for consideration.

I considered it and found it to be just a shadow of its former, rather sickly self. I, therefore, redoubled—an S.O.S. redouble which is understood by bridge players to mean:

"Partner, the situation is acute. Call me out into your best suit, and let us cut our loss."

"No bid," said North, gloomily, and I was left to play the hands at "one no-trump" doubled and redoubled.

Result, 5 down, 2000 points to the enemy, and all due to a couple of teeth.

My partner's correct response of "two diamonds" could never have received such treatment and would have been a satisfactory way of saving game. The opposition have a "lay-down" in "four hearts."

With duplicate scoring (for the hand was dealt in a duplicate match) their tally would be 500 points for game, plus 120 points for actual tricks.

Our loss, if they permitted us to play "two diamonds" doubled, would be 450 points.

Music and the laughter of Youth!

A gay musical comedy of youth, with a pink-kneed rhapsody of kissable college girls. A romance of college as you'd like it to be, with song, dance and laugh stars.

Hear Bing Crosby sing

"Learn to Croon"
"The Old Ox-Road"
"Moon Struck"

Laugh at Burns and Allen and their inimitable comedy.

"COLLEGE HUMOR"

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BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
JACK OAKIE
MARY CARLISLE
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A Paramount Picture

Watch for announcement of theatre, soon.

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BRAINWAVES!

(Conducted by L. W. LOWER, who awards 10/- for the best entry each week, and 1/- each for others used).

"THEY tell me Brown had a row with his wife last night."
"Liquor?"
"No, she licked him."

THE Master of Ceremonies, after a flowery speech exclaimed, "Gentlemen, the toast is 'The Ladies,' bless them. And, after all, they are the sweets of life!"

A handsome bachelor rose to support the toast: "Gentlemen!" he said, "It is quite right what my worthy friend has said. The ladies are the sweets of life. One half of them are acid drops, and the other half humbugs!"

A RESTAURANT, A GIRL, TWO MEN

Recently, in a fashionable restaurant, a man commented to another man, his companion, on the attractive appearance of a young woman at a nearby table.

"Yes," said the second man, "but she spoils the entire effect by using cheap rouge."

No need to remark that the girl in question was NOT using 'Rose Petal' Rouge. A rouge, more than any other cosmetic, makes a woman, or gives her away! No wonder more women of discernment use Kathleen Court's Rouge than any other kind. Rose Petal Rouge, at 1/9d., outlasts three boxes of cheap rouge, and gives far better results.

MAGISTRATE: If you have no control over this boy I'll put him in the reformatory.

FATHER: When could you have a look at the missus?

JEAN: Fashions may come, and fashions may go, but there's always a big demand for cosmetics.

June: Yes. Women can't go wan for ever!

SAMMY SWANK: I tell you, I know what I am talking about! Don't I go to school, stupid!

Bertie Bright: Yes, and you come home stupid!

CALLER: Is your mother engaged?

Little Boy: I think she is married!

PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews, therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States.

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"

COMEDY and mystery are blended in "Whistling in the Dark," with Ernest Truex, one of the foremost comedians of the New York and London stage, and Una Merkel, supplying most of the laughs. Ernest Truex and Una Merkel clope in a motor car. All goes well until the car stops and refuses to move. Ernest Truex gets out and goes for assistance to the nearest house. The first house happens to be the residence of some of America's worst type of criminals. Edward Arnold, who is the most murderous looking of them all, offers Truex a drink. Finding it useless to refuse, Truex lifts his glass and yells, "Here's to Crime!" All the criminals look aghast, and Arnold asks what he knows of crime. Truex informs them he is an author and an authority on crime. Further, he has been complimented by the Chief of Police for the miraculous way in which he cleared up some notorious case which had baffled them for some time.

As Edward Arnold is trying to kill a man off, he sees his opportunity—Truex must think out a perfect crime for him. The picture is full of laughs and thrills, and is actually a satire on the one-time popular crook dramas. John Miljan, Johnny Hines, Joseph Cawthorn, and Marcelle Corday help to make the picture more mysterious.—M.-G.-M.

"HEADS WE GO"

BRITISH directors score another triumph in "Heads We Go." Constance Cummings as Betty Smith gives a fine performance, and it matters not whatever the demands of the role—tender, humorous, dramatic—they are invariably met in a manner that makes her a delight the whole time she is before you. Constance Cummings at the



ANNE GREY, beautiful British and Dominion film star, plays opposite Tom Walls in his latest production, "Blarney Stone."

commencement of the picture works in the capacity of a mannequin, but later gets "big ideas" when, while holidaying in an exclusive hotel, she is mistaken for a well-known actress—Helen Kaye. Frank Lawton is no other than the millionaire journalist, Toby Tirrel. It is not said that he made his millions out of books, etc., but I think we can all rest assured that he didn't! Gus McNaughton is the humorist, generous hearted to a degree and unable to refuse a favor, however exacting it happens to be. If Constance Cummings is concerned, Claude Ruitbert is also in the picture, but is hardly noticed when Gus McNaughton comes into any of the scenes.—British, International.

"BABY MINE"

THEO SHALL'S run of bad luck still continues, for he had to transfer to the King's, and reopened on Saturday night with an exuberant farce "Baby Mine," in which the Austrian actor mummier has a hectic time as a henpecked husband and too obliging friend. Kidnapping or borrowing babies as means of patching up a domestic feud are his seeming mission, in which Josie Melville, as his wife, ably abets him. Bebe Scott, as the mother, is mostly seen in and out of bed in an alluring pink satin nightgown. George Randall, Gertrude Boswell, and some half-dozen others complete the cast.

A curtain-raiser, "Wedding Morning," introduces Margot Rhys, of Sydney, with Theo Shall and Hal Percy.

"THE DEVIL'S IN LOVE"

A PRODUCTION in unique settings—picturesque and shuddersome is "The Devil's In Love," starring Victor Jory and Loretta Young. Victor Jory is the young Legionnaire who has to flee from his post because of a sentence of death which has been wrongly passed upon him. Loretta Young and Victor Jory meet under peculiar circumstances in a little Arabian town. They fall in love, and many things crop up to spoil their romance. For instance, Loretta Young is already betrothed to Victor Jory's best friend, David Manners, and Jory himself is wanted for murder and has a price on his head. Eventually, after a lot of bombing and blasting in the desert, everything turns out well—as is the way of talkies—for the two lovers—David Manners is killed off, and a poor half-witted slave is tormented to such an extent by Jory that he admits he murdered a certain Foreign Legion official, thereby clearing Jory's name.—Fox.

"ROADHOUSE"

DOT BRUNTON, at Sydney Criterion, is still playing to appreciative audiences in "Roadhouse," which is brimful of unexpected humor. The tendency to play a musical comedy role was very apparent in her first appearances, and, though that little extra restraint that was needed has been introduced, one still subconsciously expects to see a ballet trip lightly in or to hear the dainty star burst into a lilting refrain.—J.C.W.

"THE QUAKER GIRL"

MADGE ELLIOTT, Cyril Ritchard, and Gus Blunt received an enthusiastic welcome at the premiere of "The Quaker Girl" at the Sydney Royal on Saturday last. That the major portion of this enthusiasm was inspired by the personal popularity of this brilliant trio was evident at the outset, but the tumultuous applause that awaited the final curtain was a tribute to the delightful entertainment value of the show itself.—J.C.W.

"HER FIRST MATE"

SLIM SUMMERVILLE discards his customary martial attire for that of pseudo first mate on a night boat—apparently a pleasure steamer purported to afford too much pleasure to the gallant officer and his wife, the lugubrious Zasu Pitts, takes firm, but temporarily unfortunate, measures to remove him from the danger zone. The nature of the so-called night boat was not clear to this observer, but Slim's calling (literally) of peanut vendor in lieu of first mate was painfully clear. When as a result of his wife's manoeuvres with the family finance, Slim is driven to desperate measures, he indulges in a perfectly delightful and destructive attack on the china. However, after a few more painful complications, Slim becomes captain of a ferry steamer, and everyone is happy. Una Merkel and Henry Armetta ably supported the leads, and one wonders when the former is to be given an opportunity in a part that does justice to her winsome personality and spontaneous sense of humor.—Universal.

"ROPE"

PATRICK HAMILTON'S eerie play, "Rope," based on a motiveless murder, was presented at the Garrick Theatre, Melbourne, on Saturday, to an enthusiastic audience.

F. W. Thring, whose second venture this is on the legitimate stage—apart from his association with Australian talkies—can be assured of a growing audience if he adheres to the standard he has already set.

The Effie players have been well cast by the producer, Mr. Gregan McMahon. Frank Harvey, as the poet, Rupert Cadell, gives a very finished performance. He is much dimmer than when he last appeared before Australian audiences. Campbell Copelin was not quite as convincing as he has been in other productions.

Roger Barry, as a likeable, mediocre young man had a part very similar to those in which he has been successful in the past. Noel Boyd, Paul O'Lough-

MAKE-UP Can DISGUISE, but Expression's the THING

Eyebrows and whiskers can effect the most complete disguise, but they must "stay put." Wherefore the art of the make-up man assumes tremendous importance.

With the ultimate aim of returning to Australia with the finer points of make-up at her finger tips, Miss Dorothy Dunckley recently left for a trip to Hollywood, and will probably include the Elstree Studios, England, in her itinerary.



ONE of the most important persons in a sound studio is the make-up "man." There are a few women in the make-up departments abroad, though it is generally looked upon as a man's job. Miss Dunckley carried out all the make-ups in "The Squatter's Daughter" with the exception of that of Mr. Claude Turton, who plays the Afghan, as he knows a considerable amount about the art himself.

When it is realised that every age and coloring requires different treatment, that in one instance an eyebrow should be long with very little arch, and in another short and arched, to bring out the best in the individual's character; when one knows that a 30-year-old player has to become sixty before the final scenes are taken, it is quite obvious that it is one of the most keenly specialised and highly important branches of an intriguing business.

The make-up art is not a bed of roses either.

During the shooting of scenes a player's make-up may begin to shift; i.e., the fierce incandescent lights will bring out perspiration from the player's face and the mascara will flow into the player's eyes and provide sufficient

lin. Lyle Christian, Harold Meade, and Nellie Mortyne were others in a competent cast.

Mr. Thring has planned big things for the future. Claude Fleming is returning under exclusive engagement to Effie Film Productions. He will produce and play leading roles in musical productions at the Princess Theatre, and there will be a season of Australian musical comedy starting with "Coddle Inn," written by T. D. Gurr and Mrs. Cyril Monk.

The second will be "If This Is Love," for which Edmond Samuels, of Sydney, wrote the book, lyrics, and music.



VINCENT JEROME, British Dominion character actor, illustrates the importance of facial expression allied to make-up.

(Above) DOROTHY DUNCKLEY, who left for America to study make-up and the dressing of settings for Australian pictures made under the Cinesound sign of the Kangaroo, has had many years' experience on the Australian stage, and before our motion picture cameras.

stinging agony for years to come. The basis of studio make-up is that the younger the character the lighter the make-up, and males are always provided with a darker yellow base than the tenderer sex.

The main duty of a make-up expert is not only to assist in portraying the character required, but to mould the face so that the camera will catch it as required by the director. A player may be rather round faced, and in a particular scene the story may require the player to appear as though she has been near enough to death's door to feel the draught. Although the player must give much of this illusion by acting, it would be impossible if the make-up expert did not know his or her job.

VINCENT JEROME, the versatile gentleman who posed for the series of photographs above, has played many important character roles with British



at Elstree Studios. He stresses the essential difference in screen make-up from that required on the stage. To the uninitiated the component parts of character make-up for the stage border on the ludicrous. False moustaches, crepe hair and amazing grease paints can tell a wonderful story behind the footlights, but the camera is more exacting.

Facial expressions are very important. In fact, a character actor on the screen needs a multiple personality. It is difficult to believe that the six different close-ups of Vincent Jerome all portray the one man.

Those in particular which depict him as a clergyman aptly illustrate the amazing effect of facial expression. The late Lon Chaney was the greatest artist in work of this nature that the screen has known, and Fredric March is another star who shines brightly in the art of facial disguise.

"It's amazing what it did for my baby."



"I have a baby girl who, when two months old, was admitted to Renwick Hospital, Summer Hill, with double pneumonia and bronchitis. She remained there twelve days, and during that time was not expected to live, and even when we had her home again, was in a very weak state. "We were then advised to try Elliott's Clinic Emulsion, and needless to say we are more than satisfied with the results we have gained. She is now four months old, and weighs 13lb. 4oz., which seems rather astonishing after the very poor condition she was in."

Original Letter on File.

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LOUISE MACK ADVISES

Do you take things for granted?

Do you accept generalisations without going into them properly?

NOW I've got to my point. For instance, is there a rivalry between Victoria and N.S.W., and what should be our attitude toward it?

I have been spending a month in Sydney—such a lovely month. Arriving back at my home on the shores of Ballarat's lake, I was welcomed by crowds of friends, who one and all made the same remark, "Didn't you find the Sydney women very fast?" And they looked me over rapidly to see if I had become fast, too!

"I said, Sydney is different. Sydney women are different. Sydney women are not fast. The climate is different. The food is different. Everything is the same, yet everything is different. It's not a question of better or worse; it's a question of DIFFERENT. Ballarat has its wonderful bacon, and the greatest dress factory in Australia, run by women, that turns out most of the French models seen in Australian shops, and we have in Ballarat our magnificent tree-lined avenues and our gorgeous Botanic Gardens graced with our own great sculptor's masterpieces. Thousands of people come to Ballarat to see Summer's 'Susannah.' But Sydney is Sydney, with that perfect blue expanse always washing round her, forever inviting people to creep over its haunting surface. Sydney is in fact 'The Harbor,' and hence its fragile loveliness, with the water breaking blue at the end of nearly all its streets, or so it seems to a stranger."

My correspondent then gets to feminine differences. "The Sydney women are gay, not fast. They are gay because they are light-hearted; that is their peculiarity, their light-heartedness. I went to several clubs for unemployed women, many of whom had not had a shilling to spend for years. But they laughed as merrily as anybody."

"We Victorian women are a trifle sterner, I fancy, just as our men are a trifle less happy-go-lucky than yours."

One charming attribute of Sydney people this correspondent dilates upon interestingly.

She says: "In Sydney I found it was always a case of our friends are your friends, and your friends are our friends."

A Personal Note

Now, it happens that I am in the lucky position to be able to cap that off from the other side of the question.

And, strangely enough, it is of the other Victorian gold town that I want to tell you.

Bendigo and Ballarat somehow always seem to go together, far apart though they be, and immensely different in many ways.

I know a Sydney woman who went to Bendigo to lecture. She had never been there before. She knew nobody. She was an utter stranger. What happened? The great Bendigo Theatre was packed to the ceiling, and I can still see the Bishop of Bendigo squeezed amiably in a box among masses of school children, while hundreds were turned away. The lecture had to be repeated next day. But there was more to it than that.

She was a Sydney woman, that stranger, but next day the Bendigo papers devoted columns to her poetry, quoting poem after poem with a generous kindness that she can never, never forget. I know this because, well, because I myself was the stranger from N.S.W. within the Victorian gates who received such a marvellous welcome from Bendigo.

Nothing more gracious can be imagined!

And that's Victoria to N.S.W.! Affection, yes! Admiration, certainly! But jealousy? Never. Or hardly ever! Sydney women specialise in sunny things. Picnics are in their blood, and

DIET for the Expectant MOTHER

By M. TRUBY KING



For
MOTHERS
& YOUNG
WIVES

THE mother should be particular that what she eats contains the right proportion of sugar, fat, protein, mineral salts, starches and vitamins. It is just as important to have the right kinds of foods as the right amounts of foods. It is better to pay for foods which will produce good health, rather than to waste money on foods which are palatable but militate against perfect bodily nutrition.

The expectant mother should drink one pint of milk daily. If she wishes, part of this allowance may be taken in the form of a milk shake or milk pudding. If the mother cannot afford one pint of milk daily for herself the minimum she should take is half a pint. It is better for her to deny her-

It is essential that the diet of the expectant mother contains sufficient nourishment for herself and her growing baby; but this does not imply that the mother should "eat for two."

Three sensible, well-balanced meals a day, with plenty of water and fruit drinks between meals, is all that is needed.

Self meat than to go without milk. Milk is cheaper than any other food which has the same nutritional value. When drinking milk, sip it. Do not gulp it down. Through a straw is a good way of taking milk.

Milk contains lime which is necessary for the building of the teeth of the coming baby. When baby is born his first set of teeth are already made and lie in readiness under his gums. It is therefore too late to start thinking of baby's teeth after he is born.

Milk is easily digested and is very nourishing, but a few mothers tend to go to the opposite extreme of taking too much milk during pregnancy. One pint daily should be the maximum. Over-drinking of cocoa made with milk tends to make the mother put on more weight than she should, and also to increase the size of the unborn baby, so that labor may be difficult. Milk should be drunk at the end of meals, not between meals—for it is a food, just as much as bread or cheese.

Besides lime (of which it is a very rich source) milk contains about 90 per cent. of the amount of phosphorus needed by the human body. What part does phosphorus play in the growth of the body? "Phosphorus is needed by the glands to help form the special body fluids, such as saliva, gastric juice, bile, and pancreatic juice," writes a leading American physician. "It is needed by every cell of the body, specially going to make up the nucleus or regulating part of the cell."

Milk contains Vitamin A in large amounts, and lesser quantities of Vitamin B and C. Lack of sufficient Vitamin A causes sore eyes, and predisposes to anaemia. Unlike Vitamin C, which is not stored in the body for long, Vitamin A is stored in the liver for future use. Next to milk the most important articles of diet for the expectant mother are eggs, green vegetables, fresh ripe fruit, wholesome bread, cheese, and butter. Cod liver oil is also necessary, and may be taken in the form of the pure oil or in an emulsion of malt and cod liver oil.

Meat is not necessary, but one small helping may be taken daily. The best forms of meat for the expectant mother are lamb, chicken, liver and stewed mutton. Beef, ducks, pork, bacon, veal, and steak should be avoided. Milk, cheese, eggs, fish, whole wheat, beans, and peas all take the place of meat if this is left out of the menu.

One egg may be taken every day, preferably for breakfast. This meal should also include some fresh fruit. Honey is preferable to jams. Any of the packed breakfast cereals now on the market may be taken, with a little milk and sugar, if liked. Wholesome bread is far better for everyone than white bread, and at least half the daily allowance of bread should be in this form.

THE main meal should be taken at midday, if possible. If taken at night it is often responsible for loss of sleep. Do not drown your food with sauces and gravies, which should be taken in very small quantities—if at all. The main thing to remember about the mid-day meal is always to provide yourself with plenty of vegetables—root vegetables as well as green and leaf vegetables. Potatoes should be cooked in their jackets. One small potato daily is quite sufficient.

Iodine is necessary for the prevention of goitre. This is found in oysters, crayfish, and iodised table salt.

The evening meal should be a light one, such as provided for by salads, made with lettuce, tomatoes, celery, cross, grated raw carrot, and cheese.

In order to promote sleep, a drink of warm milk and water may be taken at bedtime.

Salad Oil Removes Obstinate Stoppers

GLASS STOPPERS have an obstinate habit of sticking, and no amount of twisting with the fingers will loosen them, but here is a hint that will help you.

Rub a little salad oil round the stopper where it enters the mouth of the bottle or jar. Then hold it close to a



flame, or place near stove. Do this with care, however. Overheating may break the glass.

When it is warm you will find that in most cases the stopper can be lifted without any further trouble, but occasionally a very persistent one will require gently tapping on the sides with a piece of wood; this will complete its surrender.—"Sue."

the beaches and picnics together have made them airy-fairy creatures. Melbourne women are trim and tailor-made. Perhaps a Melbourne crowd presents a better-dressed effect than a Sydney crowd, more Parisian in effect, seen in the mass. But Sydney's beaches, and the girls that decorate them, are the most charming in the world.

Melbourne has been known to claim more culture, because it started the Austral Salon, and to be more musical because of Melba. Yet Sydney has been the Mecca for all Australian writers ever since the "Bulletin" gave Australian poets a chance to earn a living with their verse. Again, it's the differences. Not the Inferior. Not the Superior. Just the differences!

Blue and black are being discarded for string color by women overseas. It is smartest when allied to black lacquered satin. An attractive suit of the black satin has a reversible coat, one side satin, the other string-colored linen. String-colored coats are smartest when worn over sheer black dresses.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4605369>

"WHAT do you mean?" The captain twisted his head and stared at the young man as if he were seeing him for the first time. Indeed, since the first interview until the storm, when Anthony pried the fallen mast from the captain's leg, they had had little or nothing to do with one another. Anthony gave voice to his theory.

"Well, of course, I don't know much about these things—" he said, and then added, "from the practical point of view—but I've been keeping an eye open, and I must say that I don't be-

SON of EPHRAIM

lieve the ship's an inch lower in the water than she was at daybreak. I think her cargo's holding her up."

The captain tried to sit up, stifled an exclamation of pain, and fell back. The girl ran to him and caught his hand.

"Hope just explained it to me," she said. "I think it might be true. The first and fourth holds are filled with those cases we were to discharge at Pekin—you remember—and Hope says

they are absolutely water-tight and surprisingly full of air. If the weather keeps fair we might—manage something."

"Manage what?" snorted her father. "Sail her into Yokohama, I s'pose? Without any hands and all her sticks blown out of her and me lying here trussed up like a chicken!"

"Well, we at least stand a chance of picking up a tow," she said.

"And spending ten thousand pounds

(Continued from Page 12)

salvage! You forget I'm owner as well as the skipper. And where the devil's the money coming from? I forbid you to pick up a tow! I order you off the ship!"

Anthony bit into a biscuit. "With this wind holding we could sail her into some port—given plenty of time," he said quietly. They both looked at him.

"How?" demanded the captain.

"Rig a jury mast."

There was a moment's silence.

"But, good Lord, man, do you realise

A FRIEND WILL DO

The roughest road will not be long. The farthest goal so far away. If I may have a smile, a song, A hall, a handclasp, day by day.

The lightest load I bear alone Is heavy with no heart to share. But I can carry steel and stone If only someone else is there.

A friend will level every hill And turn the greyest sky to blue. Luck, take my fortune, if you will, But leave me love, and that will do.

—M.M.

You can RUB . . . You can SCRUB . . .



Grime will never come out!

You must float it
to the surface with
COLD CREAM!

THIS harsh brush is no more brutal to the delicate skin of the face than the treatment many women are giving their complexions. They cleanse the surface with soap and water, and then apply Vanishing Cream and powder—over the tiny pores which are still clogged with dust and make-up! Ugly blemishes, blackheads, pimples and large pores are the inevitable result.

There is only one way to clean the skin thoroughly!

Only one way to remove the grime which fills the pores during activity and exposure: Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously and let it remain on for a few minutes. Its fine oils sink deep into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away the cream and grime and repeat the process until no soil appears on the tissue.

Now your skin is clean—radiant, healthy, ready for a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, the perfect protection against wind and sun, and the perfect powder base.

Cleanse the skin thoroughly each night, and daily after exposure, and protect with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This simple method of complexion care, used by famous beauties throughout the world, is possible to every Australian woman. For the perfect toilette: Pond's 5 Aids to Beauty: Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Powder.

For free samples of Pond's Two Creams and of the new Face Powder, send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to:

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Above, right: COUNTESS OF GALLO-WAY, who says: "Pond's takes care of my complexion."

Below: Lovely LADY BROUGHAM and FAUX, who says: "Wherever I go I depend on Pond's."

QUALITY OF 70 YEARS' STANDING

LARGER JARS, 2/6

LARGER TUBES, 1/-



the distance? It's two hundred miles if it's a cable's length," said the captain.

Anthony finished the mouthful of biscuit.

"My father covered three hundred and fifty under the same conditions in 1889," he said. "Why shouldn't I do two hundred in 1933?"

"Good God!" ejaculated the captain and stared. "You still stick to that yarn! Ephraim's—go on!"

"If you'll give me the details about rigging a jury mast I'll have a shot at it," suggested the son of Ephraim—with Miss-Joan's assistance.

There was another short period of silence. Then the Captain explained, marvelling at a sudden enthusiasm which had come over him.

Anthony did no more than obey orders, but they were orders that might well have broken his heart as well as his body. He was driven hard, but he drove himself harder. The captain lay in the cabin, with his bright eyes staring upwards and his broken leg stuck out in front of him, and worked out to the minutest detail what should go on above his head. Joan took messages up to the young man and returned with reports on the state of the sea, sky, and ship.

The jury mast had taken fourteen hours and their united efforts to rig, and at the end of it Anthony could have cheerfully laid himself down to die through sheer exhaustion, but something kept him going; something within yet greater than himself; something that might have been likened to a taut spring uncoiling itself, yet never losing its power. It was as though his mind and body had come under the domination of his spirit, to their utter negation.

He hung on the wheel when his hands had grown numb with a coldness beyond all description; he remained awake when he would have given all his great wealth—which he had entirely forgotten—to slip into the ever-urging arms of sleep. He stared at the compass, holding the ship on her course, when his eyes were burning from the salt sting of the wind and the salt tears of appalling weariness.

Four hours in the twenty-four he slept, and during those the girl did her turn at the wheel gallantly, for the sluggish vessel was heavy under the hand.

The attitude of the girl, whom he had come to look upon as the most tremendously important person he knew, was for the most part one of quiet approval towards him. Only once did she come out of her reserve, and that occasion is worth writing down, for it came as a prelude to the final effort.

It was the night after the "Korist" had crossed an imaginary demarcation which the captain had decided was the safety line of their endeavor. "Once over that, Hope, we'll do it," he had said many times.

The moon sailed behind a shifting screen of scudding white cloud, and the air was warmer than it had been for weeks. The ship forged slowly, almost imperceptibly ahead, and the small waves slapped against her hull in continual mockery.

Anthony had just taken the wheel after his four hours' sleep, and the girl was standing at his side, rubbing her arms.

"I'm going below now," she said. "I'll make father comfortable and bring up your dinner."

"Thanks," he said, holding his hands against his eyes for a moment. "Anything happen?"

"No. She's got a tendency to list to starboard at times, but it's nothing much. The cargo may have shifted a bit."

"Bless the cargo," he said. "I don't know quite where we'd have been without it."

"Or without you," she murmured, and laid her hand on his arm for a moment. Then she went, and left him with a thrill shivering oddly between his shoulders.

He touched his arm where her fingers had been. She had suddenly established him in a position of social equality with herself, and Anthony Wells, one-time member of the polite society Europe could produce, discovered himself to be indescribably flattered. He faced the long, weary night with a stouter heart than he had ever brought to it before. She relied upon him, she looked to him to carry the thing through.

(Please turn to Page 38)

What You Can Make With

A Few Yards of GAY CAMBRIC and the SWAN Transfer

Could anything be more attractive than this red and white plaid cambric breakfast set, with its applique of black linen swans, pictured here?

Making something from next to nothing is always such fun, especially when that "something" is novel, decorative, practical and—inexpensive. . . . Just two yards of gay cambric, a scrap of linen, cotton, and the transfer, and presto!—the snappiest of breakfast cloths, with six serviettes to match.

Note also other happy suggestions—just indicative of the many—for using the fascinating swan transfer. Remember, this transfer is available to every reader of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Just fill in the coupon and send direct to us.

NO need to be an expert to make this charming breakfast set, which has been specially designed for readers of *The Australian Women's Weekly* by an expert in needlecraft. It is admirably suited to the refectory type of table, but you can make one to fit your own particular type of table with little trouble and the minimum of expense.

The transfer, of course, can be used for decorating all sorts of home accessories as curtains, cushions, tea-cloths, runners; a fire-screen, now that winter has passed; your wee tot's rompers, frocks, or feeders. In fact, the enterprising needle-worker will find endless uses for this novel transfer. Simply send 6d. in stamps, and a re-addressed stamped envelope, together with the coupon printed below.

Here are the full, clear directions for making the breakfast set, which, by the way, is now on display at David Jones', in the Manchester Department, first floor.

Materials Required.—2yd. of plaid cambric, 36in. wide; 1yd. Sunshen linen; 2 skeins of Clarke's stranded cotton (black); 1 skein of red, and the transfer.

It's So Easy To Make

Cut 24 inches from the cambric for the serviettes; cut this in half, and then cut both pieces in three—making six 12-inch squares. The remaining length of cambric makes the oblong cloth.

Now cut each motif from the transfer, and place on right side of linen. Start with the four large swans and follow with the six smaller ones, putting every second swan upside down so that they fit along one edge, but far enough apart, so that about an inch of linen surrounds each motif. Press with a warm iron and cut out. Press the red motif straight on to the cambric midway between swan and edge of cloth. Tack a small swan crosswise in the corner of each serviette, 14 inches from the edge. And tack a large swan and two smaller ones along each end of cloth, four inches from



the edge, and three inches apart—the back of the large swan being in a line with the centre fold of the material.

With a thread of cotton outline each design with running stitch, then with two threads of black work round with buttonhole stitch, except the back, which is worked in satin stitch with red thread. Work a red spot for the eye.

Remove tacking, and with a sharp pair of scissors cut the linen away from the buttonholed edge. Work the reeds in stem stitch.

Make a hem, 14 inches wide at each end of cloth, and machine with black cotton. Allow a half-inch hem for the serviettes.

Breakfast will be such a jolly affair—it could not be otherwise—when served on such a joyously-patterned and embroidered cloth as this.

The gayest thing under the morning sun, and the very latest in breakfast sets. Don't you think the swan motif amusingly effective? You can use this transfer, too, in ever so many ways—quite apart from the suggestions given here.

How To Stamp Transfer Designs

LAY material on ironing board or any other smooth-padded surface. Cut away any portion of transfer not to be used. Place pattern on material, the rough side—face down. If taffeta, crepe-de-chine, or other thin silks, touch very lightly and quickly with a warm iron. For heavier materials stamp with a quick motion, using a fairly warm iron.

Just HESSIAN But you can put it to a Score of Decorative Purposes

Curtains, cushions, table-runners, rugs. . . . It can be embroidered in wool or raffia; it lends itself admirably to bold applique designs; its weave is particularly suited to fringing or drawn-thread work. And you can dye it in the most exquisite colors.

HESSIAN is among the most generally useful materials manufactured, and the decorative uses to which it may be put are frequently overlooked. It has a most accommodating width of six feet, and can be purchased from any reliable furnishing store for one shilling, or thereabouts, per yard. It comes in a pleasing color and has a simple canvas-like weave, so that for the best results it should never be used on the cross or bias way.

It takes dye remarkably well. A boiling dye should be used to color it, and the most successful colors to dye it are green, orange, any shade of brown, and blue. The warm beige color in which it is manufactured is particularly helpful in dyeing it blue, and gives a fine warm tone to a medium shade of blue dye. If the dyeing is done carefully, hessian thickens up a little in the weave, and assumes more of the texture of burlap. It can be used quite successfully instead of that material for the basis of a number of forms of applied art, at a fraction of the cost of burlap.

For Rich, Novel Effects

WINDOWS which require large curtains, or spacious alcoves to be curtained off, can be dealt with cheaply if hessian is employed. It hangs beautifully, and in its natural color has a silky sheen which is somewhat sacrificed in the dyeing. The general effect is enhanced by embroidering it in a bold pattern in either wool or raffia, or by appliqueing a strong design to such borders as are decided by its use.

Fringing and drawn threadwork are other treatments to which the weave is particularly suited. Recently, a number of doorways for a largish entrance hall were embroidered with it very effectively. It was left in its own natural golden beige, and threads were drawn to make a wide hemstitched hem, which was sewn with thick rose pink raffia. About a foot up from the hem, a festooned design in roses, very large and simple, with dark green leaves, was worked, and this pattern repeated in two or three shades of pink, with smaller blossoms and deeper festoons about 18 inches from the top.

A nine-foot sleeping recess was treated in a similar way, and cost in all about fifteen shillings as against pounds in any other material. It was dyed a pleasant grey-blue tone, and embroidered in wool with a pattern of life-sized lupins, in three blues, with massed green leaves. Only a good quality of hessian, of course, is suitable for such uses, but it is so cheap in even the best quality that it is worth any housewife's attention.

If stretched tightly between the supports of an unlined room it makes a good lining and looks as handsome as the new canvas wall-papers. One of the most popular and exclusive art schools in Sydney is lined in this way, and a more pleasing and suitable background for pictures can hardly be imagined.



AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN

Scott's Emulsion wards off coughs, colds and influenza



The pure cod liver oil in SCOTT'S Emulsion is nature's greatest safeguard against all winter illnesses. Its powerful vitamins maintain health and prevent infection. It nourishes and protects the lungs, enriches the blood and ensures warmth within. It stops a cold, breaks up a cough and prevents further chills. Children love it, the aged welcome it. But, it must be genuine

Scott's Emulsion

BEAUTY BEGINS AT THE WINDOW

Artist's sketch of fellow student hanging her richly embroidered hessian curtains.



CURTAINS of hessian and gloriously effective! The hessian was first dyed in soft grey-blue tones, and then embroidered in wools with a pattern of life-sized lupins, featuring three blues with massed green leaves. The interesting article in column 4 tells of the various and lovely ways in which hessian can be treated, and used.

TRANSFER COUPON

In return for this Coupon and 6d. in stamps, together with a stamped, re-addressed envelope, you will receive Transfers for the exclusive Breakfast Set illustrated on this page. Address requests to *The Australian Women's Weekly*, G.P.O., Box 408W, Sydney.

NAME

ADDRESS W.W., 22/9/33.

Goldenia Tea

Always gives you satisfaction!



HIS CHANCE IN LIFE

How many boys are there, restless with energy and the will to succeed, who are condemned to dead-end positions because their fathers failed to make provision against possible misadventure?

A few shillings a week out of the earnings of the father—less than his cigarette money—would have secured a

Prudential Cover on the Father's Life

and would have ensured that, come what may, the boy he would have given his life to protect, would not be denied his chance in life.

It is a subtle peculiarity of our human nature that

"All men think all men mortal but themselves"

Let the mute appeal of thwarted ambition in the faces of the futureless boys be a reminder to every provident father of the possibilities that lie ahead of us all. The Prudential, the Empire's Greatest Assurance Institution, has devised a number of policies specially adapted to the needs of the parent who desires to make the future sure for his family.

whatever his own fate may be. They are replete in their provision, and are secured by assets which exceed £263,000,000 sterling.

Over 28 million Life Policies are in force with the Prudential—need any further question be asked as to the capacity of the Company to meet your special requirements?

Ask the local representative to call, or write, stating your age next birthday, direct to:—

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(Incorporated in England)

Head Office for Australia and New Zealand:

Herald Building, 66 Pitt Street, Sydney

Principal Office for Victoria

Temple Court, 422-428 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1

SON of EPHRAIM

(Continued from Page 36)

THEN, with the following evening, came the great temp. He was awakened by Joan when he had had but an hour of his hard-earned rest. She stirred him with her foot where he lay—which was always within reach of her while she was at the wheel.

"Look at that!" she said. "That" was a great liner, bearing down upon the desolate barque. Even at the distance, some two miles, her air of majesty seemed to fill the sea. Her huge funnels towered into the sky, and far above them her wireless aerial stretched between her rakish masts. Speed was the key-note of her lines, and comfort the ambition of her bulk.

Anthony stared, picking out the details of her hull and super-structure with expert eyes. She swept, slowing speed, in a curve that brought her within a hundred yards of the barque and the two silent beings by her bulk.

The liner's decks, high above their heads, were fringed with passengers, gazing down upon the ragged wall of the sea's displeasure, their indistinct movements of excitement giving Anthony a feeling that they were unreal, puppets of some nightmare. They were a thousand times removed from his conception of what people were like—the people among whom he had moved a long while ago.

Through the great scuttles he caught glimpses of waiters preparing the gleaming tables for dinner.

Anthony laughed, and then stopped. His eyes and mouth became grim. The girl watched him, waiting for some move, some word; she seemed to be throwing all her faculties into an effort to read the thoughts in his mind.

But he was conscious of only one thought, a glorious thought. This could be the finish of his endless toil; he had but to say a few words to be free of the barque for ever. He could take the liner's offer of a tow—it would come in a moment—and pay the towage money out of his own pocket. He would be able to sleep to the end of eternity. He need never touch the hated wheel again.

HE glanced about him, seeking an answer to the greatest moment of indecision in his life—and saw the girl's eyes fixed gravely upon him. He smiled at her eagerly, and discovered something in her face which told him much. He saw suddenly that his soul was in the weighing—on one side towards the past, on the other towards the future—and Joan's eyes were on the pointer of the scales.

The stillness of the sunset hour seemed to become intensified, and even the lapping of the sea against the leaky sides of the barque grew softer.

Then a voice, carried by megaphone from the immaculate white bridge of the liner, floated across the water. The moment had come.

"Barque—ahoy! Do you want a tow?" The captain of the liner, in his smart duck uniform, leant over the telegraph indicator while he waited for the answer. He watched the insignificant figure of the man in torn dungarees brace his shoulders on the diminutive

poop, and saw him cup his hands. His words were clear and distinct.

"Go to the devil! We're all right!" he shouted, and turned his back on the liner, its captain, and the open scuttles of its dining saloons.

The girl sighed softly, like one recovering from a period of stress.

"Good for you," she said, quietly.

He glanced at her sharply, fearing that she mocked him, but her blue eyes were sincere.

"That's settled it," she added. "You are Anthony Wells!"

"But—" He became suddenly silent and nodded over his shoulder at the liner gathering way for her interrupted voyage.

"I know," she murmured. "And I love you for it."

Which was a little enigmatical, as the captain of the liner would have thought, had he heard it as he stumped soliloquising below to the social and culinary pleasures of his dinner.

If the fools wanted to drown, let 'em drown; he'd done his duty. His job was to carry passengers as swiftly and safely as possible, not to hang about a broken-down windjammer in order to save their crazy-headed crew when they sank. No, sir! And, furthermore, it was some years since anybody had



GOLF must be splendid exercise, dear. The lad here told me he's lost two stone just caddying!

told him to go to the devil. Hang it, the man might have been the chairman of the Line himself, the way he'd said it!

The thought of the Line caused him to brace his shoulders—much as the chap on that barque had done—and pat the little blue enamel flags above the gold lace on his sleeves. A fine Line, the Blue Pennant! Finest in the world—bar none! "Good evening, sir! Yes, we're under way again. No—just a barque—badly hit in that storm, I should think—an obstinate man in charge. Fine spirit, you say? Hm-m, yes, lookin' at it that way. Oysters, please, steward."

It took Anthony Wells eight full days and nights to bring the "Koristo" into Yokohama, but he did it, and in due course returned to the world that had lost him. But he did not return alone.

And men say that there is a look in his eyes sometimes that makes him his father all over again. It seems not unlikely.

(Copyright)

The Affair of the Leopard's SPOTS

(Continued from Page 14)

"**I**'VE just got here, darling! Congratulations!"

"Thank you, Aunt Celeste!" "Where's that wonderful jewel your husband gave you?"

"Upstairs—with the other wedding gifts. I'll show it to you." They found the presents displayed in the blue salon that was empty of people except for the private detective on guard.

Bernardine picked up a velvet case and gave it to the older woman. "Here's the Tamerlane diamond Aunt Celeste!"

"Gorgeous!" exclaimed the latter. The diamond itself was flawless, blue-white, weighing over fifty carats. But more beautiful than the stone was the setting, in the shape of a large, oblong brooch, fashioned by some Indian artist in a forgotten century. This setting, of enamelled silver, mingled pearly-violet and furnace-

crimson in a fantastic pattern, and showed on its outer rim a flight of tiny parrots, executed in a minute and exquisite mosaic of semi-precious stones.

"It's unique," said Bernardine. "A historic jewel that has passed through many hands. Queens have owned it—and great courtesans—and the fat wives of mere millionaires. Besides," with a smile, "it's the only famous art treasure, put up for sale in recent years, which has not been sold to an American."

"It was—very nearly!" the detective joined in.

"Oh?"

"Yes, madame. The messenger of the jewellery firm who brought it here told me a New York banker came all the way to Paris to buy it. When he found out that your husband had already acquired it, he was furiously disappointed—offered your husband lots more than the original price. But the Baron would not listen to him."

(Please turn to Page 39)

The NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where CHILDREN are EXECUTED for TREASON

Probably one of the best of many recent books about China, Nora Waln's "The House of Exile," could not have been written with greater care for detail had it been the work of a high-born Chinese woman, instead of an American.

MISS WALN'S personal history explains how she came to be adopted by the honorable family called Lin, and how she came to live in "The House of Exile." Besides being an interesting record of Chinese domestic life, which is as different from the Australian mode as life on the moon, Miss Waln's book is a topical commentary on the troubles of China to-day.

An interesting sidelight is the way in which the Chinese children seem to be embroiled. For example—

"One morning," writes Miss Waln, "when the white lilacs were in flower, Ching-mei came into my walled garden. She came to tell me that Shao-yi had been arrested at Peking. His twin, a student at the same school, had just telephoned down to her. Police had searched the school for evidence of Communism and had taken Shao-yi, his girl wife's brother, and five of their classmates, because of quotations—quotations found in their notebooks—from a book Su-ling had given Shao-yi at New Year."

"SHAO-YI is the boy who so often read aloud to his sister and his cousins in the Garden of Children at the House of Exile, during my first winter in China. He had grown to be a thoughtful, kind lad, who seemed principally interested in flowers and poetry. He had never shown any interest in politics at home. It is best," Ching-mei said, "to go down and tell the Family Elder at once. Ours is a powerful clan. He will be released by the day after to-morrow, if we start now. The Elder has only to give us a note to Chang Tso-Lin."

"However, although shock and sorrow showed in every face, all the entreaties failed to move the Elder or the clan of Lin. Nobody would help to save the boy."

Executed Without Trial

"At last, in desperation, Su-ling went to see Chang Tso-Lin herself, and told him that the book the boys had copied was hers. She offered herself for punishment."

"I could not release my own son or daughter, or even save myself," he told her sadly, "if thrown into prison to-day on suspicion of Communism."

"There was no trial. No clan took any action to save any of the boys, although three of them were of powerful families. They were used as a warning to scholars. They were only an incident in the Spartan stamping out of Communism."

"I talked to Shao-yi, the condemned child, on the afternoon before his death. He was philosophical. He calmly accepted the fact that Communism must go, and that he must be used to help it go. On April 28, with 18 others, he was put to death by slow strangulation. They went to their deaths bravely. Shao-yi's last words were to beg Su-ling not to cry."

These and many other incidents tell of China and its many troubles and of the imperturbable high-caste Chinese Clansmen, members of the old civilisation in the world, who look on, realising that time laughs at turmoil.

Miss Waln has written an excellent book, which comes to Australian readers much cheaper than the overseas edition because it is printed locally. (Angus & Robertson. 7/6.)

Short Reviews

"Every Woman." Gilbert Frankau. This well-known writer has written a human document about a young Italian girl who is married to a man she doesn't love. She leaves him and seeks a former lover who has also married unhappily. Complications arise, and she finishes by renouncing the world in a convent. As a study of a woman's mind, the book is just what a man might be expected to write. Good reading. (7/6. Hutchinson's. Our copy Dymock's.)

"The Last of Cheri." Colette. French and sophisticated. This work is translated from the French for the first time. It is full of "joie de vivre" in the Latin manner. (7/-. All booksellers.)

"The Four Sisters." Joseph Delmont. Milton Byrne has the wanderlust so badly that he cannot settle down and marry. Meanwhile there are four girls, sisters, who one after the other fall in love with him and wait hopefully. A clever book. (7/-. All booksellers.)



CHINESE STUDENTS, when they offend politically, sometimes pay the supreme penalty.

"Arabesque." Eleanor Mercein. If you want to escape from the mundane routine of everyday life, here is a book that will take you out of yourself to Arabia. It is a revelation of Arab life and racial habits. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Mutiny." Charles Nordhoff and J. N. Hall. Another story of the mutiny of the "Bounty." They have done it again. Still, it is well told and gives a more picturesque account of the incident and of Tahiti than other books. (7/-. All booksellers.)

The Affair of the Leopard's Spots

(Continued from Page 38)

"Do you happen to know if the American is still here?" asked Bernardine casually, the germ of a strange idea beginning to form in the back cells of her brain.

"He returned to New York, Madame." "Lucky for you that he did!" laughed Aunt Celeste, a few moments later, as she and Bernardine were leaving the salon.

"Why?" "No harm meant, darling. But Pascal might have become conscience-stricken..."

"Might have sold the jewel and given the proceeds to his beloved poor?" "Exactly! Well, you seem to have reformed him!"

"I wonder if I have!" said Bernardine, half to herself. "And—I wonder if I should!"

Going down the stairs she passed Pascal, who was coming up with several people, eager to see the gifts. He had reached the upper landing, not far from the salon, and she the lower, as, happening to glance over her shoulder, she caught him in the same act.

She was about to smile at him—to make up a little for their tiff—when, suddenly, she saw an expression of anguish pass across his features.

Her first impulse was to run up to him, to ask his forgiveness.

But she controlled herself when she noticed that he was not looking at, but beyond her. Quickly she followed the direction of his frightened eyes, and she saw something which was in the nature of an anti-climax.

For Pascal was staring at a man who had just entered the Cosmopolite and was shaking hands right and left; a short, stocky, middle-aged Frenchman, with a round, ruddy face, a stub nose,

old-fashioned, steel-rimmed, professional spectacles, a full beard, and a whimsical, Pickwickian smile.

She recognised him immediately; her uncle, Max de Lissac; heard, like an echo to her thought, one of the women who were accompanying her husband say to the latter: "Why—it's Count Max de Lissac!"

"Oh—asked another woman—"the famous collector?"

"Yes." Again Bernardine looked at her husband. He had not yet seen her; was still staring at the newcomer, the horror in his eyes deepening and widening. Then he pulled himself together. He followed his friends into the blue salon.

By this time Max de Lissac had come further into the room. He saw his niece:

"Hullo, there! Bernardine!"

She ran up to him, and, even as her uncle took her in his arms, the strange idea that had formed in the back cells of her brain a few minutes earlier, was beginning to crystallise; an idealist, her husband, in a way a fanatic; but, being his father's son, ruthless in another way, convinced that the end justified the means—thus unscrupulous, though not for his own sake, but for the sake of the poor.

THE thoughts flashed through her mind in the fraction of a second. She dismissed them with an effort.

"When did you get back, Uncle Max?" she asked.

"This afternoon. Got your letter telling me you had decided on an earlier wedding. I was far in the interior. So I hurried overland by train and camel—caught the first boat out of Calcutta—and here I am! Glad to see me?"

(Please turn to Page 40)

Here is Proof! THAT YOU CAN GROW NEW HAIR!! Quick HAIR GROWTH!

1000 TRIAL TREATMENTS to be Distributed THIS MONTH!!



HURRY! FOR THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER! STILL MORE PROOF—READ IT!

TRY in your own home—test under any condition you like, and if my method does not grow new hair or rid you of dandruff or any other hair condition you suffer from—it costs you nothing—not one penny! But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation—it costs you nothing—all you have to do is post that coupon NOW!

WHAT I DISCOVERED ABOUT HAIR

It does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried. I know you have not used the RIGHT method! My own hair fell out in handfuls until I fast began to go bald. I tried everything. But now I have a thick, lustrous growth of hair, thanks to the important discovery that—

TONICS WILL NEVER GROW HAIR

They never have—because it is impossible! There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelso Murchison Treatment. It's a new way—entirely different and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc. from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight. Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers," but accept my free offer, and watch your hair grow! Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

IT DOES NOT MATTER

It does not matter how long-standing your hair or scalp trouble may be, it does not matter what you have tried—J. Kelso Murchison is prepared to PROVE to you beyond all doubt and without you risking one penny, that YOU CAN DEFINITELY GROW NEW HAIR—if you send the coupon now.

1.000 TRIAL TREATMENTS.

£100 GUARANTEE
I GUARANTEE that all testimonials published in this announcement are genuine extracts from reports received.

(Signed) J. KELSO MURCHISON.

"You asked me to report in one month on your treatment for the hair. The month isn't quite up yet, but it isn't necessary to wait that long. I could have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. I have used a lot of different 'restorers' in my time, but yours is the only one that I ever used that I have had any faith in. You said it would cure dandruff in one week; well, I can bear that easily, as it cured my dandruff in one night. It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned it from its dry, dead straw looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I might mention that I never saw your treatment a very fair go, either."

—C. J. REYNOLDS, M. N.S.W.

"After using your course for one week, my hair stopped falling and began to improve wonderfully. To-day my hair is as healthy as it is possible to be, and the thin parts are almost as abundant with hair as the rest of my head."

—C. ROEPER, M. N.S.W.

"I have been using your special Hair Culture treatment for one month now, and find it very beneficial to my scalp. There is a lot of new hair appearing."

—C. WEBB, W. N.S.

SEND NO MONEY!

J. Kelso Murchison, Dept. W.W., Lombard Chambers, Pitt Street, Sydney.

NAME
ADDRESS
Enclose 4d. in stamps for postage. 9/2/33

Save Trufood labels...



CAKE COOLERS and GLASSCLOTHS FREE

1. TRUFOOD IS REAL MILK—with the water and part of the butter fat extracted, and afterwards, spray-dried and packed in safe sterilized tins.
2. THE FOOD-VALUE OF TRUFOOD is very high. It contains all the essential body-building elements of pure, fresh, country milk.
3. THE APPETISING FLAVOUR of Trufood makes all puddings, sauces, cakes and junkets made with it just irresistible.
4. SO CONVENIENT. As much milk as you want—when you want it—with no fear of its going sour.
5. LESS THAN HALF THE PRICE OF ORDINARY MILK so you can give all the family extra milk dishes.
6. WIRE CAKE COOLER FOR 8 LABELS—strong and large—9 ins. x 14 ins.
7. GLASSCLOTH FOR 10 LABELS—pure linen, durable—33 ins. x 23 ins.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE GIFT

Save the labels from Trufood tins until you have 8 for a cake cooler—or 10 for a glasscloth. Then take your labels to:—

PARKES HOUSE, 9-11 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send personally, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing—

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.
2. The number of labels enclosed.

If the recipe says MILK... use

TRUFOOD

3. The gift you require. Post to FREE GIFT DEPARTMENT, Box 3921, T.T. G.P.O., SYDNEY. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope. TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

30/3/33

"I'm so happy, Uncle Max!"

He kissed her affectionately.

"What would you like for a wedding present, Bernardine?"

"Oh, I don't know..."

"Wait till I get my trunk. I'll let you choose your own—from the things I brought back. I found a couple of beauties in Delhi."

"You're a darling!"

"Runs in the family. And now—where is that lucky young pup of a husband of yours?"

"Upstairs, showing my wedding presents to a crowd of envious dowagers."

"What did Pascal give you?"

"Guess, Count!" came the deep voice of Baron Alexander Marpurjo, who had stepped up.

"A mile and a half of black pearls?"

"Something much smaller—and ten times as precious! He gave her the Tamerlane diamond!"

"You're joking! Max de Lissac turned to his niece. 'Did he really?'"

"Yes, Uncle Max!"

"Heavens! Count Max de Lissac's excitement was not altogether feigned. 'The Tamerlane diamond? And you tell that—cold-bloodedly—to—proudly—the most famous collector of Oriental jewels, the greatest authority on the subject in the world—to a man who would commit arson, murder, mayhem, and burratty to get it between his fingers?'"

"Have you ever seen it before?"

"Yes—when it belonged to the Rajah of Udeypore. Tried to buy it; but he wouldn't sell. Lead me to it, Bernardine!"

And then, as they turned to go upstairs, the detective's rough, rather threatening voice drifted down:

"You can't leave this room, ladies and gentlemen! Hey, there!"—as if in answer to a woman's scream—"that

The Affair of the Leopard's SPOTS

(Continued
from
Page 38)

means you, too! Step away from that door!"

Quickly Bernardine ran up the stairs, followed by her uncle.

"What has happened?" she cried, half-knowing the answer.

It came, in the detective's hard, professional accents:

"Somebody's stolen the Tamerlane diamond!"

Downstairs the people heard. Those who had not heard were told by others.

Excitement, rising in waves, Staccato questions. Staccato replies.

"Who...?"

"I wonder if...?"

"Incredible..."

A society reporter, sensing gorgeous scandal, licked his lips and was already composing a startling headline:

"DISGRACEFUL HAPPENING AT CLUB COSMOPOLITE DURING SMART WEDDING—PARIS SOCIETY DISRUPTED—MADAME X SUSPECTED!"

Couples stopped in the middle of a dance step.

The music broke off with a jarring discord as a B-string snapped.

The Marquise de Liancourt swooned in the arms of the Viscount de Crespiigny, while, promptly, the Viscountess de Crespiigny swooned in the arms of the Marquis de Liancourt.

The Duchess de Wittgenstein-Bourbon forgot her painfully acquired Faubourg St. Germain accent and broke into a heartfelt, native born:

"O! yo! Gewalt! Gott im Himmel!"

For there was that terrible, collective feeling of guilt which, for some hidden, psychological reason, is shared

even by the innocent when suspicion points a finger.

A moment later the detective and Pascal Marpurjo could be seen on the upper landing, evidently arguing.

The people were silent. They listened.

"But it's necessary!" said the detective. "The jewel is gone! Everybody must be searched!"

"Nobody is going to be searched!"

"It's my duty! I must make a report!"

"Very well! Say in your report that I stole it myself!"

"But—M. le Baron..."

"Be quiet!" commanded Pascal. He stepped up to the banister. "My friends," he addressed his wedding guests, "I beg you to forget this little contretemps. It is of no particular importance."

Silence. Then "Bravo!" cried a single voice.

"Bravo!" echoed others.

More applause. Somebody was guilty. Doubtless. But no name would be exposed; no honor branded. Ah—was it not chic? Was it not typically Parisian?

A WAVE of relief, a wilder wave of gaiety surged through the Cosmopolite.

People laughed. They chattered. They jested. They clinked glasses.

The orchestra led away with a rollicking two-step, while the society reporter left hurriedly to get the news into the early edition.

Baron Alexander Marpurjo shook his son's hand gravely:

"My boy," he said, "you lied like a gentleman—and damn the expense!"

So the gaiety continued. It was still in full swing

an hour later when Bernardine, in a travelling dress of dark blue serge, sat by her husband's side, their great De

Diedrich car humming its steely way towards the sunshine and the blue waters of the Riviera.

They were both silent.

Pascal, his face tense and strained, was staring straight ahead, through the glass partition, at the chauffeur's broad back, while Bernardine watched the passing landscape.

She spoke very suddenly:

"Pascal!"

He was startled:

"Yes?"

"Your father was wrong!"

"Wrong—in...?"

"When he said you lied like a gentleman! You didn't! You told the truth—like a gentleman! You took the jewel, didn't you? And when he was silent, she insisted: 'Didn't you, dear?'"

"I did!" he replied dully.

"Have you it still? Or did you throw it away?"

He took it from his pocket and gave it to her.

"What a marvellous forgery it is!" she went on. "I might have worn it all my life—without suspecting. Nobody would ever have suspected! Except, of course, Uncle Max—the expert, the collector—he would have known at once, almost by instinct, that it was a copy. You realised that—the moment you saw him come into the room. That's why you took it. Isn't that true, Pascal?"

"Quite true!" He spoke with an effort. But, gradually, his halting voice

gained strength, assurance, a certain sweeping elation. "You liked the Tamerlane diamond when you saw it at the jeweller's. You wanted it. And I—I love you so—I forgot my mission in life—to help the poor, to waste no money on useless luxuries. Yes!"—with rather a bitter smile—"the leopard changed one of his spots. But the spot came back, black and glossy, when the American offered me millions more for the stone than I had paid for it."

"You sold him the Tamerlane diamond?"

"Yes. To use the money for charity—a great charity—a splendid new hospital..."

"I can guess the rest," she interrupted. "You had the jeweller make an exact replica—swore him and the American to secrecy—greased the hands of the expert goldsmiths who did the actual work?"

Wordlessly he inclined his head.

"And the money you saved by buying my bridal bouquet at Daniel's—that, too, will go to the poor?"

"Yes!"

She gave a little laugh.

"You know," she said, "in your own way you are quite as shrewd as your father."

"I don't suppose you will ever forgive me?" he asked slowly.

"What is there to forgive, Pascal? I would not want you different. One marries even a saint—even a Don Quixote—for better or for worse!"

She kissed him.

They were silent again.

Then he said:

"How did you guess? How did you find out?"

"Oh," she replied, dreamily, "Call it a woman's intuition—or call it a woman's love. It's one and the same thing, dear."

(Copyright)

DELICIOUS BISCUITS

WITH AN UNRIVALLED QUALITY RECORD



TUNE IN TO 2 CH

Every Monday and Thursday at 7.15 p.m.
"DOWN MEMORY LANE"

Women are very sensitive to flavor, so naturally these delicious Sao Biscuits with their crisp flakiness, their fresh, tender golden brown oven bloom and appetising quality have become a nationwide first favorite, unrivalled among plain biscuits.

Combined with butter and cheese they have a charm which is distinctive and very tempting, and there are many other combinations with sweet and savoury tit-bits equally enticing. Then when you realise that they are made by William Arnott Limited their perfect quality and excellence is instantly established.

ARNOTT'S

FAMOUS

SAO

REGD.

BISCUITS

Ask your Grocer for Arnott's famous Biscuits

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

"W HAT is your idea?" inquired the ginger bearded man of Fred.

"Well," said Fred, "first of all tell me if the witch is afraid of dogs?"

The wee man seemed a little taken back at this request and the hope that had previously shone in his eyes disappeared. "If your only idea is that your dog can frighten her away, I don't think much of it, for I believe she has all the weirdest collection of animals in creation under her care, and delights in tormenting them so as to make them ferocious," he replied. "I am sorry that was your idea, for I can scarcely believe that little pup of yours could do any good. But, anyway, we shall hold another meeting to-night, and should we find no way of getting rid of the horrid witch I suppose you can try your way."

Fred was rather annoyed to hear the little man talk in such a belittling manner of his pet, but said nothing.

THAT night the ginger bearded men invited Fred to dinner—and what a dinner it was! The table was beautifully spread with all the delicacies imaginable. Sparkling ginger beer was poured into Fred's goblet each time he emptied it. Never before had Fred enjoyed himself so much. Everybody was so kind to him and treated him like he only thought princes and princesses were treated.

After the little men had dined they all seemed to develop a serious look at the one moment. This appeared so peculiar to Fred. "Why, only a few moments ago," he thought, "they were so jovial and talkative, and they have all changed like a thunderstorm changes a glorious day." Fred did not wish to offend the little men by letting them see he was amused by their sudden transformation, so he quickly changed the whole expression of his face to one of concern.

One of the wee men arose from the dining-table and stepped heavily across



THE WICKED WITCH

Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,—I have some very good news for you all—from next week I shall be giving a prize of £1 for the best painting, 10/- for the best sketch, and 10/- for the best letter, so I want you all to hurry up and send your entries along.

Dorothy Shaw, "Reutana," Gunnedah, must be complimented for her interesting letter, which thoroughly deserves the prize of 5/- this week. Hoping to hear from you soon. Cheerio.
From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

the room to the round table on the other side. Cautiously he lit a little green lamp and placed it in the centre of the table, then, without saying a word, motioned for the other little men to join him. Quickly they all seated themselves around the table, leaving one chair vacant. Fred wondered if he should sit in that chair, but was soon enlightened when one of the wee men said, "Again our good friend Wanderlust is not present, but regretting as we do his absence, we must go on with our meeting. Fred, you may occupy the empty chair if you wish, but it is a law of the Bearded Men that no have-been-humans partake in our conversation. Understand?"

FRED murmured a meek "Yes" and walked to the chair and sat down. Hours and hours seemed to pass, but in reality only forty-five minutes. Fred kept wondering how would he attack the witch. Would he attack her at all? If he did, would he dress up? Would he cool Tony on to her? Would the little men frighten her away themselves? All these things passed through his mind, and many others, as he sat gazing into space. Suddenly he was awakened from his dilemma by the same sound that he had heard when he sat perishing with the cold on the doorstep of the empty cottage in the forest. Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z. The noise stopped abruptly. Then came a heavy knocking at the door, which resulted in a "Who goes there?"

"It's Wanderlust with his family of lost boys and girls," called a voice.

THE door opened, and in stepped the amiable Wanderlust himself, fol-

TERRY and TEDDY TERRIBLE TWINS



TERRY YOUR MOTHER SAYS YOU AND TED ARE TO GET THOSE THINGS OFF AND GO DOWN TO THE BEACH AND PLAY WITH YOUR LITTLE COUSIN JOAN!



AW GEE! FANCY HAVING TO KNOCK OFF BEING PIRATES TO PLAY WITH A GIRL!!! LET'S PLAY JOKES ON HER THEN SHE WON'T WANT US TO STAY!!



THERE SHE IS BUILDING SAND-CASTLES! FANCY EXPECTING US TO PLAY Sissy GAMES LIKE THAT! I KNOW LET'S JUMP ON IT!!



OH! IT'S THE HORRID BOYS!



THIS OLD UMBRELLA GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR GETTING EVEN WITH THEM!



I'LL BE READY FOR THEM NEXT TIME. TEE-HEE!



OH, SO YOU'RE BACK AGAIN EH? WELL I'VE BUILT ANOTHER CASTLE FOR YOU TO JUMP ON!!



HA! HA! HA! LOOK OUT FOR CHINA!



OH MY GOODNESS YOU BOYS DO LOOK FUNNY! HA! HA! HA!

Motor Car Trick

SAY to a friend: "I will show you a motor car in this room, and with a few waves of my hand, it will make it disappear, and you will never be able to find the same motor car again!"

Your friend will, of course, want to see the trick. Then you show her a piece of paper on which you have written "motor car" in pencil. Then with a few waves of your hand you can make it disappear. That is it. If you have a rubber band.

Prize Card to Joan Maunders, 33 Church Street, Lidcombe.

PRIZE CARDS for the best colored pictures are awarded to: Jean Cooper, 13 Boreana Street, Dee Why; Deirdre Shumack, Post Office



INTRODUCING Mary Oxenham, of Shumack; Rosemary Corbett, of Waterley; and Gillian Galbraith, of Bellevue Hill.

Residence, Pictou; Betty Redden, 34 Stafford Street, Stanmore; Marie McKean, "Cranbrook," Glen Innes.

followed by a troupe of laughing boys and girls.

"Come, come, why all down in the dumps?" cried Wanderlust breezily. "I have good news! Sparky told me as I was flying over him to-day some very good news that will interest you all." (What is Wanderlust's good news? Look out for next week's instalment.)

JUST CHATTER

Green Lane, at Concord West, went travelling down the South Coast recently. Valda Burcher, of Gunnedah, is a boarder at Our Lady of Mercy's College, Gunnedah; Vera Cameron, of Bathurst, likes typing and shorthand.

Nancy Sutton, of Blackheath, thoroughly enjoyed gazing at the floodlighting at Katoomba. The other night, Bonnie Stagers, of Haberfield, is thirteen years old, and attends Keworth Girls' College.

Shelia Cunningham, of Dorrigo, lives on the Dorrigo Plateau; Jean Cooper, of Dee Why, is very fond of painting; Lois McAlister, of Hurstville, likes going picnicking.

Margaret Derwent, of Outback, recently went to Ocean Beach for a holiday; Rosie Cooke, of Lismore, is very fond of writing compositions; Peggy Danestier, of Woolahra, likes reading riddles.

Elita Creswell, of Leuvel, is also the winter months are over. Dorothy Shaw, of Gunnedah, lives in miles from Gunnedah; Jan Cunningham, of Vaucluse, has just turned 11.

Mavis Needham, of Camperdown, is fond of writing short stories; Owen Bowles, of North Sydney.

Deirdre Shumack, of Post Office

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Deirdre Shumack, of Post Office

FOR FUN & FANCY

BOB: If a burglar came into your house, where would you go?
Jack: Into the washhouse.
Dad: Why?
Jack: Because the copper is there.
Prize Card to J. Kavanagh, 68 Burden Street, Enskineville.

What trade would you recommend to a short man? Grocer.
What fruit grows on telegraph poles? Electric-currants.
Prize Card to Francis Rogers, 12 Reaview Street, Randwick.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS
Found, a purse by a boy containing money.
Lost, a watch by a lady studded with gems.
Found, a coat by a man made of morocco leather.
Prize Card to Lois McAlister, 33 Empress Street, Hurstville.

TONGUE TWISTERS
Two lubby toddlers toasting tasty tea-cakes.
Four fat frogs frying fat for Friday.
Three thin thrushes in a thorny thicket.
Prize Card to Patsy Bathery, 4 Welham Street, Seagriff.

Shopman: "So you want me to repair this coat for you?"
Fat: "Yes, please. It only needs a new back and front and new sleeves. The buttons are quite good."
Dad: "Did the questions give you any trouble at the examination?"
Billy: "No, but the answers did!"

What noon does a soldier want?—Reborn.

A "TOP-KNOTTY" PROBLEM
Visitor: "What pretty hair you have, Joan! You get it from your mother, don't you?"
Joan: "No, I think I get it from Daddy. His is all gone!"
Prize Card to Allan Sawell, Empire Lane, Tweed Heads.

When is a picture like a strong tea?—When it is well drawn.

What is the difference between a chicken and a chicken?—A chicken has two legs and the other has one.

Why is a doctor very kind?—Because the worse people are the more he goes to see them.

When do dogs have four ears?—When there are two of them.

What is the difference between a piano and a bank?—One gives notes and the other takes them in.

What shows others what it can't see itself?—A mirror.
Prize Card to Vera Harrison, 22 Prince Street, Grafton.

Lady: "This ham I bought from you is bad."
Shopman: "It can't be. It was only cured last week."
Lady: "Then it must have been taken ill again since."
Prize Card to Barbara Hauser, 74 New South Head Road, Vaucluse.

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WHAT AM I?
I walk across the street so wide.
I start, I dart, I quiver, I glide.
I take my chances, oh, so slim.
I trust to eye and nerve and limb.
I scoot to right, I gallop through.
I'm here and there, I'm lost to view.

My life, I know, hangs in the balance.
Another plunge, I am across.
Oh, give me pity if you can.
I'm just a poor pe-des-tri-an.
Prize Card to C. McIlhenas, 34 Warrilah Street, Leichhardt.

RESULT OF CROSSWORD No. 14.
Prize of 2/6 to Margaret Holliday, The Rectory, Yass, for sending along the nearest correct solution.



This Style
3 Suits in 1
22/-

LADIES See the JANTZEN DISPLAY at ASHDOWN'S

THE new 1934 Jantzens are here—new models—new features—new colors—new low prices.

Ashdown's invite you to inspect the wonderful display—never before have we offered Jantzens like these 1934 models. Knit from Miracle Yarn with the two-way stretch. They create a new sensation in swimming suit values.

Other new Jantzen features are "Zipper Suit" for men... "Adjustable Formal" for women... the "Bra Lift"... the "Sunbath"... and all the old favorites in the new 1934 colors.

Ladies', Men's, and Children's Sizes Stocked in all models. See the New Beach Shorts, Slacks, Shirts, Caps, and Shoes for ladies.

Mail Orders Promptly Executed

ASHDOWN'S

"The Jantzen King"

134 PITT ST., Two Doors From King Street,
Opposite Proud's.

Branch Stores 155 OXFORD ST., BONDI JUNCTION
413 PARRAMATTA RD., LEICHHARDT

SCIENCE WINS!

LUBRI-LAX (Red)

GUARANTEED
TO CURE
CONSTIPATION



Your intestines require lubrication as does a motor car. Purgatives and laxatives are not a cure. Lubri-Lax fulfills the requirements, and will also relieve piles and gall bladder conditions. It is a pure lubricating laxative.

"Two teaspoonfuls for you, mummy! I only had one, and feel better already."

LUBRI-LAX (in two sizes) - 2/- and 2/9

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

LUBRI-LAX is manufactured by the Proprietors of FEMMETONE, the World's Most Famous Tonic, invaluable for curing influenza. Both are specially recommended by Dr. Du Maurier, 307 Macquarie Street, Sydney, Founder of Australian Broadcasting Health Society.

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Charming informal study of Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, to whom, it is suggested, an invitation be sent to visit Australia during the Melbourne Centenary celebrations.

—Air Mail photo.

International SPORTSWOMEN for Melbourne CENTENARY

Sportswomen generally are discussing the opportunities afforded by the celebration next year of the Melbourne Centenary.

That international teams should be invited to visit Australia and compete in a series of matches is an accepted fact, and already various women's associations have opened negotiations with executives overseas.

MISS ELSIE BENNETT, who was chosen by the world office of the Y.W.C.A., Geneva, has just returned from a twelve months' trip abroad.

"Some time ago," she says, "it was suggested, unofficially, that a women's cricket team should be sent to Australia, and they would be willing to consider the suggestion officially. Basketball players will be interested to know that the association in Great Britain is anxious to arrive at some standardisation of rules so that inter-Empire matches could be arranged. At present the English game, which is called 'Net-ball,' differs from ours in some respects."

The main difference in netball and basketball is the fact that seven players comprise a team in the former, and nine in the latter. However, any small divergence that exists can be simply adjusted, and both the women's basketball and cricket associations anticipate satisfactory negotiations in the near future.

THE All-Australian Women's Hockey Association has already arranged to hold a tournament in Melbourne during the Centenary year. It has further been arranged to send an invitation to Suva and to New Zealand for their respective teams to compete in that tournament.

Women swimmers, too, are inviting overseas stars to take part in the carnival. Miss Willy der Ouden, of Amsterdam, and Miss Joyce Cooper, British Empire champion, are the two swimmers who have been cited in this regard.

There remains the outlook of the women tennis players. Their interests have so far been not only overlooked, but completely ignored. All manner of specious explanations have been brought forward to account for this disregard of their interests.

Actually, whatever conditions may have applied in the past, the time is now ripe for a visit from international

stars, and, in view of the stalwart service that has been rendered to the various States and to the Australian Association by women members, it is only fair that this fact should be recognised.

The financial aspect is one that pales to insignificance in comparison to the expenditure incurred year after year in sending a men's team abroad. Further,

Another aspect that urges women tennis players' claim to recognition is that of the opportunity afforded to compare their standard with that of the overseas players.

The late Daphne Akhurst, on her return from her last trip abroad, gave a considered opinion on the matter.

"When I compare women's tennis abroad," she said, "to that of our own players here in Australia, I am quite sure that our first ten could hold their own against any ten of another country."



Miss Peggy Scriven and Miss Kathleen Stanmore (England), and Miss Helen Jacobs (U.S.A.) at a dinner given in honor of competitors in the recent tournament held in England.

It is obvious that a team of international women tennis players would draw very big gate-money. Record crowds would certainly gather to see, for instance, Helen Wills-Moody on the court.

Alternatively, a British team comprising such well-known players as Mrs. Whittingstall, the Misses Round, Nuthall, and Scriven, or, if they were not available, a composite team from Europe consisting of Pauline Krahwinkel, Germany, and Mile Mathieu, France, would be an outstanding attraction.

HONT Holbrook says: I brew my Pure Malt Vinegar from Australian barley, and feature it for one year.

In view of the fact that it is planned to send a team of women players to compete in the Wightman Cup, the trophy that ranks second only to the Davis Cup in the tennis world, it is essential that Australian selectors should have the chance to watch our prospective representatives in action against international players.

It now lies in the hands of the Melbourne Centenary Committee to earn the distinction, in conjunction with Australian tennis executives, of being the first organisation to bring a team of overseas women tennis players to Australia.



Jocelyn's RACING REVIEW

Glorious spring weather prevailed for the "Guineas" meeting at Rosehill on Saturday, and a huge crowd was present to see the fancied candidates for the classic events of the near future in action.

However, having had recent experience of the vagaries of the weather, spring frocks were in the discard, and, with a few exceptions, winter coats and furs were the order of the day.

BACKERS commenced well in selecting Suntan for the Brush Hurdle Race. The topweight had no difficulty in coming away from his opponents in the straight, and was followed home at intervals of two lengths by Hunt the Slipper and Blue Ensign. The Melbourne hurdler, Skirmish, who finished nearly last, has now had four or five runs in Sydney over the sticks, and is well below the standard of jumpers Victoria usually sends over.

In winning the Camellia Stakes from Turbine and Whittingham, the New Zealand horse, Inflation, called attention to his presence in the Epsom field. Carrying four pounds more than his Epsom impost, Inflation apparently had no difficulty in holding off Turbine and the Victorian-trained horse, Whittingham, to win by two lengths. The time, 1.25, however, was a quarter of a second slower than that recorded by Polly Speck in the Highweight Handicap later in the day with 19lbs. more weight.

What a pity Sydney racegoers had not the opportunity of getting a line on the paces of the crack Victorian three-year-old, Hall Mark, in the Rosehill Guineas. Only one performer from the southern State lined up in the field in Rapsonia, who, however, failed to show up. The finish brought forth a desperate struggle between the stablemates, Blixten and Shakuni. McCarten was never seen to better advantage than when he brought Blixten from an almost impossible position at the turn to snatch victory from Shakuni by half a neck.

As the visiting Victorian cracks, Hall Mark and Break Up, are not to be seen in action until the Randwick meeting, Blixten will probably rule as a short-

Vigoro Summer Competitions

TIDINGS have been bruited abroad of the formation of a new vigoro association. A general meeting will be held at P. J. Palmer and Sons' premises on September 25, at 8 p.m., to discuss the formation of the proposed "Sydney Vigoro Association."

Nominations for the various vigoro associations should be sent in by the end of this month. Play in the association fixtures will commence early next month, and it is expected there will be record entries in all grades for the forthcoming season.

Nominations for club membership should be addressed to the district secretaries.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 139 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.I.
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PATTERNS
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By "JOCELYN"

It seems useless to comment on Chatham's performances. With his Epsom weight, 9.10, the Windbag horse simply toyed with the opposition in the Hill Stakes. After Pike had allowed Pontoon to make the pace for a furlong or two, Chatham bounced to the front and won pulling up by two and a half lengths. Pike had a good peep round at the rest of the field approaching the winning post. Chatham promises to start one of the hottest Epsom favorites on record, and it looks only a matter of betting on what sort of weather Mr. Mares will produce for the big race.

Last year Chatham won this race from Rogilla and Winooka. Much as we would all like to see Winooka tackle Chatham again this year, it is just as satisfactory to read that Joe Matthews' horse is busy demonstrating to the Yankees that they don't own the earth.

The Hawkesbury River Race Club has its usual spring fixture on the historic course on Saturday, and this meeting, which is always an interesting one, will give racegoers a last opportunity of taking up their fancies for the Epsom and Metropolitan meeting on the following Saturday.

WOMEN as UMPIRES

By RUTH PREDEY, Australian Selector, Women's Cricket Association.

AT the annual conference between the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association and the Umpires' Association, the secretary of the latter association gave the assurance that women would not be debarred from umpiring provided they passed the usual test and were not playing members of a club. It will be interesting to note how many women will avail themselves of this opportunity to arbitrate at their own matches.

In England the women cricketers have moulded their association on similar



SPORTSGIRLS should study for umpires' tests.

lines to those of the All-England Hockey Association, and every cricket team must supply an umpire for one of the matches during the day. Whether this system is as successful as ours in Australia is a matter for conjecture, but the question does arise as to how many of our women cricketers are capable of umpiring a match if called upon to do so?

All captains should be sufficiently conversant with the rules to make good umpires, but, unfortunately, they are debarred from sitting for the examination until they retire either temporarily or permanently from active participation in the game.

That women could capably fill the position of umpires on the tennis court is ably demonstrated by the manner in which some of the players fill the positions during badge matches. The majority of our leading tennis players have, at some time or other occupied the umpire's seat, and there has been no adverse comment as to their judgment. A movement in this direction which would induce women to occupy the position of umpires during the playing of their own games will meet with the approval of all sporting enthusiasts.

Members of the Victorian and New South Wales Baseball Associations which met in Victoria and discussed the rules of the game. Suggestions were made regarding the adoption of uniform rules applying to the whole of Australia. At the conclusion of this conference a friendly game was played, which was won by the Victorian team.

BASEBALL Discussion

After an extended discussion of the existing differences in the baseball rules adopted by the respective State associations, it is anticipated that uniform rules will be drafted and placed before delegates from each State when they meet in Sydney early next year.

Friendly matches have been arranged in the past, which served to disclose the discrepancies that exist at present.

Rule books have been exchanged and officials of the respective States have made comments and suggested amendments. Victorian executives will meet on Friday, when this subject will again come up for discussion, and other States anticipate an early report from the southerners.

The Victorian Association was only formed last year, but already there are fourteen teams affiliated with it.

THE N.E.W. Women's Baseball Association has just concluded its winter competition. This year Drummoyne are the winners, with the Nestle team second and David Jones' team in third place. Last year David Jones' were the winners, with Sans Souci runners-up.

Another member of this team is Miss Nell Bourke. Miss Bourke was the captain of Drummoyne at its formation, and ably led her team to success when they first joined the Baseball Association as a junior team, two seasons ago. The following year they played in the A grade section and finished in fifth place, and this year they have succeeded in annexing the Premiership Cup with the remarkable performance of only losing one game out of the 12 played.

The pitching of Molly Flaherty has been one of the outstanding features of the competition. Molly joined the baseball team from the ranks of the cricketers and will now don her flannels again and become one of the star bowlers with the Chaeiro cricket team.

David Jones' team seems to have discovered another excellent pitcher in Elsie Smith. This pitcher is only 14 years of age, and with a little coaching should become a first-class baseballer. The summer competition is expected to commence towards the end of October.

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Close FINISH in Interstate MATCHES

THE passing of the New South Wales team was excellent, but it was quite obvious that in this game the taller player has a definite advantage. South Australia and Victoria tied when the final scores were reckoned up. In the grand final the South Australian team became the ultimate winners, with Victoria second, New South Wales third, and Tasmania and Queensland filling the other positions in that order.

Owing to inclement weather the teams were forced to play some matches on an asphalt ground.

The finals of the Victorian Basketball Association have just been finalised, and the Y.W.C.A. Royals retain the premiership for the second year. B. Douglas, the captain, was one of the Victorian Interstate players. A. Henderson and M. Clarke, of the Royals team, also represented their State in South Australia. A Henderson, who is their goal thrower, achieved the highest average at the interstate matches with 73 goals, and D. Rankin, of South Australia, came second with 71 goals.

THE N.S.W. finals of the competition matches were fought out between

Victorian and New South Wales Women's Basketball teams have just returned from Adelaide, where they have been engaged in a series of interstate matches, in which all States were represented, with the exception of West Australia.

The New South Wales team indulged in assiduous practice, both in "daily dozens" and goal throwing on the roof of the hotel where they were staying.

the University and Ironhearts teams. Miss Pat Littlejohn, of University, was the outstanding player of the event, showing very definite improvement as a result of her recent experience in the interstate matches in Adelaide.

University has been the winning team for the past two years, and was anxious to add the title to their record for the third time. Excellent passing and equally fine combination were the features that placed the Ironhearts team on the winning side. Their score was 22 goals to University's 11. However, it is worthy of note that Ironheart had 53 tries to University's 15, goalthrower Littlejohn only missing three tries throughout the match.

Teachers' College team won the finals of the B Grade with 15 goals to Citizens' 9.



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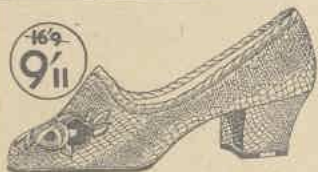


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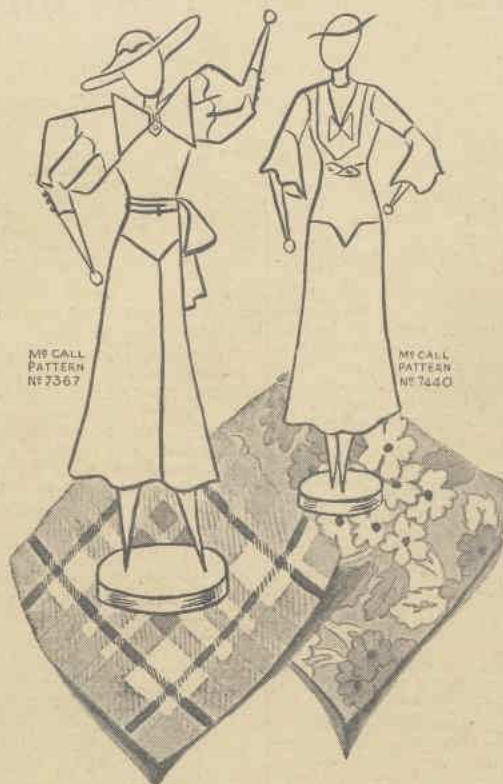
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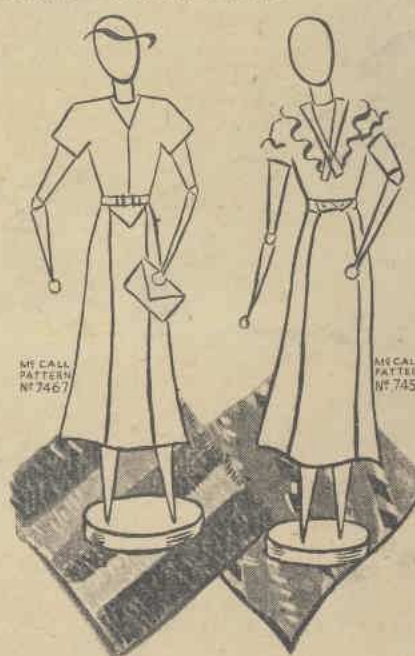
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